


EASTERN PACIFIC LANDS

TAHITI AND THE
MARQUESAS ISLANDS

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A GROUP OF TAHITIAN MEN IN FESTAL ATTIRE.

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TAHITI

AND THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS

BY

F. W. CHRISTIAN

Author of

"The Caroline Islands"

WITH SIXTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS

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DEDICATION.

To my deeply-esteemed friend and fellow-worker in Maori studies, Mr. E. TREGAR, Member of the French Academy, and of the Polynesian Society of New Zealand, this book of travel, adventure, and historical inquiry amongst the islands of Eastern Polynesia is most cordially and affectionately dedicated.

“Kua takinga meitaki te au tangata Maori ra ia matou.”

“And the natives showed us no little kindness.”

Acts xxviii. 2 (*Rarotongan and English Version*).

INTRODUCTION

MOURNFUL is the picture drawn by that most sympathetic cosmopolitan, Robert Louis Stevenson, of the decay of the Marquesan Islanders.

In a climate where fruits and edible plants of many kinds luxuriate ; in heat tempered by constant bracing winds ; amid scenery full of graceful forms and beauteous tints, there is a population ever waning, and waning so fast that, unless the process be checked, within a generation there will not be one native left of Marquesan name.

When the late Bishop Dordillon first settled at Tai-o-hae, the port of entry and present French capital of the principal island, he reckoned the native inhabitants of its bay at many thousands ; when Stevenson arrived—thirty-four years later—there remained only eighty natives. In forty years the population of the district of Hatiheu in the same island had dwindled from six thousand to less than four hundred. The Governmental boys' school at Hatiheu, according to its head master, who had taught in it for thirty years, had once been attended by 120 boys from Nuku-hiva alone ; now there were but sixty on its roll altogether, though it drew all the boys between six and fifteen years old who were to be found in that island and another. The tribe of Ha'apaa had, as was alleged, comprised four hundred persons when small-pox appeared and

carried away one-fourth of the number at one fell swoop, and in the two following years tubercular consumption ran like a forest-fire through the remainder, until a single surviving pair fled in grief from the awful solitude.

Again, while in the Marquesan Islands as a whole, death had the freest course imaginable, in Nukuhiva, the chief one, at all events, birth was alarmingly restrained. For example, in the district of Hatiheu there were twelve deaths to only one birth in half a year.

The tragedy of these facts is re-echoed and emphasized by the author of the present volume, a more recent witness, who, however, believes that a cure is still possible, and has fully stated his reasons.

What is the cause of this rapid wasting away in these islands, while, save in the case of the Hawaiian and Tahitian group, the population of other Polynesian isles touched by civilization is either only slightly diminishing, standing still, or even increasing?

Not a low physical type of people; for, the men are usually six feet high and nimble in climbing, and strong in rowing through angry seas, and the women, though much smaller in stature, are well built and fully match them in activity.

Not the transgression of the common laws of health; for along with their fish, pork, and poultry, they eat plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables (the women by custom even abstaining from pork), their houses are open all day to the breezes of ocean, and the younger men and women at least bathe every morning in the water-brooks running at their doors.

But, firstly, they were addicted to cannibalism more than almost any of the other island peoples. The men of one tribe or clan could never venture singly or unarmed out of their own small district (even in times of scarcity when they had to search for chestnuts or small fruits in the woods), lest they should fall a prey to their ravenous neighbours ; tattooing was sometimes paid for with the cruel meat ; and a number of petty events, propitious or unpropitious, were held as an excuse for a man-eating raid. Again, if the Samoans or the Tahitians were ever a man-eating people, they had outgrown the practice even when Cook and Bougainville reached their shores 150 years ago ; but Stevenson talked with Englishmen who had witnessed the cannibal abominations of these Marquesans only a dozen years before, and with natives who had actually done such deeds. Therefore we may conclude that the physical and moral retribution of cannibalism is one cause of the terrible decay of this nation.

Secondly, the same witness writes the Marquesan down as "the most debauched nation in Polynesia," and points to the parallel of the Hawaiians, "who," says he, "are notoriously lax in morality, and begin to be dotted among deserts," whereas the Samoans, who are "the most chaste, are to-day as healthy and at least as fruitful" as when the whites first settled among them. The influence of white settlers, traders, and sailors has served, alas ! not to diminish, but to increase profligacy. Yet, while that influence has been more abundantly felt in Hawaii, Rarotonga and Samoa, it has there been met by a yet more abundant preaching of the

Gospel of Christ alike from white men and from natives ; through whom (and especially, as I think, through natives of Rarotonga) "the word of the Lord sounded forth" to the remotest bounds of the South Seas—even for New Guinea, where, as Chalmers tells, some native Samoan and Rarotongan preachers have laboured twenty and thirty years on end, while many more have laid down their lives on that distant foreign shore.

Thirdly, "the Marquesans," says Stevenson, "who are by far the most barbarous, and the Hawaiians, who are the most civilized, of Polynesians, are equally the most infected with the *opium vice*," which even "a native government in Samoa has kept away."

Fourthly, being under Roman Catholic direction, the Marquesans have not been taught the Bible as a whole and undivided Divine book, but only the scraps of it given in liturgy or catechism, or stories told from it by their instructors ; still less have copies of the Holy Scriptures circulated among them : so whatever of true Christianity they have learnt from the priests has not been ingrained by personal study and reflection. Nor, while paying due honour to the zeal and benevolence and inspiring energy of Bishop Dordillon, can I commend, but must emphatically reprobate, a policy pursued by the priest which Stevenson inclines to approve and to ascribe to the origination of Dordillon—that of bantering the natives upon their former pagan and cannibal customs, so as to laugh them out of all thought of restoring these. Banter and ridicule may lawfully be used to kill customs so silly as foretelling ill-luck

from spilling salt at table, or from walking beneath a ladder ; but it is sadly misplaced when dealing with so serious a matter as the tyranny and torture inflicted by pagan priests, or with the loathsome banquets of their man-eating ancestors. So did not John Paton treat these customs, who turned all the inhabitants of the savage island of Aniwa in the New Hebrides, and many in Tanna as well, to love and serve the Divine Saviour ; so did not, we are sure, the heroic John Williams, Paterson, or Chalmers, men who likewise won over whole populations to Christianity and right and kindly living—nor the mass of other evangelical preachers, white and native, in Samoa (as indeed may be inferred from the qualification in Stevenson's praise of Missionaries, *that their faculty of humour is very small*). Such missionaries also (including the pre-eminently successful ones whom we have named) have made it their aim to disseminate the Scriptures of Truth book by book, or in entirety, as soon as they were able to translate them and get them printed ; the most striking example of which being the compact carried out between Paton and the men of Aniwa, that he should render *the whole Bible* into their native tongue, and get it printed, while they each devoted the proceeds of a plot of arrowroot, year by year for ten years, until the printing was paid for and every man got a copy for his household.

Surely it was the withholding of the pure and entire Word of God from the Marquesans, and the levity displayed regarding their former cruel and ghoulish practices, that were together responsible for the almost total "lack of results" lamented by

the boys' headmaster at Hatiheu and the well-nigh universal "want of gratitude" deplored by the nuns who taught the girls at Tai-o-hae, when Stevenson visited the chief northern Marquesan island. [It is not yet too late for the Board of Missions at Honolulu to set aside a fund to be applied to the translation and printing of the Scriptures, or portions of them, into the Marquesan southern vernacular. This could be speedily and easily accomplished by the Hawaiian pastors at Atuona and Puamau on Hiva-Oa, and by the resident teacher on the northern island of Uapou. I am writing myself to the Honolulu headquarters to embody this suggestion in terse and practical form.—*Author.*]

Lastly, we are told that the Marquesans, having had many of their songs and dances suppressed (because these reeked of paganism, sorcery, impurity, or cannibal gloating) have cared little about maintaining the remnant; and, being without the stimulus of athletic games or contests, such as the Anglo-Saxon has introduced with such success, and with such good results, into other islands, and being naturally among the least industrious of the Polynesians, they have fallen into listless apathy (their exports decreasing even faster than their own numbers), and, gazing on their waning clans and deserted valleys, have even gone of their own accord to meet the death that they dread: whereas the Samoans, having at least the needful industry to provide themselves with necessities by cultivation of their own prolific soil, and even to obtain some comforts by bartering their own products to the Europeans, are enlivened in their leisure by "per-

petual song and dance, perpetual games, journeys and pleasures." The truth is that the soil is so fertile, the climate so genial in both island groups, that "entertainment is a prime necessity."

In common with Mr. Christian, at whose request I have written this introduction, I believe that in all countries, and for all races of men, the first necessity is a knowledge of Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord, and of the distribution of the written Word of God, of which the Holy Spirit will ever unlock fresh meanings in response to believers' prayers; while cheerfulness will be best promoted among those within the family of God, and soul-thirst increased among those without that family, by songs that speak of the Heavenly Friend and Heavenly Home: according to the Scriptures, "*Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life*"; "*Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? Even by taking heed thereto according to Thy Word*"; "*In the joy of the Lord is your strength*"; "*Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say, Rejoice*"; and "*If any be merry, let him sing psalms.*" But we would put no yoke in the last matter upon believers, still less upon the mass of the islanders: *only* let all other songs be upon pure and lofty themes—the tender constancy of lovers, the beauty and brightness of creation, the preciousness of earthly home or fatherland, the glory of brave or noble deeds. I have watched the song-dances of Samoans in more than one performance given in Europe, and saw nought but innocency in their mirth and movement (which was also both graceful and inspiring); Mr. Christian can speak as to the choral words.

Then I would recommend that vigorous instructors of the Oberlin or John Williams type should shoulder their spades and adzes and lead out parties to useful enterprises in the clearing of jungle, the making of more roads, of piers, and of wells lined with coral blocks like the famous one on Aniwa, and in the building of sea-going vessels such as the Javanese and Borneans used to build, and such as Williams found ample material for building for his famous voyage from Rarotonga to Raiatea.

And then, surely, a race which readily learns not only languages of its own type but European ones ; which, as shown by Stevenson, has a special aptitude for calculation ; and which has plenty of leisure, should have an opportunity afforded it for a fuller and wider education. Why should not a university be founded at Viti Levu in Fiji for the English-speaking Kanakas, and at Noumea for the French-speaking ones, with an affiliated high school in every group of islands ? Why should not these island peoples, whom God has endowed with faculties as keen as those of the average white man, receive from the white governments the means of making them the most efficient subjects of the Empire possible. Such a scheme will pay its passage, and is well worthy of the thoughtful consideration of our legislators at home in these stirring times, when Church and State alike are so manfully taking up the White Man's Burden.

MARTIN LUTHER ROUSE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, FELLOW OF THE
VICTORIA INSTITUTE, CHARING CROSS.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE Samoan Civil War of 1893 was over. The Government forces had triumphed at Vai-Uso. Malie, the centre of Mata'áfa's insurrection, had been given to the flames. The famous Catholic chief had surrendered at Manóno, and in company with several men of note of his party, lay a prisoner in Apia, awaiting his deportation to the sun-scorched atolls of the Marshall Group, whence, after the death of poor old Malietoa Laupepa, the rival claimant for the kingship of Samoa, he was shortly to be brought back in triumph to the land of his forefathers, to reign with honour under the aegis of the German flag. My esteemed and deeply-lamented friend and neighbour, R. L. Stevenson, had mightily engaged my interest and enlisted my sympathies with stories of his adventures in the remoter islands of Eastern Polynesia with Captain Otis in the *Casco* in the year 1888, previous to his visit in the trading-schooner *Equator* to the Gilbert Group, which brought him to Samoa and to the *Sub-Priorsford* of Vailima, as he playfully terms his residence, at the close of 1889, the year of the great hurricane in Apia Bay. During my stay on the island of Upolu, two and a half years previous to the defeat of Mata'áfa and his deportation, I had developed a very keen interest in the languages and traditions of Polynesia and the native races therein,

beginning with Samoa and the Samoans. I had received the honour of being enrolled, at the instance of my good friends Mr. Percy Smith and Mr. E. Tregear of Wellington, as a regular corresponding member of The Polynesian Society of New Zealand, a body of men of science that has accomplished, and is accomplishing, the same work for the history of Primitive Man in the South Seas, as the Smithsonian Institute at Washington is doing for American antiquities and the story of pre-Columbian America.

I had been blessed, or otherwise, as the reader pleases, with a taste for the grand science of Comparative Philology, like electricity still in its infancy, and had acquired some happy knack, thanks to early training by such a teacher as Mr. F. H. Rawlins of Eton, for picking up smatterings of queer and outlandish dialects, and codifying their key-words side by side, after the fashion of Professor Max Müller of Oxford, Dr. Middendorf and Professor Van Martius of Leipzig, and other Teutonic savants. Judge Fornander of Hawaii and Mr. E. Tregear of New Zealand had just broached their Aryan heresy, so much spoken against, and of late years so triumphantly vindicated by the sweeping search-light of wider philological methods, setting forth the presence of large numbers of pure Aryan roots akin to the Persian, the Sanskrit and the Hindustani, in the Ocean languages. The eminent philologist Professor Keane has also of late years shown abundant proof of the Caucasian element in the natives of Polynesia and their much abraded forms of speech.

Describing therefore, as I fancied, a fine, wide, new field for original research in the tabulating of these

elusive, yet fascinating Polynesian dialects, I hopefully resolved to try my hand as a compiler of South Sea Island vocabularies, with critical notes. This I succeeded in accomplishing with the languages of the Caroline, Gilbert, and Marshall Islands in Micronesia, with the language of the island of Timor in the Arafura Sea, with the languages of the Marquesas and of Rarotonga in the Cook Group of Eastern Polynesia. The MSS. of the latter are now in Rarotonga, undergoing revision and additions by native pundits, preparatory, I hope, to being published by the London Missionary Society. The main body of the comparative tables, containing over 22,000 words, are in the Library of the Archæological Museum at Cambridge.

I also determined to collect all the folk-lore and bits of early history obtainable, which might throw light upon the migrations of the mixed races occupying the wide Pacific area. I will not deny that occasionally visions of a sub-consulship in a remote tropical isle of Eden crossed my mind, nor that my fancy was engrossed by sundry *châteaux en Espagne* of filling the rôle of a sort of native adviser, philosopher, antiquarian, and medical missionary all rolled into one, holding the scales of equity impartially between those three intermittently struggling parties: Missionary, Trader and Islander.

Seeking, therefore, to look a little deeper into the ways and wayward fashions of Primitive Man, I left Samoa provided with letters of introduction from Stevenson to his friends European and friends native both in Tahiti and the Marquesas Islands, where I was assured of a warm welcome and good

sport in the way of grammar and dictionary-making, and in the collecting of folk-lore and ancient genealogies. Then I was to put my notes into a book, to follow up and underline if possible the appeal of the great writer on behalf of the Eastern Polynesians in his famous book *In the South Seas*.

This undertaking, after many unavoidable delays, I am now fulfilling, and I commend this book, not without hopes of kindly criticism, to those interested in "*Stevensoniana*," and of the continually growing school of readers who have fallen under the spell of the gracious personality of the Sage of Vailima. In conclusion I have to express my indebtedness to Mr. D. L. A. Jephson, of Surrey cricketing fame, another ardent admirer of R.L.S., for assistance in putting into book form the rough and scattered notes from the journal of my adventures in these far-off Southern Seas.

F. W. CHRISTIAN.

A PAGE OF COLONIAL HISTORY

ANNEXATION OF THE COOK GROUP AND OTHER ISLANDS AND THE EXTENSION OF THE BOUN- DARIES OF NEW ZEALAND

THE following is an abstract of certain passages, which Lord Ranfurly has kindly permitted me to make from his diary notes, covering a portion of the time of his office as Governor of New Zealand, from 1897 to 1904, and describing the annexation by Great Britain of Rarotonga and the rest of the Cook Islands, which took place on October 8, 1900.

Five months before this very important event in the history of Eastern Polynesia, the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, the late Premier of New Zealand, had left in the Government despatch-boat, the *Tutanekai*, armed with an appointment from Lord Ranfurly, empowering him to act as Commissioner to examine the petition of Queen Makea and the Rarotongan *Arikis* for British annexation, and to conclude the necessary preliminary arrangements. This trust the veteran statesman fulfilled most nobly, visiting first Tongatabu, and assisting Sir Basil Thomson in the declaration of the British Protectorate over the Friendly, or Tonga Group. He then went on to Fiji, our splendid Crown Colony, and thence to Niué, or Savage Island, and there, also, he prepared

the way for British annexation. He reached Rarotonga early in June, and held a very interesting deliberation with the Queen and her counsellors, during which he set forth most simply and forcibly the advantages which would come from British rule, and made many suggestions full of homely and most practical wisdom—amongst them, of a postal convention, aimed at the Chili dollar currency, whereby English money could be remitted to New Zealand from the islands at a commission of 10s. per £100. He also suggested that the poll-tax of admission for Chinamen should be raised from \$25 to \$100—that regulations should be set in force to build all native houses on a platform at least 4 feet from the ground, as a safeguard against damp and pulmonary ailments. Measures were suggested for the prevention of promiscuous herding and overcrowding in houses. The Premier also earnestly dwelt upon the need of a vessel to act as tender to go round the islands of the group, and bring the produce to Rarotonga for shipment. This the New Zealand Government would enable them to do by sending money to build a sailing vessel with auxiliary oil-engine ; interest calculated at five per cent. He also called for an Act banishing the old Chilian currency and substituting British money.

He recommended, also, that submarine mining experts from New Zealand should be called in to lay charges of gun-cotton, and blast proper boat-channels through the dangerous fringing reefs of Mangaia and Aitutaki, which, at present, offer so great an impediment to commerce. This could be accomplished at a moderate outlay and would

very much help forward inter-island trade. Lastly, Mr. Seddon made some very sensible remarks upon fruit-growing, and the giving of a bonus, by the island rulers, to small landowners for planting fruit trees; and making concessions to planters, and sending some of their young men to New Zealand for a course of technical education under colonial fruit-growing experts.

All these excellent suggestions were very well received by the Rarotongan Queen and Parliament, and Mr. Seddon left on June 10 for New Zealand, greatly benefited in health by his island voyage, having left behind him an abiding impression of a kindly, shrewd and clear-headed personality, full of friendship and goodwill and of most helpful counsel to the Ocean-Maoris, having executed his commission most ably, and having excellently smoothed and prepared the way for the visit of Lord Ranfurly and the hoisting of the Union Jack.

And this is the abstract of Lord Ranfurly's account of the annexation :—

THE COOK AND OTHER ISLANDS AND THE EXTENSION OF THE BOUNDARIES OF NEW ZEALAND

BY THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF RANFURLY, P.C., G.C.M.G.,
GOVERNOR OF NEW ZEALAND FROM 1897 TO 1904.

On my arrival in New Zealand, I found the state of affairs was unsatisfactory in the Cook Islands, which since 1889 had been under British protection, and had a local British resident, Mr. Moss. Matters got from bad to worse, and it became evident that it would be desirable to send a judge or some official

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of high standing with a view to try and settle these disputes. So my Government permitted Sir James Prendergast, our Chief Justice, to go in H.M.S. *Mildura*. The result did not meet with our expectations, and though there was a short space of peace and quiet, the disputes were renewed, and as the then Resident seemed to be powerless, a change was thought desirable. For this purpose, the New Zealand Government were asked by me for suitable names, and after many interviews, appointed Colonel Gudgeon in August, 1898. This gentleman had seen much service in the Maori War, had been Under-Secretary for Defence in New Zealand, and at that moment was a Native Land Court Judge, one thoroughly acquainted both with Europeans and natives, and able to talk the Maori tongue. He was duly sent off to Rarotonga to assume the position of Resident ; I promised him that as soon as possible I would visit these islands under my jurisdiction and deal with any matters that he might deem necessary.

In April, 1899, I carried out my promise, proceeding in H.M.S. *Mildura*. A calm passage on the first occasion of eight days brought us to Rarotonga, and on the following day the official landing took place. There were addresses and speeches, after which we proceeded to Queen Makea's Palace, where, in the large room, I sat for several days from 8 a.m. till dark, reading over the petitions and calling the individuals up one by one, and, when necessary, hearing witnesses. Meanwhile, the whole population of the island remained within one hundred yards or so of the Palace, so without any delay those needed could be called. Captain Alexander,

my private secretary, had a very busy time, noting down as far as possible all that took place. The petitions were chiefly grievances of the white population against the natives, and there was nothing of any moment in any of them.

A pleasant drive was taken before our departure round the island, and I opened the first bridge ever built there. The London Missionary Society has a clergyman here and a school. There is also a convent and Roman Catholic school. The Cook Islands have a limited monarchy, Queen Makea and Ngàmaru, her husband, being the head, and seven *Ariki* or great feudal chiefs representing the House of Lords and Privy Council all in one. Shortly after the meeting the *Mildura* left, her mission partly accomplished.

[N.B.—After Lord Ranfurly's return to New Zealand, the Hon. R. J. Seddon, as already stated, went as Commissioner in the *Tutanekai*, to further prepare the way.]

Late in 1899, Makea petitioned that, instead of being a protectorate, as had been the case since 1889, the islands should now be annexed by Great Britain. This was approved by the Secretary of State at home. On September 29, 1900, I started on a second voyage in the *Mildura*, this time for the definite purpose of annexation. The orders received by the captain were sealed, and when he left Sydney to come to New Zealand, the object of the expedition was unknown, the instructions being simply that he should place himself at my disposal. On arrival at Wellington, we discussed the very difficult problem of coal, to see if the quantities already ordered at the various

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spots would be sufficient, and then, as soon as her bunkers could be filled, we proceeded to sea, even loading up the decks partially with coal in sacks. The day of our departure, Sunday, September 28, it was blowing a tremendous gale. The hour fixed had been 4 o'clock. At 3.30, accompanied by Mr. Hill Trevor, we went down to the wharf, and found the boat waiting. With difficulty we got off to the *Mildura*, shipping many seas in the harbour. On such occasions, however, time is a great object, and immediately on going on board, we got under way despite the adverse gale, and we certainly had by no means a pleasant time for many hours after. Dinner, indeed, was a most difficult and unpleasant meal. The boats were being lifted on the davits by the seas, and the cutter was washed away. This I was not informed of till the next morning, and I felt some anxiety on hearing of it, fearing that Lady Ranfurly might think some disaster had befallen us, should it by chance be cast ashore. I was assured that, in that sea, it would almost certainly have gone to the bottom. To put into Gisborne, the nearest telegraph office, would have meant some fifty miles extra steaming, and as the distance we already had before us left a very small coal margin, I feared it would be useless to alter our course, especially as the gale, which was still blowing, was now a favourable one, our course, roughly speaking, being nearly east. Like all men-of-war, the *Mildura* can roll, and until Friday the fiddles on the tables at meal-times were essential.

On Sunday, the 7th, we sighted Rarotonga at noon, anchoring at 4.30. The British Resident came to

meet us, and informed us that this was their Saturday, they having changed since our being last here. Formerly, in these islands, they had kept the New Zealand Sunday, though the other side of the 180th parallel; now they kept the Sunday of the western hemisphere, in which these islands really lie. About this change there were some peculiar stories. Feelings ran high about it, and one person of clerical consequence in the island is said to have prophesied that if they altered the Sabbath day, great disaster would befall them. When asked to name the disaster, he said that a hurricane would sweep the island. As these islands are swept by hurricanes, to the sad destruction of the land-birds, on an average once every eleven years, and this was the eleventh year, he had a good chance of being considered a prophet. However, on this occasion he turned out to be wrong.

On Monday, the 8th, which was their Sunday, we went to see Makea and attended the native Church, which was absolutely filled. It turned out to be Christening-Sunday, and ten babies added their song to the choir. This seems to show that the native populations are not decreasing. After lunching with the Resident, we drove round the island, a distance of twenty-three miles, the road being, with the exception of four or five miles, very good.

On the 9th we went ashore at 11 o'clock quietly. There was a great gathering, and I addressed the natives, telling them that if they desired to be annexed, Her Majesty's Government was quite willing, but that I did not in any way wish to force

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their inclinations. After informing them of the advantages of becoming a portion of the Empire, we returned to the ship, asking them to consider the question, and when they had come to a conclusion, after full discussion, to send word to me on board. They, however, had thoroughly made up their minds, and very shortly after my return I was informed that they were unanimously in favour of annexation. 1.30 was then appointed for the ceremony. This necessitated full dress, a guard of honour, a band and formal salutes.

The cession of the territory to Great Britain was duly signed by the chiefs. Captain Baynes, R.N., stood at the halyards with a Union Jack bent, and after reading a proclamation declaring this island part of the British Empire, he hoisted the flag, a guard of honour of marines and blue-jackets saluting. Cheers were then given for H.M. the Queen, and the ceremony was completed. Makea took the deepest interest in the whole, and also in the affairs of the Empire, and asked me afterwards many questions regarding the Boer War, wishing to know every detail, and was pleased to hear that the war was practically over. She then turned to the war in China, showing that great interest was felt by these distant natives in the achievements of the British arms. It should be noted that from this little island £116 had been sent to the Patriotic Fund; also one representative had joined the third New Zealand contingent.

It may be said: "What good does annexation of islands such as these do to Great Britain?" The Island of Rarotonga has, in the first four years since

annexation, trebled her export trade. As this is all done, or almost all done, by British steamers, and her imports all come from British ports, there can be no question as to British subjects deriving some benefit ; but what is of far more importance than even commercial prosperity is the fact that the people of the islands are placed in a happier, pleasanter and safer condition. To the best of my belief, at the present moment they are perfectly satisfied with the turn events have taken. [Besides, when the Panama Canal is opened there may be need of more British coaling stations in the South Seas, which our rulers may obtain by purchase or small cessions elsewhere.—F.W.C.]

The time had now arrived for our departure for Mangaia, an island lying a little more than a hundred miles to the east of Rarotonga. Prior to leaving on our first visit here, we had invited Makea and all the leading natives to visit the *Mildura*. After issuing invitations, difficulties began to arise on a matter of etiquette. Makea was one of Her Majesty's most loyal subjects, and, naturally, we were anxious to please her, but what salute should be given to a native Queen was not quite clear. No information could be discovered in the Navy Regulations, so we decided to receive her with thirteen guns, which gave great satisfaction. The Royal visit and reception was most popular, as few of the Raratongan chiefs had been on a man-of-war. Before our departure on this occasion, a large amount of produce was presented to us, such as pigs and a bullock, and any quantity of fruit, all of which were most acceptable, as meat cannot be purchased. The bullock

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gave the sailors a good deal of amusement, not to mention a great deal of trouble, before they finally hoisted him on board. Great trouble had been taken to try and purchase eggs here, and a good quantity had been collected, but as the bullock had sat in the basket containing them, they were not of much use to the cook when they came to hand.

After a final farewell, complimenting the people on the number of young fruit trees they had planted in accordance with my advice formerly given, and trusting they would continue in this good work, we steamed out past the eastern point of Rarotonga, seeing, in the distance, the flag that we had hoisted fluttering in the breeze. The British Resident informed me, when asked whether they would haul it down at sunset, that it would be found as left when he returned ; that they would think it unlucky to touch it.

Next morning, at daylight, we were awakened by the firing of a gun, having reached our destination. Mangaia is, in area, about 30 square miles, with a population of 1,400 Maoris and five Europeans, one of these being a Missionary. It lies about a hundred miles east of Rarotonga. The greatest drawback to this island is the difficulty of landing ; a barrier-reef runs round the island, and the landing is only practicable in canoe or catamaran. To us all, it was extremely exciting ; as it was necessary there should be a guard of honour, also a number of blue jackets ashore, it was a serious business. We all rowed to the edge of the reef in the ship's whale boats ; we then transhipped into a large number of canoes and catamarans worked by Mangaians,

who watched carefully for a favourable opportunity (supposed to be at the in-roll of every eighth wave), and when the moment arrived, with excited calls of the crew to each other to paddle quickly, in a moment we were carried high on the crest of a wave over the reef, and left stranded, a large number of natives rushing up to us, and, in the seething water, hauling us gradually into safety. Prior to business, the following conversation took place between a young man and one of our party. He was probably the only one who could speak a little English.

He asked : " Where you been ? "

Reply : " Rarotonga. Yesterday we annexed the island, making British, you understand ? "

" Yes," replied the native. " That's right. What for you not make 'em all British, the British law good—much the best. I been Sydney, I been Auckland, I know."

A somewhat emphatic pronouncement, but one giving strong opinions in few words. There is no question that we do not desire fresh convict settlements in the east, nor a return of the beachcomber days, as under the British flag, and with the able direction of such men as Colonel Gudgeon, the loafer and drunkard are being banished from the Pacific. Yes! The *Ture Peritane* is good. The first official business was to interview King John, and find out whether he and his chiefs desired annexation. This they at once agreed to; the ceremony took place as at Rarotonga, the flag being duly hoisted. There was another little ceremony of a pleasing character here that also had to be performed. A native, named Vaevae-onga, had,

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some months previously, greatly distinguished himself in saving life, and the Royal Humane Society of New Zealand had handed to me a silver medal for presentation to him. He was a pleasant-faced young man of maybe twenty-four or twenty-five, who, one evening, just before dark, during a heavy sea, saw a canoe swamped and broken. The lad who was in her was seen clinging to the outrigger beyond the reef. Nobody cared or dared to go, and in the morning the boy could still be seen from the shore. The villagers went to church—no one would try to save the boy. Vaevae got his canoe, carried it to the other side of the Island to a more sheltered place, crossed the reef in safety, and then paddled through a heavy sea till he came to the boy, now, after fifteen and a half hours in the water, being almost completely exhausted. Vaevae slipped out of the canoe, helped the exhausted boy into it, and then, finding the canoe would not bear both, he swam behind, pushing it towards the shore, managing to steer it safely through the breakers into the lagoon. Thanks to the kindly tropical atmosphere, the boy was not suffering from anything further than exhaustion, and he quickly recovered. This is the first medal that has ever been granted to an inhabitant of the Cook Islands. This Island of Mangaia is one of the most curious geologically in the Southern Seas. It is both coral and basalt, and there are indications that its upheaval is of comparatively recent date. It rises in terraces, in which there are caves which run back towards the centre of the island for about half a mile. In these the natives place their dead.

The centre of the island is a great basin or depression—to me it looked much like the ancient crater of a big volcano. Here are some fine taro plantations, but jutting out in the crater are many coral knolls, some 30 or 40 feet high, which show that the coral reef must run under the whole island. Whilst we were ashore at Mangaia, H.M.S. *Mildura* was cruising round the island, taking soundings, and trying to find some possible spots for anchorage; the depths, even close in shore, being over 100 fathoms.

A day's steam brought us to Aitutaki. This island was already supposed to be a British possession, but as none of our despatches gave any particulars, and as the people on the island could give me no positive information on the subject, at the same time declaring that they *thought* they had been annexed, I considered it best to go through the ceremony a second time, and make matters sure. The general idea of the natives was, that the proclamation annexing had been buried with the late chief, who had insisted on all his papers being interred with him, and they made the very characteristic Maori suggestion of digging up the remains to see whether the proclamation could be found. As this, of course, did not meet at all with our approval, we suggested to the chiefs that they had better cede the land, maybe afresh, to the sovereign, and the ceremony would be in due course performed. This was all duly done.

The reason that Aitutaki was supposed to have been formerly annexed was for the purpose of its harbour, which it was supposed would be of use for naval purposes. As a matter of fact, the harbour

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has no depth, the entrance is only a boat channel, and without a huge outlay could never be of real service for big shipping. All the produce of the island is taken off in small boats through the entrance to a spot outside, where the ships anchor, whence it is hoisted on board. The tide, or current, is always running out with great force through the boat entrance, as thousands of tons of water are thrown over the coral reef every second, and it is only by this and another small entrance that it can flow out to sea.

From here, we had some 600 miles of sea before us to Penrhyn, a British possession. The object in visiting this island was chiefly on account of leprosy, which, considering the small number of its population, was very severe. Penrhyn is situated about eight degrees south of the Equator, and the temperature was now decidedly tropical. In the stoke-hold it was 136° , and several of the stokers dropped at their work in a faint, and were brought on deck for the fresh trade-wind to recover them ; after a bucket of water was thrown over them, they would recover, and descend again to their work. Truly, to me it seems that stoking in tropical climes should not be a white man's business, but that native races, more accustomed to such temperatures, should be employed.

One morning early, some four days later, a line of palms stood out of the water dead over the bowsprit. No land was visible. This was Penrhyn, a real atoll. It is a series of little islets, with palms, trees and flowering shrubs dotted here and there around its long reef, inside of which is the lagoon, where the pearl oyster is found in large quantities.

In March, 1888, Captain Sir W. Wiseman, Bart., of H.M.S. *Caroline*, annexed the island. There is no high land, the highest being under 50 feet above sea-level. We all went out on the lagoon in one of the pearlers; three or four men dived down and quickly brought up a shell. Some of these are sixteen inches in diameter, and the shell is sold for from £40 to £50 a ton, whereas, at home, the value at this particular time was between £200 and £300. The whole of the trade of these islands is done under the French flag, though the owners are Englishmen in many cases, and Tahiti is their chief port. A good deal of trouble is given by their purchasing the pearl shell on the truck system. This would not so much matter if it were mutton, beef, flour, or commodities of such a nature that they gave in exchange, but absinthe seems to be one of the principal staples. Of course, such is illegal, but as there was no Resident on the island, it was impossible to stop. Since the island has been added to the territory of New Zealand, a Resident has been appointed, and matters are now well looked after. Absinthe will wreck no more souls and bodies here. The natives took me to their church, and afterwards to the cemetery, and pointed out where a man was buried whom they had hanged for murder. Not knowing when the High Commissioner would come there, or how to inform him, they thought it better to try the man themselves, and carry out the sentence there and then.

An important point that had to be dealt with here was the wanton destruction of the young oyster by reckless fishermen, thus spoiling the fishery. To

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avoid this, it was decided to divide the lagoon into sections, only a portion being open each year. But our real business was the leprosy. Dr. May, of the *Mildura*, at my request, went to visit the leper settlement, which was situated on a small island on the reef two or three miles from the village. Leprosy was only introduced twenty-one years ago. Tapena, a native, brought it from Samoa, and another native, Urunga, also brought it from Honolulu. The natives, finding it spreading, had taken those suffering over to this island. There were twenty people now on the island, of whom about thirteen were lepers for certain, twenty had prior to this died and been buried here, a very large number when one considers the population of Penrhyn is probably nearer 400 than 500.

From here we sailed to Manihiki, a distance of 196 miles. Here the people were having somewhat hard times. With characteristic native lack of forethought they had wasted their pearl shell by not permitting the young oysters to come to maturity, and the fishery was having three or four years' rest. Here they make the most beautiful coco-nut mats, fine, like silk. They also do a big trade in straw hats, which are very nice and comfortable. These hats are of a similar nature to the panama. As there was no business to be transacted here, we only stayed a few hours, and then proceeded to Niué, sometimes known as Savage Island, passing *en route*, close to Suwarrow, which is distant from Manihiki about 200 miles. We saw it in the distance, but as it has no resident population, a few natives only coming to the island at certain times in the year

for the purpose of making copra for Mr. Dexter's firm, we did not visit it. We understood that the object of annexing this little place in the past was that it was one of the few islands in these seas that had a harbour, which on an occasion might prove useful, especially as a coaling station. If it had only been now a coaling station, we should most certainly have visited it, but the coal question was a serious matter, and it was necessary to save fuel as much as possible.

Our business at Niué, our next stop, was likely to prove a difficult task. It had only lately been proclaimed a Protectorate, and the people, we were told, were not likely to agree to annexation. Immediately on arrival in the evening of October 17, I sent a note to Tongia, the King, asking him to meet me at a village near the only landing on the island, and received the following reply from him :—

“TUAPA, *October* 18, 1900. To the Great Chief of Britain, who has come to Niué—I send greetings to your Excellency. Thanks, great thanks, to Her Majesty, the Queen of Britain. I will concede to your request, and come to Alofi to-morrow morning. Blessings on us from the King of Heaven. That is all. I am Tongia, King of Niué.”

Meanwhile, Colonel Gudgeon and our interpreter had been ashore with a view of ascertaining the general feelings of the people. The local Missionary came to see me on board. After a long conversation with him, I felt the position was going to be by no means an easy one, my instructions being only to annex with the sanction of the inhabitants.

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Colonel Gudgeon and the interpreter returned on board and both gave unsatisfactory reports; the people were quite content, they were under British protection, no one would therefore interfere with them, they were entirely independent, and they would prefer to remain so. That was, in short, the report.

The following morning I landed and interviewed Tongia, explaining to him the position. He informed me he would not act in any way without the other chiefs, and that he had sent to the twelve villages for the chiefs to meet him and discuss the question. He would not even venture on giving a personal opinion. Under the circumstances it seemed to be desirable to attend this meeting of the chiefs, and to have everything translated to me. The meeting was held at the coast town of Alofi, in a hall, which was densely crowded and extremely hot. The old King explained the position to his nobles, saying that it rested with them, though he, personally, was not against annexation. In his speech he used a picturesque and curious phrase, remarking that I had not thrown the barbed spear of conquest and subjugation at them, but that I was holding out to them the blunt spear of peace, the harmless lance waved like a marshal's staff on island review-days. It turned out that the real difficulty was the cession of the territory to the Crown. When every word has to be translated, it is somewhat difficult to know that your own views have been faithfully laid before the people, and they certainly could not understand what the word "cession" meant. What was the good of ceding the land to the Crown if they had not to turn out from their hearths and homes? If they ceded the land to

the Crown it would not be theirs any more. They would have to go and live somewhere else. When at last I managed to get them to understand that this word "cession" was *merely the cession of the sovereign right*, and that they would not in any way be interfered with, but instead would be protected and looked after, a chief got up and said that he was agreeable, and on being asked to come up and sign the cession paper, walked up and did so. He was followed with little delay by all the other chiefs.

The discussion having lasted several hours, the officers and others from the *Mildura*, who had landed with us, had long since given up all thought of there being any ceremonial, and had left the hall, finding shady and cooler positions under the palm trees, in which to await developments. The document that these chiefs signed was as follows—

"We, the King and Chiefs of the Island of Niué, do hereby consent to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, taking possession of this Island, and in proof thereof have hereto subscribed our names this 19th day of October, 1900."

To this the whole twelve chiefs signed their names, which were duly witnessed by the Rev. Francis Edwin Lawes, the representative of the London Missionary Society living on this island, and various others. When this document had been duly signed, we proceeded outside, and, with the help of a signal-man, managed to inform the *Mildura* that she was to be prepared to salute. The men, who had spread for some distance, were rapidly collected, and the

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usual ceremony of hoisting the British flag was performed by Captain Baynes, with all the formalities of salutes and loyal demonstration.

Following this, came the quaint old ceremony of this island. The people, men, women and children, all decked in their best, came up in sections representing the different villages, and laid some votive offering at our feet—samples of the famous Niué hats, fans, necklaces of shells or berries, spears, model canoes, fowls, tropical fruit, and as each lot came, they sang a chant of welcome ; one man with his followers came with a bundle of chickens, singing a song over them, the women joining in the chorus. A little girl offered a necklace made from the bright scarlet berries of pandanus, and a tiny child shyly laid upon the heap of presents a fragrant flower necklace of frangipanni. All these presents were accepted in the spirit in which they were given, and were duly acknowledged with thanks, but were, of course, in many cases not carried away.

After leaving Niué, we made a short call at Tongatabu, and, on our run home, putting in a short visit at Sunday Island and Curtis Island, in the lonely, surf-swept Kermadecs.

On September 30, we reached Littleton, the day that we were due, just in time to take part in the great ceremonies of the forthcoming week in honour of the Jubilee of Christchurch.

RANFURLY.

December 5, 1909.

And now comes the story of Mr. Christian's voyage to the Eastern Pacific, which took place just six years before the events above recorded.

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CHAPTER 1

NEW ZEALAND TO TAHITI

TEN days out from Auckland, having touched at Ava-rua (Twofold Bay), the principal harbour of Rarotonga, and at the little island of Mauke in the Hervey Group, the good steamer *Richmond* is ploughing her way onward under sapphire skies, through a sapphire sea, porpoises gambolling, flying-fishes flitting round her bows.

We are nearing the Maori Land of the Rising Sun, Tahiti, where Captain Cook, steering on a like course, three full generations ago, sailing from afar out of the bleak North, Cape Horn and its terrors conquered, weary sea-leagues behind him, cast anchor in the peaceful waters of Mata-vai Bay to accomplish the object of his famous astronomical expedition, to fix the transit of the Evening Star.

On a placid Sabbath morning we sight Moorea, the island of fairy folk with golden hair.¹ In the night we have passed Maiao, otherwise called *Tupuai-iti-Manu*—the little highland of the birds. As we approach the north side, the horizon before us is fast filling up with fantastic pinnacles and needles of strangest shape and design—here a natural bridge, there a tunnel formed and fashioned

¹ Cf. Paumotan *mokorea*, a fairy woman with red-gold tresses, a mermaid. Niué, *moka*, blonde, auburn-haired.

by volcanic forces in some age long past. We glide past the deep inlets or fiords of Cook's Bay (Pa'opa'o)¹ and Opunaho, the latter formerly the seat of a thriving business firm, now taken over by Mr. Tavish, who has built a snug little hotel to accommodate visitors. Next Piahena, opens out her cotton plantations, with here and there glimpses of native dwellings peeping out of the thick woods. The sea is clear as glass, with hardly a ripple as we plough our way past Teáharóa and its taro plantations, amongst which the fair lake of Tamai lies embosomed, and lo! Tahiti, the fairest jewel of the Pacific, lies before us—the fourfold peak of Maiao, or the Diadem, and the two great twin peaks of Orohena and Aorai looming up some 7,000 feet into the clouds—lit up by failing crimson tints as the great sun sinks slowly westward. Point Venus, where Captain Cook took his famous observation of that planet's transit, surmounted by her revolving lighthouse, the beacon of many a Paumotu mariner, turns ever and anon an eye of light on us as we run into the narrow reef opening abreast of Papeete through the fast-gathering gloom.

To westward lies darkling the long coast line towards Fa'a'a and Puna-auia, in front the little town of Papeete, already twinkling with infrequent lamplight. Slowly and cautiously we forgo in to the wharf, where a motley assemblage, eager for news, awaits us. A goodly crowd of residents and traders equipped in suits of white drill, picked out here and there with the tattered and dingy garb of the beach-combing fraternity, surges on the foreshore. In

¹ In Samoan *Pangopango*.



THE DIADEM MOUNTAIN, TAHITI; BEHIND PUNARUU.

contrast to these, one remarks two or three French officers with their neat uniforms and debonnaire bearing—whilst all around us seethes a host of natives, workers and idlers, modern Athenians and Corinthians all in their desire for gossip, novelty, and frivolity. Here and there strides the portly figure of a gendarme—emblem of law and order. Many of the womenkind appear in neat print or satin dresses, in delicate shawls, and dainty broad hats of sugar-cane, bamboo, or arrowroot tastefully trimmed with ribbon of varied hues. There is a naïveté about these fair daughters of Eve, slightly tintured with the self-taught coquetry of the Parisienne, which lends them a peculiar grace calculated to turn even sober heads. The warm, balmy, tropical evening sorts admirably with the gay and animated scene. The last strains of the band are dying away in the direction of the Cercle Militaire, and on the club verandahs the thirsty *citoyen* over the tempting absinthe or less fascinating vermouth consoles himself in the reflection that the long hot tropic day is done.

Over in Patutoa the Atiu and Paumotu villages are all agleam with the cooking-fires, and over the Rurutu quarter floats the evensong of many a humble household. The chimes of the Cathedral are hushed, and out from the open portals is wafted the chant of the Angelus. Yet awhile, and the restaurants are fast filling, plates and dishes clattering, knives and forks clicking; a confused *fricassée* of vowels and consonants is pouring forth on the still evening air—a veritable Babel. Hungry dogs sneak around eager for the scraps, lithe lads and daintily

attired nymphs promenading two and three abreast, jostle one another on the pavement. The stream flows towards the market-place in many a restless eddy. There a lively scene meets the eye. Long rows of tables and seats, where the sellers of fragrant garlands, luscious slices of water-melon, cakes, bonbons, and fruits of all sorts, are sitting at the receipt of custom—each behind his or her own little lamp. And all the while around them the tide of this Polynesian Haymarket surges and seethes, ebbs, scatters and flows.

Here a drunken sailor elbows his way through the press, not without railing comments from sundry scornful daughters of Midian. Close by the fountain which plays up in the centre of a basin filled with blue water-lilies, stands a small group of girls from Moorea over the water, who, lacking the *chic* and assurance of their city-bred sisters, stand diffidently aloof, chatting softly amongst themselves in a subdued undertone. Here sweeps along, with red mantillas trailing, a bevy of Rurutu lasses—from the settlement of Austral Islanders at Patutoa, bubbling over with high spirits as a band of East-End factory-girls on a Saturday evening outing, only rather more subdued in demeanour and far more soft and silvery in their laughter.

Report says of these fair strangers, and I hope says truly, that they make faithful, amiable, industrious, sober helpmates and notable housewives, a blessing to thrifty and plodding traders who have overcome the prejudice of colour. Bevy upon bevy, other winsome daughters of Eve flit around from stall to stall, madcap masquerading fairies, all with their



AUSTRAL ISLAND WOMEN.

broad low hats of cunning design, chaplets of sweet gardenia, and floating streamers in their hair of the diaphanous Revareva, the filmy ribbon of the young palm-leaf, beautiful and ephemeral as hot-house flowers—true passionate and impulsive children of the tropics.

But the hour grows late. Lads and lasses begin to drop off, and when ten o'clock strikes the merry crowd disperses, and those who sat at the receipt of custom wend their way home, counting up their several gains, and Walpurgisnacht is over for the nonce. Very many find a night's lodging on store verandahs facing the beach, where, all undisturbed by meddling gendarme, or irate householder, benighted country folk and citizens of the poorer class huddle together until the clang of the four o'clock bell calls them ere dawn to set their market wares in order. At the first stroke of dawn, lo ! a new and notable spectacle. The market-place is full of eager customers. Strings of fish, of various forms and colours, hang exposed for sale, side by side with bunches of orange-coloured *fei* or mountain-plantain, the staple food of the Tahitian ; bunches of yellowing bread-fruit, of round shape, of oblong shape, with smooth rind, with prickly rind ; bundles of taro, or edible Arum-lily, freshly uprooted, bound by sixes, stalk and root together ; frails of great oranges ; bunches of bananas, their green turning to yellow ; baskets of mellow custard-apples and glorious ripe mangoes, with water-melons and musk-melons galore ; stalks of sugar-cane ; bunches of green cocoanuts ; packages of shell-fish ; barrels of mashed bread-fruit ; heaps of crayfish and crab. Our picture overleaf

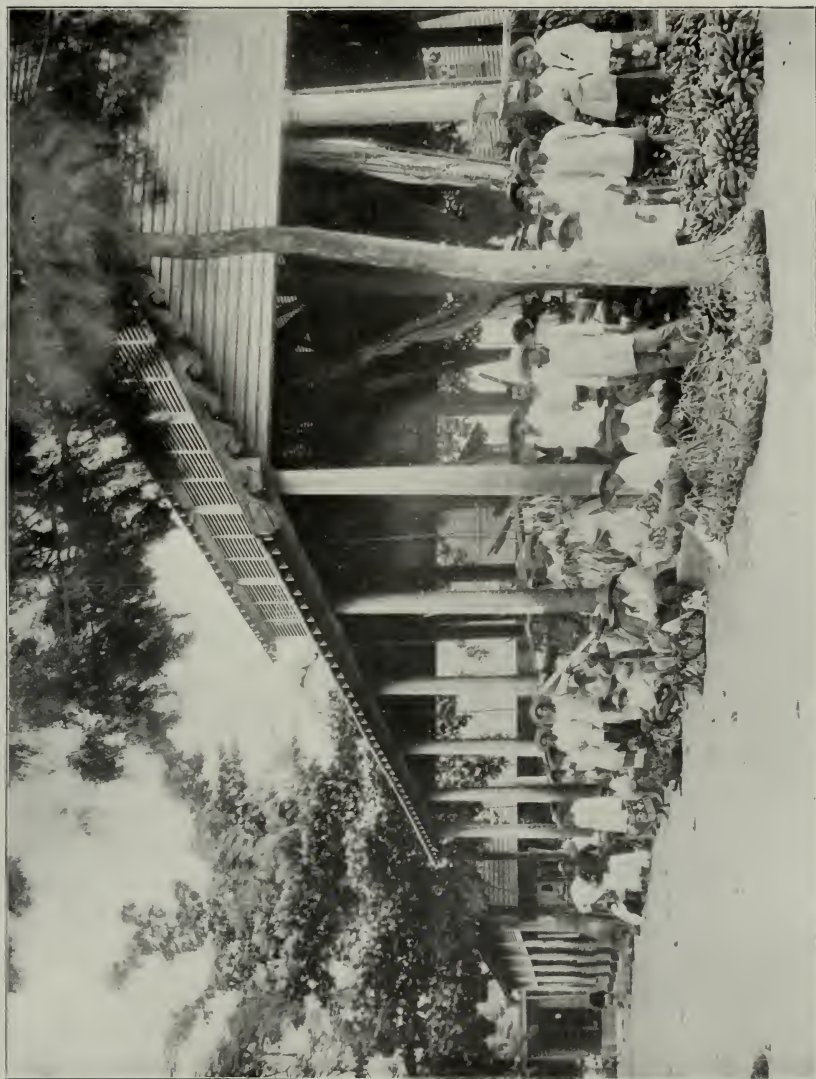
gives an idea of market-place at noon, when business is dull.

Papeete (anciently called *Vai-ete*)¹ is a bright lively little town indeed ; one may call it the Corinth, and Tahiti the Hellas, of the Pacific. It has a mixed population of some 5,000, and is excellently supplied with cafés, cabarets, stores, offices and public buildings. This little Polynesian Paris is traversed by level roads, its streams spanned by substantial bridges, and lies embowered in leafy avenues of handsome trees, the most prominent of which are the cassia and acacia. The tomb of Pomare lies on a promontory in the district of Arué, two or three miles out of town towards Point Venus. There lies the last of that ill-starred dynasty of Pomare—sad monument of the decadence of the Tahitian race.

It is very curious that the Tahitians, like their Hawaiian neighbours, seem to prefer to build their *marais* or burying-places of the notable dead, and their *ahu-rai*, or altars to the Polynesian Neptune, on promontories and jutting horns of land. The Tai-Arapu district is full of these relics of the past, situated mostly on the points or headlands.

The city elections are not free from suspicion of shady manœuvrings. Witness the case of the Makatea electors, where some 450 votes were polled out of a population less than half that number, a

¹ *Pape* is the modern Tahitian word for water. *Ete* means a basket or vessel for holding anything, here a *bucket*. The older word *vai* (Sanskrit *vari*) was made tabu by some sweeping enactment of priestly superstition. We find many traces of this practice everywhere in the Pacific. It simply means the blotting out of valuable simple key-words, and the substitution of composite and arbitrary expressions which are often difficult to trace.

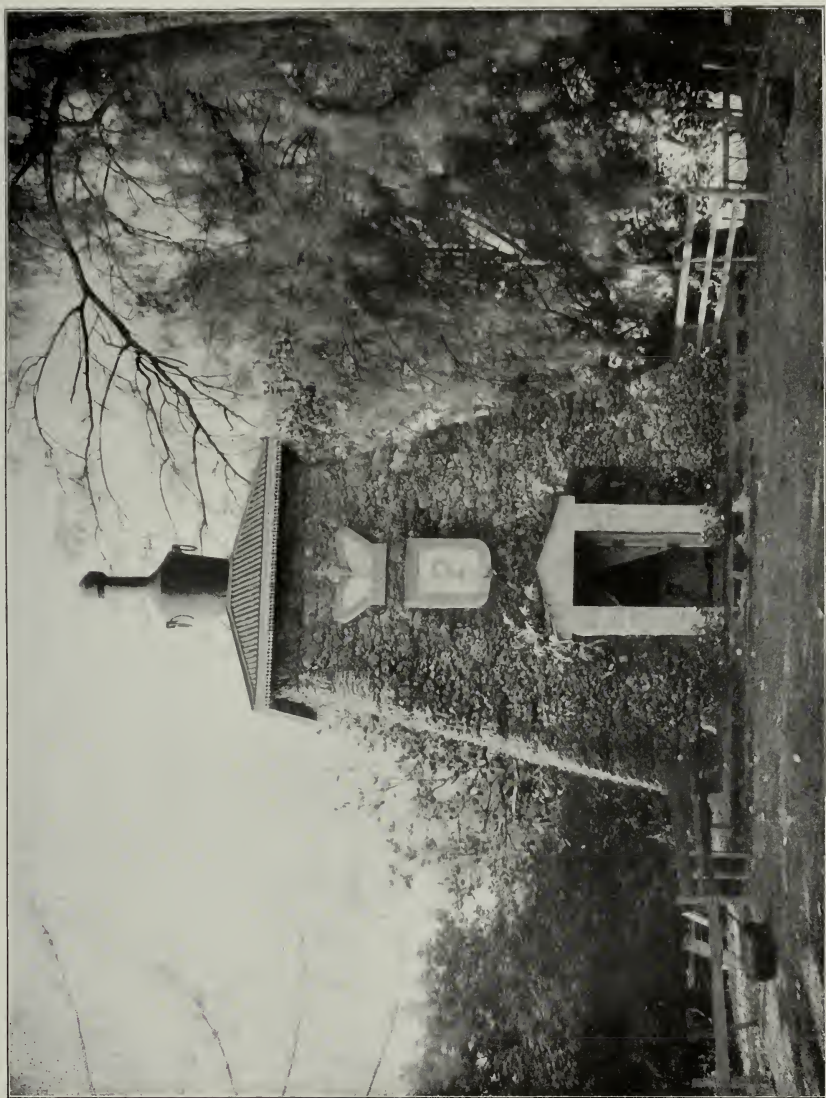


THE MARKET-PLACE, PAPEETE.

trick not quite unfamiliar to New York and Chicago ward-politicians. The candid grumbler has yet further to remark that Papeete society is divided into two cliques or parties, one extremely Progressive, the other rigidly Conservative in character. One sect is named the *Itoito*, or "Energetics"; the other the *Arauáhi*, or "By-and-Byes." In Rarotonga they would call the Progressive party *Kai-Parau*, "The Devourers of Books" or "Book-worms," and the Conservatives, who block the way to enlightened reforms, *Tutae-auri*, i.e., "Iron-Rusts" or "Out-of-Dates." To these may be added a third, composed of the frequenters of clubs and cafés, to whom, in no unfriendly spirit, may be applied the title of *Aitu-Mohina*, or "Bottle Imps." R. L. Stevenson, not without reason, chose Papeete for the city where the magic bottle vanishes out of his fascinating story. Meanwhile, owing to the dissensions of the rival factions, island trade and industry were languishing somewhat that year (1894). Prices of cotton, copra, and vanilla had then fallen sadly; but Paumotu pearl shell, of which there has been an enormous output of late years, was holding its own fairly well. On the plantations in the neighbourhood great quantities of sugar-cane are raised, furnishing a considerable quantity of rum of indifferent quality, of which there is a large annual consumption.

The eastern and western suburbs of Papeete are rich in beauty, shady avenues stretching away into long green vistas, bordered by trim gardens, with pretty little villas nestling amongst bowers of creepers and flowery shrubs, and lattice-work overrun with

the blue and white convolvulus and the white and yellow jasmine. Here flourish the bougainvillea, the croton, the oleander, and a wilderness of roses, red, white, and yellow; and the air is heavy with the scent of the frangipanni and the gardenia. Passing out into the country, one is struck immediately with the incredible productiveness of that great belt of rich alluvial soil which girdles the hills of Tahiti, wherein flourish, with extraordinary luxuriance, the orange, the lime, the bread-fruit, the mango, the plantain, the banana, the avoca-pear, and the Malay apple in profusion enough to supply tenfold the wants of the present population. Hard by the Pont de L'Est, or Eastern Bridge, lies the settlement of the Austral Islanders—mostly natives from the islands of Rurutu and Rimatara—people of fine physique, cheerful, honest, and industrious. The people of the Austral Group are probably the best of the eastern Polynesians, and considering moreover the need of more Pacific coaling-stations for our navy which will come with the opening of the Panama Canal, England did anything but wisely in surrendering her protectorate over these fine islanders in 1890 (who, by the way, were not well pleased with the change) to the French, who, with all their excellent qualities, are not very successful colonists. The London Missionary Society, which in the reign of King *Au-ura* (1820-30) had converted all these islanders to Christianity, handed over the finished result of their good work to the French Protestant Missionary Society. Nobly have the L.M.S. laboured here and in Tahiti. They wrought right mightily, and now others have entered into their labours.



TOMB OF POMARE.
Shaded by iron-wood trees.

Seaward lies Fareute and the Arsenal, with a mosquito-fleet of island schooners and vessels of all shapes, sizes, and fashions of rig, moored on the slip close by. A little way further on stretches Patutoa, occupied by the palm-shaded settlements of the Paumotu and Atiu islanders. From the end of the Paumotu village, almost opposite the reef-entrance of Taunoa, stretches inland the grand avenue of Fa'ataua, bordered by an ever-brawling river of the same name, which, before watering in its course a magnificent valley some twelve miles up the country, comes thundering down 700 ft. sheer over a gigantic wall of rock, which closes in the north end of the deep ravine. Right away up in the hills above, where the torrent hesitates awhile in three deep, dark, boiling pools, before taking its great leap below, are the ruins of an old fort, constructed in the troublous times which followed the annexation in 1850, or thereabouts, wherein some 200 or 300 hapless soldiers told off on garrison duty did long and weary penance for their sins in irksome solitude and inaction. Fa'ataua and its environs have been excellently described by M. Pierre Loti in a pretty little South Sea idyll *Le Mariage de Loti*, a work of real genius—a tale of tropical passion, of patient devotion; a thrice-told tale of true love, of sad parting, and of lingering, long-drawn regret; where the gentle Tahitian maiden mourns without hope for her lover separated from her by many a league of ocean, and the pitiless impassable barrier of the solid globe. Truly one of the most pathetic books of the past century, and agreeably free from the cheap cynicism of another of his works, *Madame Chrysanthème*.

But the Tahiti of to-day is not the Tahiti of Loti. Like Ouida's Asphodel-Blossom, a canker-worm is gnawing at her starry heart. The number of police officers called upon to keep order in a town of such moderate dimensions as Papeete is truly surprising. Serious crime is certainly rare amongst such a docile and amiable race as the Tahitians are. There is, however, a considerable number of Chinese merchants in the town, and consequently a fair sprinkling of turbulent Mongolian half-castes, who now and then receive their deserts in sound thrashings administered periodically by native and European residents. The town natives are not so open-hearted as in the country districts. Long intercourse with an exceedingly mixed order of white men has taught them to be on their guard. Still even in these disillusioned Arcadians, the delightful child-like Polynesian nature continues to put forth leaf, and bud and blossom. Unlike their sombre Marquesan and canny Paumotan neighbours, the Tahitians hold fast by hand the moth-winged nymph Gaiety, and will not suffer her to fly away. One evening, at the house of a native host, I viewed with interest a group of natives engaged in a mixed entertainment of song and dance, called the '*Upa'upa*' (Malay *Kupakupa*, (*a*) a butterfly, (*b*) a dance named after the insect). Anciently the Tahitians called it *Hiva*, the drama of an indolent and pleasure-loving race, whose countersign to the challenge of that honest old disciplinarian, Corporal Hard-Work, is a drowsy *Ari'ana*! "By and bye!" a very pretty rhyming jingle to the *Mañana* of sunny Spain.



FA'ATAUA AVENUE, PAPEETE.

Such, then, are some of the lights and shades of deep-bowered Papeete and her environs.

One tiny episode, however, of the amenities of French colonial private life is well worth setting down. Two prominent French residents, occupying each a neat bungalow, one in the Eastern, the other in the extreme Western, ward of the town, have hit upon a nice little plan for passing the time of day. One has a small silver trumpet, the other a Russian horn of delicate tone. Every evening, just at sundown, one of them strikes up a short prelude and commences a merry tune. Presently the other musician takes it up on *his* side, and soft and sweet the mingled waves of harmony, bridging the air, float over intervening roof and street, above the hum and bustle of the little seaport.

It is a mere figure of speech to say that the beauty of Tahiti grows and grows on the traveller from every new point he views her; whether he feasts his eyes on the lovely island all dew-diamonded in the pearly and shot-silk splendours of the waxing dawn, or lapped in the languor of sultry noon, or shadow-silhouetted when the west glows all gold and ruby and green malachite in the dappled glory of sunset, or sleeping moonlight-silvered and sabled under the stars.

Perhaps the finest of all approaches to Tahiti is through the long and tortuous Taunoa Passage, a little to the north of Papeete, where the mountain-scenery shows out in its most striking aspect above the wooded hill-slopes and fertile flats stretching below, belted with golden-starred purau thickets, fringed with tall wavy paradisian palms.

CHAPTER 2

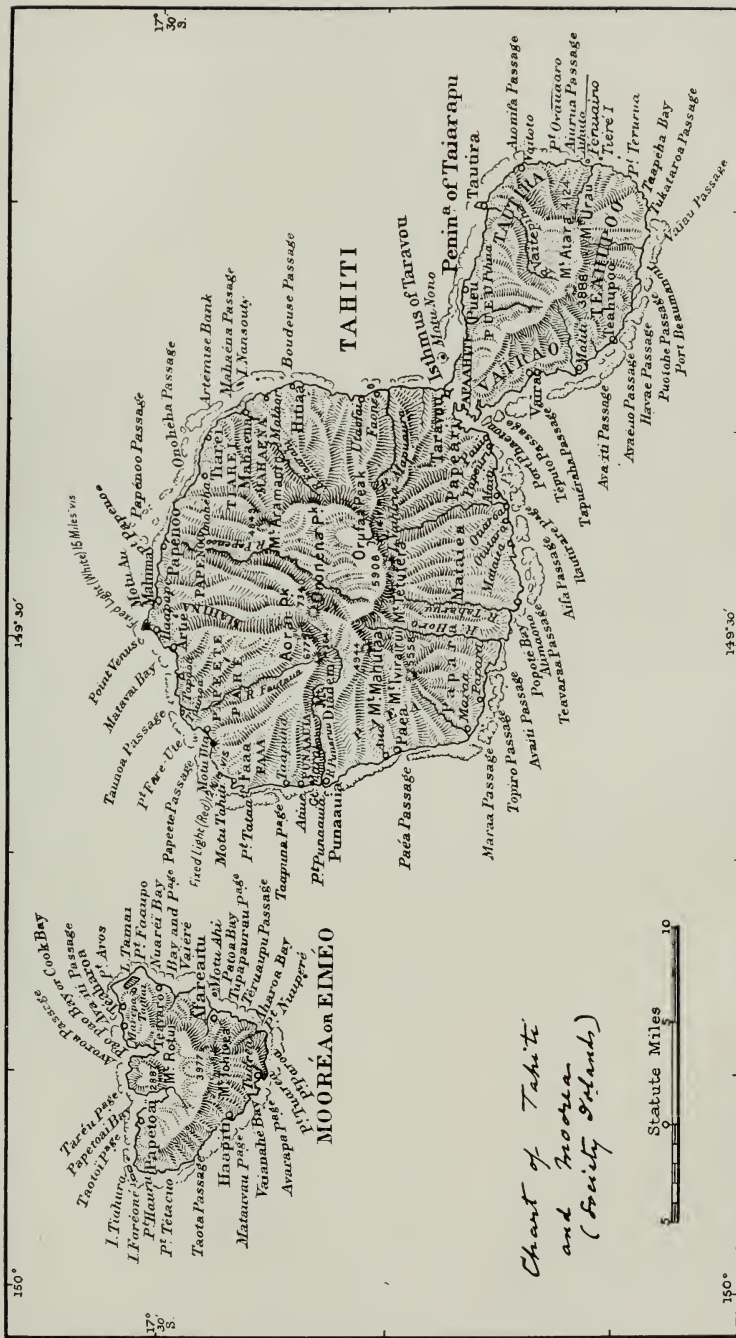
SCENERY AND TOPOGRAPHY

"Apparet in medio fluctu nemorosa Zacynthus."

"And now on mid-sea raised appears
Zacynthos with her forests."

WELCOME, no doubt, as that fairy isle to the storm-tossed mariners of Aeneas, is the near aspect of the green valleys of Tahiti to sunburnt native crews, as their ship comes staggering up out of the north-east, from the sultry atolls of the Low Archipelago. Lying full in the track of the gentle yet mighty breath of the north-easterly trade-winds from the Equator, the lofty island shoots up her misty peaks to heaven, which look down upon many a cool green valley, stretching downward and ever downward upon rich alluvial flats, and deep palm groves skirted each by a silvery spit of sand ; washed by the still blue lagoon, bordered by an ever-creaming band of white—a line of breakers for ever curling over her long fringing reef, melting away in soft outline eastward and westward—Tahiti, the Pearl of the Pacific, styled by the old bard of the Texas, "Tahiti-nui Marearea" ("Great Tahiti the Golden").

The snowy-plumaged "Iitae" flits twittering around the cocoanut blossoms, the solemn blue heron stalks through the pools at the mouth of



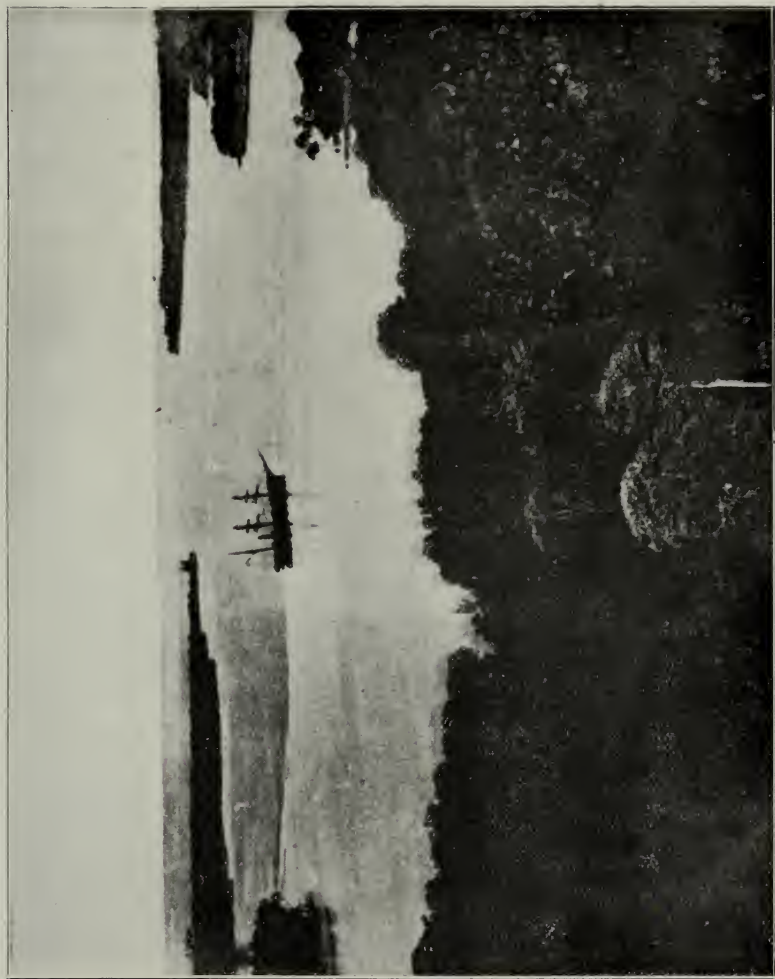
each shallow creek, and the harsh cry of the tern echoes far out to sea ; but the woodland hills give little sign of life, few and faint sound the voices of singing birds, and with scarce a winged chorister stirring, the broad green aisles of the forest stretch away far inland, hushed in a holy silence. For, as in Rarotonga the land-birds are nearly extinct. The *Rupe*, or great grey wood pigeon ; the 'A'a, or little parrakeet ; the *Uupa*, or small green and maroon dove ; the *Areva*, or long-tailed cuckoo ; and the *Ruri*, a lovely little kingfisher, thanks mainly to the introduction of cats, are now very scarce in Tahiti.

The most part of the hill slopes are covered with the umbrella-fern and a host of strange weeds (*Aihere*) whose fibres are manipulated by the deft fingers of the Tahitian women into hats of elegant and beautiful designs much prized by the curio-hunter.

Dense thickets of guava run wild all over the country, from the branches of which a hornet of extraordinary size—the Valparaiso galliwasps or jack-spaniard—hangs his nest, white and wispy as a coarse paper-bag, from which he issues forth furiously upon any luckless wayfarer who passes too near. These insects are becoming a terrible plague to the country, and are almost as bad as the hornets who drove out the Canaanites before Joshua. In their breeding-season they come in from the woods, and enter European and native houses in millions, and the air is filled with a fury of spiteful, buzzing and humming insects, dropping down every moment from roof and ceiling, and using their stings fiercely upon any living being that comes their way, whilst the soft coat of some unfortunate cat or dog

coiled up to sleep is particularly likely to come in for a share of their notice. Unfortunately, these giant wasps have come to Rarotonga of late years. May they find a short shrift and speedy extermination. A small brownish-yellow scorpion called *Pata* is occasionally found, and a large black centipede (*Veri*) is not uncommon in Tahiti, also a small green variety which frequents the sugar-cane patches, said to be very venomous. Mosquitos on the southwestern coast are numerous, lively and blood-thirsty, and attend strictly to business every night without distinction for colour or race; for the "*Namu*" (Arabic, *Namus*; in Malay, *Nyamok*) is a true cosmopolitan. It now has been proved beyond contradiction that certain species of mosquito in swampy and miasmatic districts, such as that of the Niger and Limpopo Rivers, act as distributors of malaria, which I think few Tahitians would dispute, though to them Africa is still a Dark Continent indeed. An excellent check on these plagues would be the introduction of the Prussian carp, or allied species of that family, into the larger ponds and brooks to devour all mosquito ova, and thus, in the words of the Irish orator, to nip the crocodile in the bud. The scientist who succeeds in such a plan, taking a leaf out of the book of the methods of the Liverpool Tropical School of Medicine, will make his memory blessed in Tahiti.

One of the most striking *coups d'œil* on the island is the great peak of Aorai, "The Cloud of Heaven" (the Aorangi of the Maoris), her towering and delicately-rounded outline rising near 7,000 feet above sea-level, but a little inferior in grandeur to



PORT PHAETHON, ISTHMUS OF TARAVOU.

her loftier and more picturesque sister, Orohena. (The same name reappears in the Manua group, south-east of Samoa, where a lofty mountain is called Olosenga and the island after it.) The heights of Aorai have now been conquered by the adventurous climber; but Orohena remains still unscaled, rearing some 7,800 feet above the ocean her maiden obelisk in solitary grandeur, haughtily defiant of conquest, a true daughter of the Titanic forces of Nature. There an arduous and delightful adventure awaits members of the Alpine Club.

The Broom Road runs north-east and south-west, encircling the main body of the island. The former branch, an indifferent coach-road sadly out of repair, passes through Haapape, Papenoo and Hitiaa, the last-mentioned district showing on its seaward face a long stretch of dreary cliff and precipice skirted by a road and sea-wall continually falling into ruin. At Taravao, on the neck of the isthmus, the branches unite. The scenery on the north-eastern section is wild and picturesque, but the south-west coach road passing over the Tipaerui River traverses a landscape of gentler character, passing through the picturesque districts of Faa'a and Punaauia, crossing over the bridge and fort looking down on the Punaruu River. A little way upstream lies an ancient *Marae* or *Marai*, or sacred enclosure (cf. Hindustani *Marhai*, a shrine) in the midst of which stand some curiously carved upright boards just like ancient Samoan combs worn by chief ladies on festive occasions. The winding stream runs down from its far-distant source on the great plateau, watering in its course a fair, broad

valley, gliding past many a still green nook, dimpling awhile in fairy pools wherein the giant fern, the maiden-hair, the mountain fern, and the asplenium see reflected their own sweet image,—and anon swelling in fuller volume, when the rainy season is nigh and the clouds hang low on the mountains, as it brawls in impetuous volume over pebbly barriers, ever waxing fuller and fuller in its brimming march towards the *Moana-tere-ore*, the dark blue, the trackless Pacific Ocean. Just such an angry flood as this was defied by Peter Mannix, that adventurous Irishman, and myself on one eventful occasion in the rainy season. We were driving along the north coast by the Broom Road, on our way back to Papeete from Mahena. It was our intention to reach Jack Brander's plantation at Point Venus before nightfall, when about four o'clock on a gloomy afternoon we found our way barred by the Papenoo River, which in Australian parlance was "running a regular banker." Leaving our crazy old carriage and horse to the care of some natives who appeared on the scene, like another Caesar and Cassius we leaped together into the coffee-coloured stream, the former, who could not swim three strokes, supported by two burly Tahitians, one on each side. Cassius had nearly reached the opposite bank, and, gaining some footing on the slippery boulders, had turned round to chaff the wretched Caesar angrily gurgling behind him, when, whish! the branch of a big tree whirling down stream caught him a blinding swish across the face and sent him spluttering into deep water again. Although Cassius in another minute managed to grab a root and scram-



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[The London Missionary Society,

THE MARAI OF TAHURU, ON THE PUNARUU RIVER, S.W. COAST OF TAHITI.

ble ashore, he had swallowed nearly as much water as the unhappy Caesar, who reached *terra firma* a few seconds later, devoting all water to Pluto and Proserpine with a fervour calculated to dry up the Papenoo River for good and all. Half an hour later, poor Peter, in warm, dry garb and slippered feet, having swallowed much hot coffee and other antidotes, was sitting, all his woes forgotten, with little "Sirius," Jack Brander's faithful house-dog, lying in his lap winking in the blaze of a cheerful fire, listening to the mingled roar of the rains, the waves, and the wild winds without.

Beyond Punaruu, and after traversing the district of Paea, the Broom Road runs through the lovely district of Maraa, hastening on its way towards the flats of Papara,¹ Atimaono, and Mataiea, rich in plantations of orange, coffee, and vanilla, watered by many a clear stream, chief amongst which is the Vaihiria River, that spreading out into a broad reach as it nears the sea, forms a bathing-pool, pellucid as amber—the delight of many a young Tahitian. This Vaihiria (i.e., the river that twists and twirls) is so called because it goes winding away down from a lake

¹ At Papara, on the edge of a little promontory, stands the *Marai* of Queen Paria, the Oberea of Captain Cook. It is a great pile of coral stonework like a truncated pyramid, resembling a Mexican *teocalli*. Captain Wilson, of the missionary vessel *Duff*, who visited the spot in 1797, gives its dimensions thus: Base, 270 feet in length by 94 feet in width; at the top it is 180 feet long by about 6 feet wide. A flight of ten steps goes quite round it. It is now in rather a ruinous condition. It is probably an imperfect attempt of Javanese-Malay immigrants to reproduce roughly the plan of the great pyramid temple of Borobodo in western Java.

in the hills in true corkscrew fashion tortuous as Serpentine or Maeander. On the banks of this lake stood a thriving village, where in ancient times a great quantity of Ora'a, or native cloth of a grey colour, was manufactured from the bark of the banyan tree.

A little further down the coast is the *Vaitupa* or Crab River, so called from the numbers of pugnacious "*Tupa*" or land crabs which honeycomb its banks where it enters the sea, and swarm in the thickets above—a grisly multitude. Here frightful swarms of mosquitos and sandflies occur, especially just before the setting in of the rains.

In the district of Ati-Maono, which means "The Clan of Maon,"—a place-name reminding one very much of the district on Mount Carmel, the home of Abigail, David's queen—there is a large plantation, owned by the chief Tati, who used to export considerable quantities of oranges, lemons and lime-juice in little barrels to New Zealand, through the well-known trading firm of Messrs. Donald & Edenborough of Auckland. The last-named gentleman travelled up with me to Tahiti, in the *Richmond*. I found him a very pleasant companion. The natives liked him very well. They used to call him *Taporo-Tane* or *Mr. Limes*, from his extensive dealings in that very excellent small fruit. They even have handed his name down to posterity in song. Boys and girls croon it sitting round on the sand, and porters and dock-labourers sing it on the quay, and sailors have made a grand sea-chantey of it, which they render most musically whilst hauling on a bowline or weighing anchor. The refrain runs thus—



SCENERY ON THE BROOM ROAD, NEAR FAA'A.

E aue Tau tiare iti e !
Ua parari te afata e !
I te Pahi no Taporo-Tane e !

which may be thus rendered—

Alas ! my dear !
A lubber let slip
A box on board Mr. Limes, his ship.
'Tis smashed to atoms, I do fear !

It is really most marvellous, the child-like devotion of these natives to music and story.

To see a great fellow, six feet high, sit down on the sand under the palms at high noon, and go *twangle*, *twangle* on a Jew's-harp. To see half a dozen foc'sle hands on a small pearling schooner, in a dead calm, sitting by the cook-house, drinking strong black tea, smoking pig-tail tobacco, and making night hideous with long-drawn out wailings on an old wheezy concertina, until the captain's yellow dog howls and growls alternately, for very agony ; until the mate, after repeated muffled warnings from under his sheets, bursts at last out of his cabin in pyjamas and his stocking-soles, all boiling with wrath, and brings the entertainment abruptly to an end by summarily kicking the principal performer one way and the offending instrument the other. Such things are enough to make the gravest man breathing choke and crow again with laughter.

All the Tahitian rivers abound in small fish, and fine large fresh water shrimps, the '*oura*', which the womenfolk dip up in leaf-baskets. Another way, far more scientific, is to noose your '*oura*' by the legs delicately and skilfully with a running loop of thin twine or strip of hibiscus-bark lowered into the

water. This sport is popular with small boys and girls, and calls for some quickness of hand and eye. It recalls the old bathing days at Cuckoo Weir, where to this day juvenile Etonians dive and bring up in triumph small crayfish clinging to the lumps of concrete at the bottom. *Sensimus et natavimus ipsi.*

Hitiaa and Tiarei districts on the east coast are good places for collectors of fishes and marine creatures to visit. The feathery *Ito* or ironwood tree is a great feature of the island beach scenery. It is a sacred tree in the islands, and together with the *Miro* or '*Amae* used to overshadow the tombs of great men. In Tonga-tabu there are some fine specimens of *Ito* in the Mua district overshadowing the *Langis* or tombs of the *Tui-Tongas* or old Kings of the land. Like the *Marai* of Papara, they were built of great square coral blocks. The Tongan builders quarried them out at Lefunga, an island in the Fiji group nearly 200 miles away, and brought them down in big double canoes. The Tahitians, though no longer great navigators, are all keen fishermen, and the sport of Izaak Walton is highly honoured amongst them, whether practised with a long bamboo rod fitted with a hook and line, or with the fly fish-hook which they make out of pearl-shell with a tuft of feathers or wisp of vegetable fibre affixed, or with the more primitive hook of plain bone or stone. Tahitian fishes are a wondrous and parti-coloured host. Some of their names are quaint and pretty: *Humu*, the leather-jacket; *Aahi*, the albicore; *Totara*, the hedgehog fish; *Pira'ra*, the skip-jack; *Uroa'a*, the cavally, etc. It is curious to remark how universally the commoner



ANCIENT ROYAL TOMBS, MUA DISTRICT, TONGA-TABU.

fish names agree in the languages all over the Pacific area. *Marara*, *Paroro*, *Malolo*, *Mao'o*, the flying-fish; *Heke*, *Feke*, *Eke*, *Wheke*, the cuttle-fish; *Tahora*, *Tafola*, *Toora*, the whale; *Atu*, the bonito; *Honu*, *Onu*, *Vonu*, *Fonu*, the turtle; *Parata*, *Polata*, *Peata*, the red shark; *Mango*, *Mano*, *Mako*, the tiger-shark; *Fai*, *Whai*, *Hai*, *Ai*, the skate or sting-ray. Then again the technical terms used in connexion with the craft: *Maunu*, *Mounu* (Micronesian *Pa'an*, *Ma'an*), bait; *Matira*, *Ohe*, a fishing-rod; *Matau*, a fish-hook; *hi*, to catch with hook and line (especially *Atu* or bonito); *Hao*: *Ao*, *Sao*, to catch in nets or baskets; *Kupenga*, *'Upenga*, *'Upe'a*, a fishing net; *Lau*, *Rau*, *Au*, a seine net.

Another mode of fishing was by an elaborate system of nets and stakes, especially along the flats of the Papara district at low tide. On great occasions the people of a whole district will combine to drag a gigantic seine net across the entrance of a narrow bay or inlet, and great is the commotion and excitement, and glorious the splashing and shouting, of the monster fish hunt.

Yet another method is that of damming up a stream and throwing into it the crushed fruits of the *Hutu*, *Futu*, or *Barringtonia*, or of some other vegetable preparation of similar narcotic properties, the fish speedily floating stupefied to the surface. I have seen the same thing done upon Ponape and Lele in Micronesia, where the crushed roots of a creeper called *Up* or *Op* are used. In the Malay Archipelago the same plant is employed. There they call it *Tuba*, and the process *Men-uba-ikan*. The celebrated naturalist, A. R. Wallace, describes the same

method of fishing as practised amongst the Indians on the waters of the Upper Amazon, where a plant is used called *Timbo*. Dynamite is also occasionally used in small charges, but the French law very rightly forbids the Tahitian sportsman to employ so dangerous an ally. In Samoa, where the law is not so strictly enforced, there is a very large proportion of able-bodied men minus a hand or eye in the country districts outside the municipality of Apia.

The fish in these seas are wonderful to behold, gorgeous in colour and markings, and often most grotesquely shaped. To those who have never eaten fish in a raw state, with the bones taken carefully out, and the pieces soured in a mixture of salt water, expressed cocoanut cream, lime-juice and red capsicums, may be cordially recommended the national dish of Tahiti, of which all white men who have tried it once invariably get passionately fond. The Tahitian, although by this time pretty well accustomed to the beef and mutton of the white man, generally prefers the plain fish, fruit and vegetable diet of his forefathers.

Taro, the staple food of Hawaiians and Samoans, is not used so much here. On the island of Moorea, over the water there is a beautiful lake, already mentioned, named Tamai, around which flourish great taro plantations. I fancy the Tahitians consider the taro root insipid. Plantains, bananas and breadfruit are their favourite breadstuffs, and are seen in bewildering abundance in the market place of Papeete every morning.

A spirited description of a native feast is given by R. L. Stevenson in one of his less-known works,



WAYSIDE SCENERY AT TIPAERUI, A MILE WEST OF PAPEETE.

Island Ballads, "*Rahero*," a perfectly wonderful sketch of primitive life and manners, of which the stay-at-home critics complained *that it had no psychology*. The soporific *Kava* described in the song has been extirpated by order of the French Government both in Tahiti and in the Marquesas, and instead of the wholesome old native drink, they must now drink absinthe, doctored red wine and cheap rum, manufactured on the spot on the sugar plantations, a product with a vile clinging flavour of the india-rubber piping through which it flows into the receiver. Also the natives in the country districts make a mild concoction (*ava-anáni*) from oranges mashed up in a big tub or barrel and left to ferment, a most popular industry in the above-mentioned districts of Papara, Mataiea, and Atimaono, a region which may justly be styled the garden of Tahiti; a miniature rival of the far-famed citrus-belt, which encircles that Californian paradise, Los Angeles.

In Tahiti there grows a noble tree, which produces most lovely pink and white apples, like our west-country codlings. Runaway sailors used to make a thin and inferior kind of cider from these fruits. The natives call the tree *Ehia* and the apples *Nono*. The Hawaiians call it *Ohia*, and say that the *Moko-Pelo* of Vavau ("The Lying-Dragon of Asia") tempted the first man and woman to eat its *tapu* fruits and forfeit their happiness.

The next little province to Mataiea is Papeari (query, Pape-Ha'ari or Coconut River). It lies close to the Isthmus of Taravou (called in old Tahitian *Manua-tere*; cf. Samoan *Manua-tele*, the ancient name of the sacred island to the south-east

of Upolu). At Taravou the deep inlet of Port Phaethon, like the Gulf of Corinth, all but severs two classic lands in twain. And, indeed, the coincidence abides not in name only but in fame, for the Teva-i-tai clan and the folk of Te-Ahupo dwelling beyond the isthmus were famous warriors of old, hardly yielding in toughness and martial prowess to the much-vaunted Spartans and Argives. Nay more, the far-famed leaguer of Mount Taygetus has found its parallel ere now in the wild mountain fastnesses of Taiarapu. . . . R. L. Stevenson, long the guest of the chief Ori-a-Ori at Taravou, tells us feelingly of the ancient jealousies amongst the district clans: "The Na-Teva and Na-Manu-Ura are fire and water for hate." Even so were those old Peloponnesian foes, the Spartan and the Messenian. So little varies the record of man's history, black, white and brown. So little changes human nature age by age.

Tautira is the most important settlement on the Isthmus of Taravou. It faces north, and is situated at the mouth of a full-flowing river, the largest in Tahiti.

At beautiful Tautira, the lamented R. L. Stevenson composed one of his most famous island ballads, based on a terribly tragic and perfectly authentic passage of history in the annals of that famous fighting clan the Tevas, in the days when Tahiti was free. There in the house of Ori-a-Ori, whose honoured guests they were, with a characteristic inscription at its foot, hangs the silhouette or shadow-portrait of the noble author and those of his little family circle. The natives to this day hold his memory in high esteem, and recall many little instances of that kindly and simple goodwill which opened so many hearts to the spell of the Master.



TAUTIRA RIVER, TARAVOU.

During the visit of the *Tolna* to Moorea, we had a delightful picnic at the lovely bay of Piahena. For much of the local colouring of the following verses, in which I ventured to commemorate the occasion, I am indebted to the brothers Jack and Norman Brander. Such as they are, I quote them here.

A FEAST OF ISLAND FOLK.

Lo ! a gate in the surf-beaten coral, a wide stretch of silver sand,
Where the ebony, rosewood and screw-pine o'ershadow the
tranquil strand,
Where the land-crab burrows below, delving deftly as rat or as
mouse,
From the boughs of thick branching guavas the hornet hangs his
frail house,
And the jagged spurs of the mountain sink down to the valleys
below,
Buttress and pinnacle poised high aloft in fantastic show.
Down through the still green dells from their far-off source in
the hills,
Flashing and fretting and dimpling come gliding seaward the
rills.
Thro' the whispering shadows of ferns, from the bathing pool by
the fen
Sounds the silvery laughter of girls, the unfrequent voices of men,
Whilst above in the high tree-tops whirrs a crisp metallic rattle,
Waving fronds with the breezes for ever fighting their mimic
battle.
Lo ! the little village in bustle—each exercises his art,
And each man exhorts his neighbour : great the searchings of
heart,
For hard at hand is a Visiting Party—a novel event—
“ Prepare to receive the strangers,” the chief's word forth has
been sent.
And the cooks at the oven are busy their choicest cheer to pro-
vide,
And anon is borne from afar the splash of oars on the tide.



PAPETOAI OR FAATOAI BAY, MOOREA.

From an old print.

With the joyous chant of the crew ever drawing nigh to the land,

Arrived at the wished-for haven a strange keel grates on the sand.

Pressing on the new-comers to welcome, attired in their holiday best,

In breech-cloth blue with white border each grave Church member is drest,

But the wilder untamed young spirits in red and yellow are clad,

Their fancy delights not in garments of fashion sober and sad.

Now behold ! a gay company seated at ease 'neath the palm tree's shade

Like a bed of lilies and tulips in gorgeous colour arrayed.

Hushed in respectful silence the villagers cluster *en masse*

Whilst the village choir, duly seated in double rank on the grass,

Singing a song of welcome with lungs of leather and brass,

Rehearsed the story of Balaam—hapless seer !—and his ass.

Somewhat after this fashion it ran—

The chant of the native teacher and his clan—

E Paraamu e ! te perofeta e !

Ua rave ino i tona tino.

Aitoa ! ua riro—

I te mea ino

Ta oe tino.

The prophet Balaam, witless man !

Posting on unblest errand ran.

In laying that untimely curse on

He mischief brought on his own person.

Reader ! forbear too harshly to censure the doggerel verse,

Feeble rhymes to strange music wedded for better or worse.

Fragments of "BILLIE BARLOW" and "WHITE WINGS THAT NEVER GROW WEARY,"

Old tunes warped and distorted, in cadence dismal and dreary.

Compliments patter like rain—each eloquent speaker unwinds

Skein upon skein of phrase silky, tedious to blunt English minds,

And good red wine was not wanting to moisten the homely rusk,

And the coconut gave up its treasure, relieved of the envious husk.

Pomona, aid my relation ! assist me, ye Muses nine !

Such a varied feast to portray calls for abler pencil than mine.

And the verse, I know, halts in places. A far-famed feast of old time

One master-hand from oblivion snatched has committed to
rhyme ;

Novelist, poet and writer, by dullards ill understood,
Wherefore certain critics smote him—haters of evil and good !
Scotland nourished his youth, France tempered his middle age,
And the woods of Samoan Vailima sigh o'er the tomb of the sage,
And the Venging of Tamatea, the Bane of the Folk of Vai-Au,
The Na-Teva, the Na-Manu-Ura are household memories now.
But here no guile was embosomed, and here no treacherous
thought,

Here reigned Content and Goodwill—two things neither sold
nor bought.

Lo ! the mottled root of the taro lies flanking the fish of the sea,
Varied their colours and forms—shapes of motley bizarrerie.
Many a fat mother-hen lay embalmed in *Re'a* and rice,
Surrounded with prawns from the sea, well seasoned with pepper
and spice.

Untouched with the smoke of the oven, great slices of fish lay
ungrilled

And full of the sauce Tahitian the bowls of *Miti* were filled,
Wherein with the salt sea water co-mingles the coconut cream,
With the deep pink clusters of *Oura* contrasted the golden
gleam

Of the *Mamae-ura*, the *meia*, her stouter cousin the *Fei*,
Food for the garlanded guests, crowned milk-white with odorous
Hei.

And the breadfruit fresh from the oven with fulvous hues of old
gold

Avenges her fate at the touch of a finger rashly o'erbold.

Puddings of soft *Poepoe* and harder masses of *Poi*,
Cannon-ball native dumplings—the moderate appetite cloy.

Stout the island digestion of old man, maiden and boy,

Feasting and fearing no evil unknown stomachic annoy.

But the daintiest dish of the day was a baked hog, greenly
enshrined,

Cut off in the prime of his age by a cruel fate and unkind,
And piled pell mell in disorder lay heaps of crayfish and crab,
Luckless armoured crustaceans, to scarlet turned their dull drab,
And so every man turned to as it pleased his fancy and wish.



"FEI" OR MOUNTAIN PLANTAIN OF TAHITI.

Stretching forth eager hands upon pork, upon fowl, upon fish.
 Right goodly pickings were left for the commons sitting without,
 And their master's example they followed—needless question
 or doubt.

And the equal banquet was over. Full many a dinner has past,
 Has pleased for a while our fancy and brought us repentance at
 last.

Yet give me another such feast 'neath the shadow of murmuring
 palms,

Content shall I be with my lot, and I ask not Fortune for alms.
 What though life be made up of small things ; with a piquant
 charm of their own,

Some things stand out above others remembered apart and alone.

FOOT-NOTES AND GLOSSARY.

The Novelist, poet and writer is the lamented R. L. Stevenson, of Samoa, the most graceful and elegant author of this generation past. His *Island Ballads* are here alluded to.

Rea, the Maori *Renga*—a sort of wild ginger used as a condiment.

Miti, the salt-water sauce of Tahiti. In Rarotongan *Miti* means salt, and in Molucca-Malay *mit*=salt water, the sea.
Oura—the prawn. *Mamae-ura* and *Meia*—choice varieties of bananas.

Fei—the mountain plantain, the staple food of all classes in Tahiti.

Hei—garlands or bunches of native flowers, fern, smilax and scented leaves.

Poepoe—a pudding of plantain and coconut cream.

Poi—a hard dumpling of mashed taro and coconut cream.

In this list of native dainties I forgot to set down *plantain porridge*, the common Tahitian national dish, the equivalent of the golden maize-meal of America. They call this preparation of the *Fei* or mountain plantain, *Tuparo*. It is made of the golden-yellow pulp of these giant fruits, mashed up into a very thick and tenacious paste, and is

often mixed with the expressed cream of the coconut-kernel. It is most delicious and exceedingly nutritious. The word *Tuparo* probably comes from the Hindu-Javanese *Chupar*, food of a rich, oleaginous and greasy nature.

Some beautiful scenes in Moorea, the ancient Eimeo, have been most happily described by the ready pen of Herman Melville, who, after his deliverance from the cannibals of Taipi, joined in a mutiny against the easy-going captain who rescued him, ran away ashore yet once again, in company with a shady individual called Doctor Long Ghost, set forth in quest of fresh adventures, and sued *in forma pauperis* for native hospitality in the bay of Pape-toai, alias Faatoai, which, by the way, with the white man's incurable carelessness in spelling native names, he styles Partowye.

Starting from Papetoai, a few days after the famous picnic, I made a complete circuit of the island on foot, for convenience and coolness dispensing with stockings and shoes, and clad in a flannel cricketing shirt, and a blue and white native kilt, in lieu of the cumbrous garments of civilization. I met with the greatest hospitality from the people in each district I passed through, particularly in Haa-piti, Maatea and Afareaitu. At every village, "Ia ora na oe te papaa" ("Good day, sir foreigner"), "Haere mai, tamaa" ("Come in and eat"), was the inevitable salutation. At the village of Niu-maru in Haa-piti, I came upon a settlement of natives from Rapa-nui or Easter Island, a second colony of whom I found afterwards living on the western outskirts of Papeete. They were the employees of



A TA-ITIAN HOUSE.

that well-known trading firm, the Maison Brander, and liking Tahiti and the Tahitians, determined to settle in so pleasant a land. At Niu-maru I met a jolly old American, by name John White, who is cultivating vanilla and cacao. I went over his pretty little plantations, and this is a brief *résumé* of the notes I took there. Vanilla (the *Tilli* of the Mexicans), is a species of orchid. The female flowers, impregnated after the fashion of the melon and vegetable marrow in our kitchen gardens, produce long dark beans, which carefully dried in the sun, salted, and tied up by fifties and hundreds in a bundle, obtain very fair prices in the markets at home. All the way around the island one sees tracts of most fertile land in process of relapsing back to the primeval jungle. When a larger portion of the waste land of Tahiti and her sister islands is cleared and planted by an influx of industrious European settlers, the culture of vanilla, cotton, and coffee is bound to become an ever-increasing and lucrative industry. This is evident to the most casual observer. But, I regret to say, in Moorea, as in the larger island, owing to the apathy of the residents, native and foreign, a great portion of the land is running hopelessly to waste, and reverting to the primeval wilderness, under the gentle auspices of the mimosa, the lantana, the guava, the sword-grass, the knot-grass, and the nettle.

The Tahitians could neither die like heroes fighting for their fatherland, nor when once vanquished live like prudent men. Rejecting Captain Cook's too liberal estimate of the population of the land, and adopting Captain Wilson's more moderate

figures taken in 1797, it seems that at the beginning of this century there were 12,000 souls on Tahiti-nui and 4,000 on the peninsula of Tai-arapu. During the fifty years of the white man's rule the numbers of the natives have 'decreased by one-half. The expulsion of the L.M.S. missionaries, as in Madagascar, has done very great mischief, and the unchecked vices of civilization have played sad havoc far and wide. Most of the old chiefs have been deprived of their authority, and ever since 1880 the common people have been given the franchise, and practically put on a level with Europeans. Government of the natives through hereditary chiefs seems to be altogether alien to French notions. Yet in the Dutch East Indies the system appears to work very well.

And now before taking our leave of Tahiti and her sister island, turn we once more to that merry little Polynesian Paris of Papeete, with its market-place, its wharves, its cathedral, its public offices, its palace, and last, but not least, its infantry barracks. The two latter important buildings are situated in the western quarter of the city, a district familiarly known to American and English residents as "French Town." The late Queen Pomare's palace, bearing the lofty title of Aorai, or "The Cloud of Heaven," is situated close to the cathedral, and bordered by the Vaiete or Papeete river—a scene of departed grandeur, and of many an ill-fated scheme of disappointed ambition. Peace to the dead ; they rest now from their life-long trouble. Whispering voices, so natives aver, float nightly, faint and low, through the empty halls, and mournful spirits haunt the



THE "AORAI" OR ROYAL PALACE, PAPEETE.

wide apartments, the breezy corridors, the pleasant places which in their lifetime they loved so well.

Perhaps one of the prettiest sights in Papeete is the Avenue of Sainte Amelie, at the head of which are situated the infantry barracks, where some 200 soldiers occupy comfortable quarters. Their duties, one fancies, cannot be very onerous. Close by is the beautiful house of that noble and tender-hearted physician, Dr. Chassagnol, the French Resident Medical Officer. Great credit is due to the municipal officials for laying out these lovely, shady walks and cool, pleasant boulevards. But two things of deep importance to the public weal they have left undone—there are no golfing links, and, sadder still, there is no cricket ground. Mend it, Messieurs! mend it; and the rising young generation, natives and Europeans alike, will rise up and bless their city fathers.

And now, with right hands extended over the narrow gulf of national prejudice, remembering the noble words of La Pérouse, “*Les Européens sont tous compatriotes à cette distances de leur pays,*” now firmly and abidingly bridged by the blessed *L'Entente Cordiale*, the work of King Edward the Peace-Maker, we take our leave of the French in Tahiti, of Anglophile and Anglophobe alike, with the cheerful refrain of the Tahitian New Year chant boding peace to all men of goodwill, and with kindest wishes for the coming year.

Flourish Tahiti, flourish fair
France!

Ruperupe Tahiti,
Ruperupe Farani,

May our little interests all
advance.

Ruperupe tatou iti
I teienei matahiti ápi.

To all and sundry we wish
good cheer
In the glad beginning of this
New Year.

* * * * *

Six months spent in Tahiti, and the quest leads further away to fields and pastures new, further yet to the north-east, to the islands under the equator, and the stout schooner *Gauloise* is standing out of harbour and beating up to windward on her 850 miles' voyage to the land of grim precipices and deep valleys haunted by fragments of forgotten people, erstwhile cannibals with tattooed faces—the far-famed Marquesas of Cook, the Marquesas of Herman Melville.



AVENUE OF SAINTE AMELIE, PAPEETE.

CHAPTER 4

THE MARQUESAS GROUP

Mauri i te poipoi a ee i te au marere i hiti tovau.
Ia tari a oe. Tari a rutu mai i hea ?
A rutu mai i toerau i hitia.
O te au marere i hiti atu a Vaua, a rutu i reira
A rutu i toerau roa !
Areare te tai o Nu'u-hiva roa.
I te are e huti i te tai o Vavea.

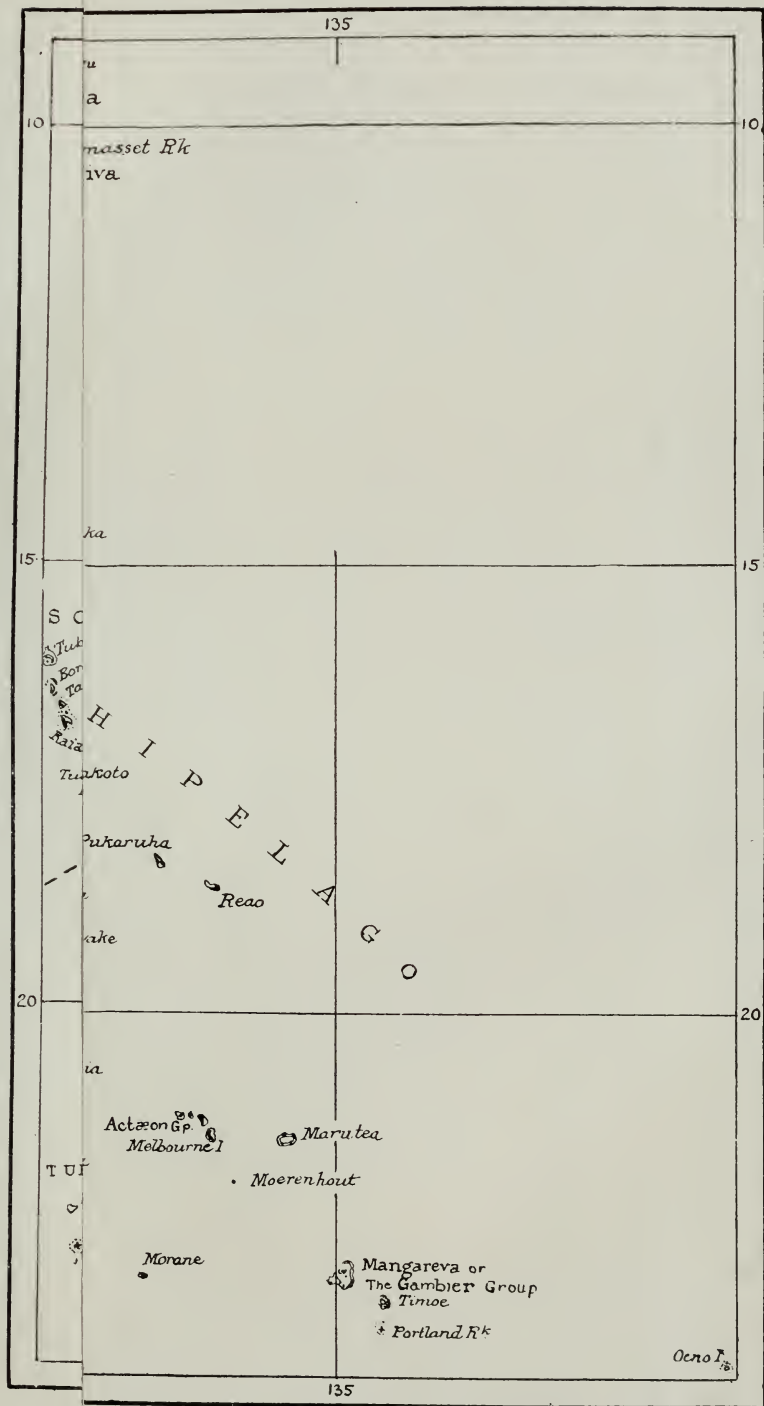
Translation.

The spirit of the morning rides upon the flying vapour that
rises salt from the sea.
Bear thou on. Bear thou on, and strike—where ?
Strike to the north-east.
The vapour flies to the outer border of the Sea of Atolls.
Strike thou there !
Strike far north.
The sea casts up distant Nukuhiva (Land of the War Fleet),
Where the waves rise up into towering billows.

THE dim and tremendous imagery of the above verses, taken from a grandly impressive chant of old Raiatea, describing the creation and upheaval of the islands of Polynesia, may fittingly introduce us to the gloomy, iron-bound and surf-beaten shores of Nukuhiva, itself the northernmost island of the Marquesas, under which collective name the whole group was spoken of by their milder neighbours to the south-west. The ancient poem, of which the above is a

fragment, and for which scientists have to thank the industry and research of Miss Teuira Henry, of Tahiti, is only one out of many curious and valuable traditions and pieces of folklore extant in Eastern Polynesia which still may be put on record by the patient investigator. For, as the great Arnold of Rugby tells us, and very truly too, "Labour and acuteness often discover a rule where indolence and carelessness fancied it was all haphazard." But hitherto, the Marquesas Islands, the land of the tattooed cannibals, around whose dark history flickers such a lurid light, have, it would appear, found neither historian nor commentator, save a few confused and contradictory accounts of chance whaling folk, and of sundry waifs and castaways. Herman Melville's *Typee*, indeed, gives us a lively sketch of his adventures in a small district of Nukuhiva, but his descriptions leave something to be desired, and upon the more important questions of language, tradition, and folk-lore, he leaves us in the dark altogether. As a certain authority on things Polynesian aptly puts it: Those who go to those parts take no interest in folk lore, and those who do take interest do not go there.

In my mind's eye I see now a Marquesan island, rising cloud-capped above an endless welter of blue waters, valley upon valley, slope upon slope, crested with forests asway in the mighty breath of the trade wind. A land of towering precipices, riven by earthquake, seamed by tempest, cast up a molten mass from the ocean depths by the telluric fires ; cleft by profound valleys, branching out into deep-cut ravines and gullies ; a gloomy, savage-looking country, where

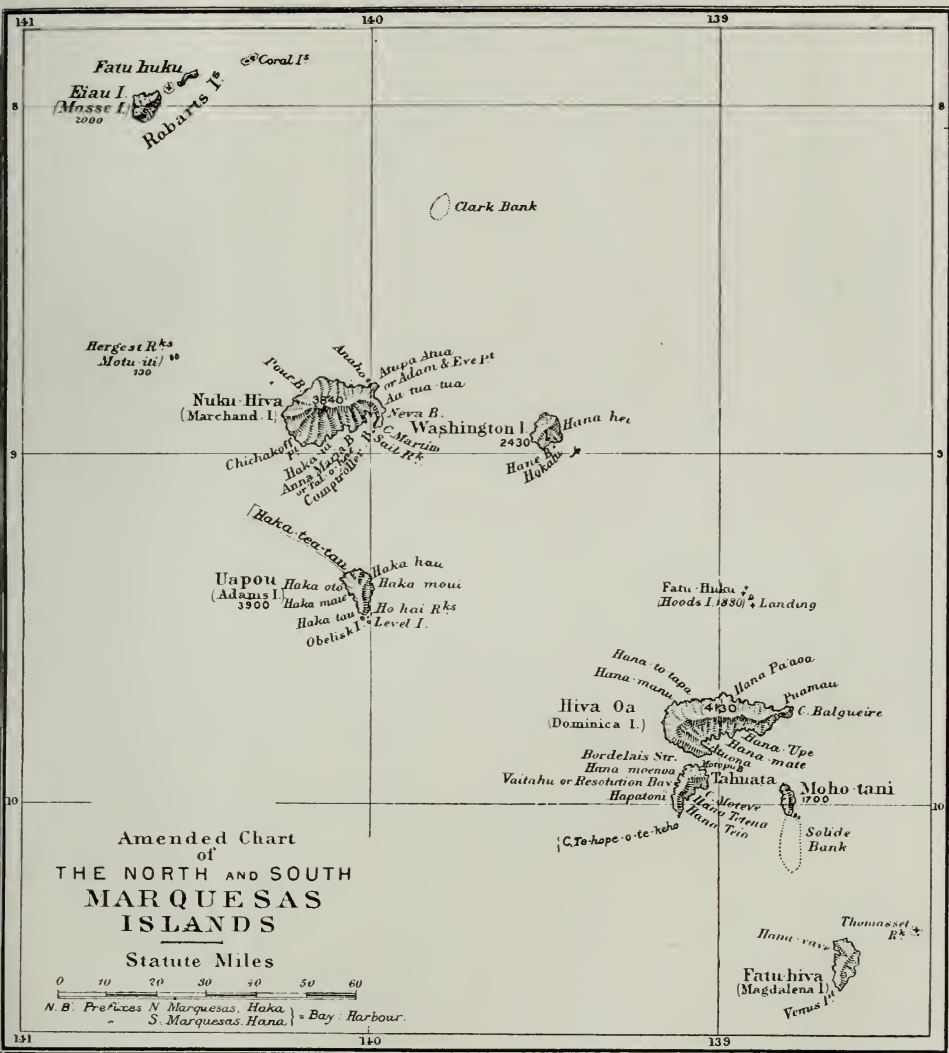


far inland, under the deep shadow of great banyan trees, lapped in the silence of the everlasting hills, abrupt, melancholy alps, as Stevenson vividly describes them, lie remains of altars and burial-places of old; lie ruined platforms fashioned of mighty basalt slabs, with great grim stone statues standing solemn and unmoved in the darksome solitudes; milestones marking the progress of Time the Destroyer, remnants of days long gone by, signs of a vanished heathenrie; the work of a generation that has passed away into dust—fragments of a folk forgotten as those of Gwalia and Lyonesse, whose traditions, with dim and uncertain light, glimmer through the mists of antiquity, setting forth an outline of history, blurred maybe and sore defaced, but looming up massive withal, and majestic as their own mountains in the early dawn. Contrary to the accepted rules of the drama, I will here give the reader an anticipatory peep through the curtain at the strange lands towards which our vessel is flitting under a white cloud of canvas, like a great sea-bird winging its way over a waste of ghostly waters covering a drowned continent.

The Islands of the Marquesas, called by the Polynesians *The Eight Islands of Hiva*, lie about 250 leagues from Tahiti, in a north-easterly direction, and are inhabited by a light-coloured race speaking a peculiar language akin to that of Easter Island and Mangareva, but dropping entirely the R or L sound so common in all other Polynesian tongues. Those inhabiting the northern cluster, which comprises Nukuhiva, Uapou, and Uauka or Huahuna, speak a distinct dialect from that of their southern brethren

of Hiva-Oa, Tahuata, and Fatuhiva. It is possible that an intermixture of race has taken place from the South American seaboard, by way, it may be, of Easter Island, Mangareva and the South-east Paumotu. The largest island of the group is Hiva-Oa, in English *Hiva the Great*, the Hivarhoo of Herman Melville, otherwise called Dominica, with a population of some 2,000, of which the valleys of Atuona, Puamau, and Hanaiapa are the principal centres. The principal peak in Hiva-Oa is above 4,000 feet in height, and the island itself measures some twenty-five miles from east to west, by about half that amount in breadth (north to south). The climate is hot and moist, but not unhealthy. Those inhabiting the eastern district speak a dialect slightly differing from that of the western valleys. For instance, a dog is called *Núhe* on one side, and *Moho* or *Moho-kio* on the other. On the other side of the Bordelaise Channel, eight or ten miles in width, lies the island of Tahuata, or St. Christina, settled from Hiva-Oa by the chief Nuku and his wife Uia-Ei some forty generations ago.

Many refugees from the island of Fatuhiva or Magdalena, the southernmost and most picturesque of the whole group, have come up to Tahuata of late years, and settled in the valleys of Vaitahu and Hapatone. Tahuata produces a good deal of cotton and some quantity of copra and fungus, but for the last year or two little work has been done, on account of the enervating effects of excessive drinking of coconut toddy. Over all the valleys of the Southern Marquesas drunkenness prevails to an inconceivable extent, in spite of sharp legislation by the French,



some of whom are doing their utmost to check the evil.

One of the most romantic of the Marquesan valleys is that of Puamau on Hiva-Oa. The settlement is inhabited by one of the wildest and least civilized of the island clans, and is split up into three subdivisions, of which the Paha-tai, or Dwellers on the Beach, are the most important. The place was formerly much given to human sacrifice and cannibal abominations, which the quiet and earnest work of a venerable native pastor—Kekela of Hawaii—did much to keep in check, and who now, after fifty years' labour, succeeded in putting the worst of those customs down, and, returning to his native land of Hawaii, has recently passed to his reward full of years and honour.

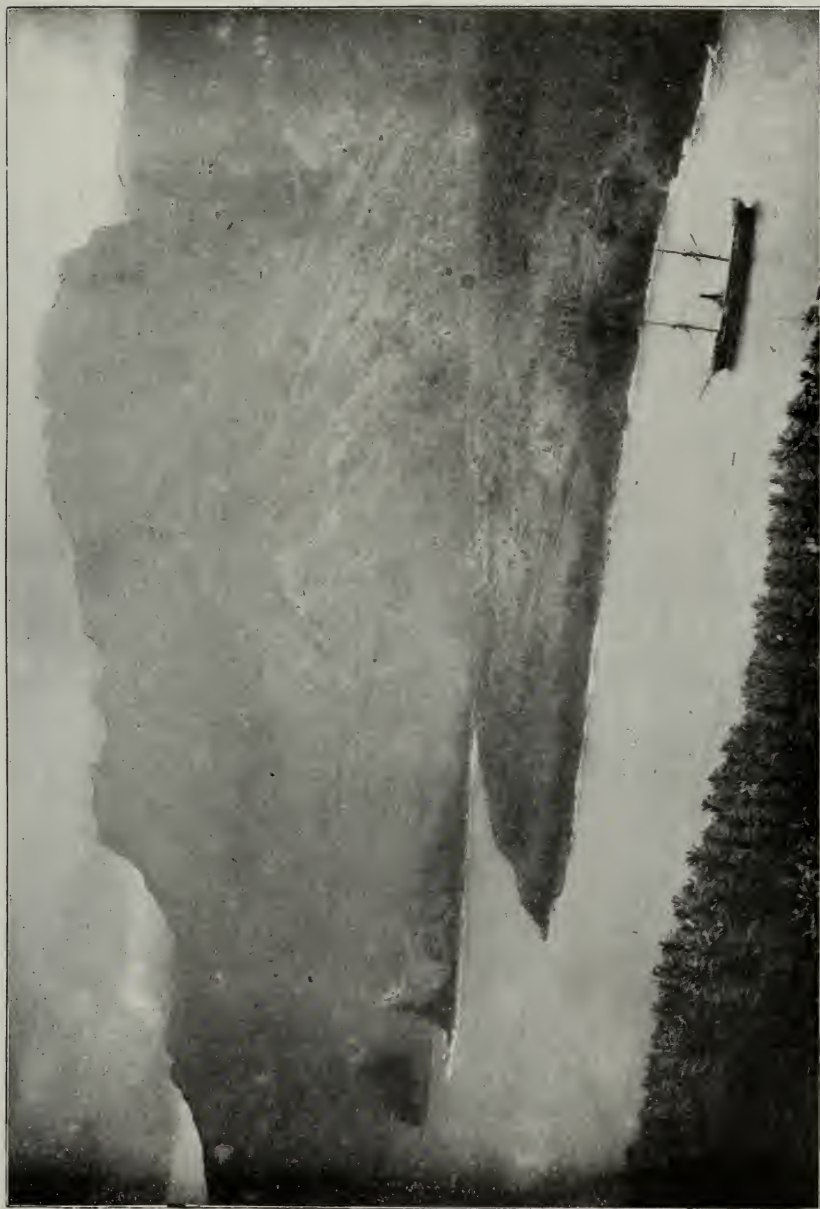
A French gendarme is stationed here, and, conscious, maybe, of holding his life upon no very secure tenure, rules them not perhaps always in strict accordance with justice, but with a rod of iron. Other important centres of population on Hiva-Oa are Hana-Paoa (Whale's Bay) on the north side, and Atuana and Tahauku on the south side.

Fatuhiva, formerly the favourite resort of whalers from Nantucket and New Bedford, has some very striking mountain scenery. It is now but thinly inhabited, owing to the ravages of phthisis some fifteen years ago. The two principal settlements, Omoa and Hanavave (or Virgin's Bay) can hardly muster at present 160 souls between them. Here, over 300 years ago, a squadron of armed Spanish vessels under Mendaña and Quiros, the famous

pilot, put in for water and provisions, and treated the inoffensive natives with great cruelty.

Some eighty miles north of Hiva-Oa lies the island of Nukuhiva (*Hiva of the War Fleet*), a name of such ominous import to more peaceful Polynesian neighbours. The island is about sixty miles in circumference, the climate very hot, and the rainfall scanty. The whole country side (especially the districts of Aakapa and Taipi) swarm with the venomous sand-fly. The three chief settlements are the seaport of Taiohae, the station of the French Resident and the Judge; the monthly calling-place of the San Francisco mail vessels on their way down to Tahiti¹; and the valleys of Hakau and Hatiheu. Midway between Hatiheu and Taiohae is the valley of Taipi, the "Typee" of Herman Melville, whence that adventurous mariner so narrowly escaped with his life. Hakau Valley was the favourite abode of the late Prince Stanislaus (Tanihá) Moanatin and his wife the Princess Sabine, the son and daughter-in-law of Queen Eritapeta Vaekehu, one of the last surviving, and quite the most interesting of Polynesian potentates. Since the loss of her husband, Te Moana (the Mowanna of Herman Melville), followed by that of her favourite son in 1893, the good old lady, now well stricken in years, who is a fervent and sincere Catholic, has retired into a life of devotion, under the care and ministrations of the worthy priests who have done much of late to defend her rights, and comfort her declining years. It gives the

¹ According to Mr. J. L. Doty, the American Consul in Tahiti, this line of sailing vessels has been superseded by a monthly service of steamers.



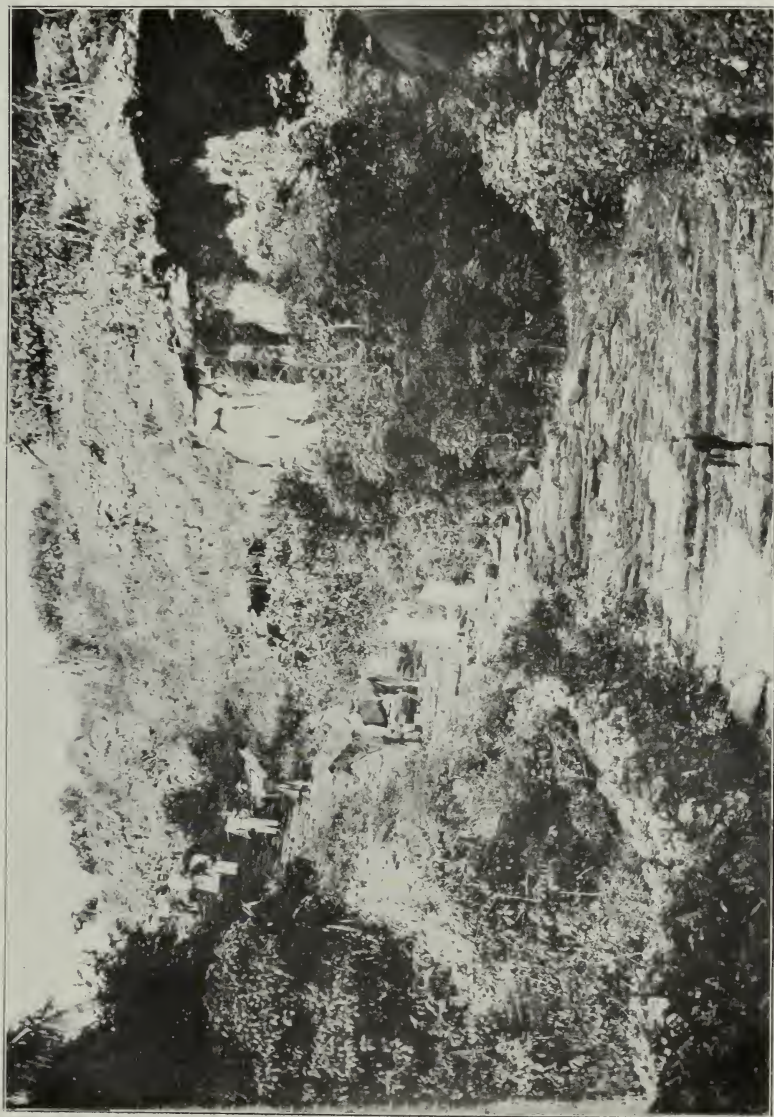
TAHA-UKU ANCHORAGE, HIVA-OA I.

Attuona and its bay lies just round the first headland to the right.

present writer much pleasure to bear witness to the good deeds of these excellent men, who have shown such devotion and self-sacrifice in the midst of unpromising surroundings, all undeterred by frequent ill-success, and to note their ready welcome and cordiality to the passing stranger. The same remarks apply equally to the admirable patience of the Catholic sisterhood teaching in the various schools, for, gentle and docile as the Marquesan girls are, training them up in the narrow path is no easy matter in a land where purity of morals is so lightly esteemed.

One of the smaller native houses in the valley of Haka-Ui near Tai-o-Hae, is here shown, built, as all native dwellings are, on the top of a massive stone platform raised four or five feet high like those of the people of Ponape in the eastern Caroline group. They are mostly thatched with the leaf of the pandanus, sometimes with that of the sugar-cane, the leaves being occasionally finished off with the broad and tapering fans of the *Vahake* or fan-palm (on Hiva-Oa *Vahane*; cf. Javanese *Wohan*, a species of palm). The Marquesan sleeping-place is primitive. Midway along the stone-paved floor runs the slender trunk of a felled palm-tree, upon which rest the back of the knees and legs of the sleeper, whilst, close upon the back of the house, another tree stem runs parallel to serve as a pillow upon which to rest the head, the space between the two generally occupied by two or three coarse sleeping-mats thrown over a bed of grass, fern or leaves. The household implements are equally primitive—two or three calabashes (*Hue*) for drinking vessels, a wide bowl or two of *Mio*-wood, into which the family dip their hands after the

Popoi—a preparation of mashed bread-fruit, the staple food of the islands. One may notice also an upright pointed stick for husking coconuts, a cheap tomahawk, and perhaps a long knife, never manufactured in Sheffield, a few bundles of tapa and bunches of cinet, and maybe a small heap of nets. If the owner be a man of means, there may be a seaman's chest in the corner, or even a modern sewing machine—an article greatly coveted by the women of Nukuhiva, one tangible result at least of the mission schools. Each house has two or three mongrel dogs of a dull yellow colour, miserable, mangy curs, variously styled in the dialects *Núhe*, *Peto*, *Moho* or *Moho-kio*. These by some owners are considered almost as one of the family, and feed in common out of the family bowl. The scenery in the neighbourhood of Haka-Ui is very fine, and at the head of the valley there is a famous waterfall, approached by a deep gorge, the scene of an obstinate conflict about 1860, when that stout old convert King Te Moana sought to introduce Christianity with the strong hand, after the fashion of King Olaf of Norway. But the obstinate heathen, sending away their women and children to a mountain fastness, and entrenching themselves strongly behind a breastwork of rocks, defended themselves so starkly that they repulsed the invaders. In the words of the merry old Robin Hood ballad: "The young men all, of spirits tall, took to their heels and fled withal, and boldly ran away," and happy was the man who reached his canoe in safety.



A MOUNTAIN ROAD, MANGAIA.
Limestone grottos at the side.

CHAPTER 5

GLIMPSES OF EASTERN POLYNESIA : THE PAUMOTU ARCHIPELAGO AND THE MARQUESAS

LAND ho ! north by north-east ! is the cry.

Fifteen days of tacking and beating up steadily against a breeze, which comes clear and fresh out of the north-east, and the S.C.O. mail-schooner *Gauloise* is approaching the famous land of the Aoma'ama (The Clouds of Brightness). The mountains of Hiva-Oa and her sister island, Tahuata, are looming up before us, broad blunt ominous-looking masses, in the grey light of the early dawn.

We have run the gauntlet of the Dangerous Archipelago, with its sunken reefs, light and baffling airs, and treacherous currents circling amongst chains and rings of low-lying green atolls, the highest scarcely rising thirty feet above high-water mark : the Drowned Archipelago of Cook, otherwise called the Paumotu or Tuamotu group, built up bit by bit by myriad coral insects working their way upward from submerged tablelands and mountain tops, whose valleys lie fathom on fathom deep in the ocean blue, the relics surely of a great disintegrated continent, some Pacific Atlantis sunk down in some dim age long past and gone.

We have put in for one day at Rotoava, the main settlement on Fakarava or Wittgenstein Island, and the headquarters of the French Resident Governor ;

have bathed in the limpid waters of its great lagoon—not without fear of sharks ; have revelled awhile in bowers of fairyland, where, fragrant as incense, the perfume of the *Hinano*, the blossoms of screw pine, is wafted through the aisles of the forest cathedral overarched by the fretted roof of waving palm-fronds, flinging their chequered shadows far below, with the surge of the surf on the reef without roaring its ceaseless diapason. An unrivalled description of the scenery of a Paumotu island will be seen in R. L. Stevenson's masterly little tale, *The Ebb Tide*. We have gossiped with dusky islanders, darker far than their Tahitian neighbours—cannibals of yore, but now full-fledged French citizens, and zealous church members of the Protestant persuasion or of the new sect of Reformed Mormons. The great industry of the group is copra and pearl-shell (*Pai*). Of the latter staple no less than 25,000 tons, valued at £1,000,000 sterling, has been placed upon the European market of late by their fisheries, now supplied with the most recent improvements in diving gear. These waters, formerly so dreaded by European navigators, are now accurately mapped out on charts, and their shifting population dominated by law and order, express regulations being laid down as to times and seasons for prosecuting their lucrative industry. Prisons have been built, and gendarmes stationed in the more important settlements to overawe the insubordinate. On the larger islands there is no lack of stores and bakeries to supply the temporal wants, nor of schools and churches to minister to the spiritual needs of the native, in whom Stevenson notes a certain dourness, pawkiness, and austerity of imagination



A PAUMOTU ATOLL ISLAND.

highly akin to the stern Cameronian ideals. The *Annuaire* or French Blue-Book publishes some interesting information on the topography of the Paumotu group, and lately Mr. Tregear, of the Polynesian Society in Wellington, has brought out a useful vocabulary of the peculiar and *bizarre* language of this archipelago ; a dialect closely allied to the Maori, but crossed in a remarkable manner with some strange and altogether distinct foreign element, possibly the relic of some primitive Negrito or Aino race displaced by some casual movement southwards of sea rovers from Indonesia. A list of Paumotan numerals and a few remarkable instances of divergence in vocabulary is given in the Appendix, set side by side with Rarotongan, Samoan, Tahitian, Marquesan and Gilbert Island key-words ; so the reader has now fair warning where these dry bones are stowed.

We have left the Atolls some six hundred miles behind us, and are now running into the Bordelaise Channel, which lies between the islands of Hiva-Oa and Tahuata, otherwise known as Dominica and Sta. Christina. Before nightfall, in spite of strong tides and frequent gusts of wind rushing down from the mountain gorges, we are safely anchored in the Tahauku basin, on our left the great valley of Atuona, backed by gigantic precipices and frowned down upon by towering masses of cloud-capped mountain.

An old Indian Light Cavalry officer, Mr. D. J. Keene, was then in charge of the Society Commercial's plantation here, living a life of *otium cum dignitate*, by no means suffering his avocations to push him out of touch with the great world outside. He was—would that I could say, still is !—a keen reader of

magazines and present-day literature, and a generous host with a large fund of interesting reminiscences of an adventurous life. Others have experienced ere now the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Keene. Good luck attend all such kindly and warm-hearted folk, none too plentiful in this workaday world!

My friend had the true Irish generosity, and with it the fiery and impulsive nature of the Irishman. Like a shield he held before him a certain sharp, short and decisive manner with people whom he disliked. Sometimes he wielded it like a javelin. This very human failing he had in common with that peerless knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, the righter of wrongs, who, if it be remembered, one night after supper condescended to deliver an excellent lay sermon upon mercy, honour and chivalry, before an audience of jeering goat-herds. The knight, as the reader knows, or ought to know, fairly lost his temper at last at a rude interruption, and emphasized his disfavour by levelling a crusty loaf across the table that felled the scoffer to the floor with his nose laid flat. But good baker's bread is scarce in the Marquesas, and the angry European resident prefers to underline his arguments or commands with a good ripe orange or mango—an argument which settles many a brown "Weary Willie" in the islands, who with a bag of half a dozen addled eggs, or with a miserable chicken under his arm, will loiter about a store verandah for hours waiting for a chance to pilfer some small article from an unguarded counter. Somehow these light-fingered gentry seldom bothered us much, which was very kind and thoughtful of them. Doubtless there was a sound, solid reason somewhere.



MOUNT AORAI

Before going any further, it is only just to say that, with hardly an exception, the white residents and traders in the Marquesas have been ready to show every attention and cordiality to travellers passing through. Some of the French gendarmes stationed in the remoter valleys, also deserve a word of grateful recognition for proffered hospitality. Special acknowledgment is also due to Messrs. W. Keene and B. F. Varney, of Atuona Valley, for interesting information on the place-names of the group. Mr. J. Wilkinson, of Ana-poo on Tahuata, has also supplied many curious particulars upon Marquesan life and customs.

As the Marquesan Islands are far out of the track of the general run of tourists, the following summary may be of interest to the reader. To take up the thread of our tale once more: The group consists of eleven islands, of which seven are inhabited, forming two distinct groups. The north-east group comprises the islands of Nukuhiva, Uapou, Uauka, and Eiau, the last-named lately deserted. The south-east includes Hiva-oa, Tahuata, and Fatuhiva, and the now uninhabited island of Moho-Tani. The population of the Marquesan islands is estimated at 4,000—barely one-fifteenth part of their original number at the time of the French occupation. Three foreign epidemics have made fearful havoc: Small-pox in the north-east group, a legacy received from a Peruvian slaver; leprosy in the south-east group, introduced by the curse of imported Chinese labour; and consumption, brought by the captain of a whaler, who left a patient in the last stage of the disease under the care of the compassionate people of Hana-

vave on Fatuhiva. The scourge swept away four-fifths of the population of the little island. Taipi Valley, in Nukuhiva, the scene of Herman Melville's captivity, which formerly could put two thousand fighting men into the field, had at the time of my visit only *six* or *seven* inhabitants surviving. The valleys of the Haapa tribes (the *Happars* of Herman Melville) lying between Taipi and Taiohae, formerly teeming with inhabitants, now lie waste and desolate, numerous *Paepaes* or massive stone platforms marking the site of each deserted settlement. In every valley far up into the recesses of the hills may be seen the same touching signs of a vanished population. A deep melancholy hangs over these beautiful scenes. Where the population has died out, those staunch friends at need—the coconut and the bread-fruit—have vanished also. The *Aoa*, or banyan tree,¹ flings its mighty shadow over the burial-places of old kings—the *Meaes* or sacred enclosures, formerly the scenes of cannibal feasts, and of human sacrifices to the war-god Toho-Tika.

Two remarkable uninhabited islands lie near Hiva-Oa—*Moho-Tani*, the Island of Barking Dogs, and *Fatu-Uku*, the Sunken Rock. The latter is specially noted in a grim Tahuata legend as the abode of *Tanaoa*, the Lord of Darkness, and *Ameta*, his ghostly queen, and of *Mano-Aiata*, the ground-shark, its stern guardian—a Piscine Atlas, who in a moment of pique capsized the island and drowned the population in the eddies. A similarity of legend may here be noted with the Japanese fable of *Omida*, Lord of

¹ The *Waringin* of Java ; the *Oio*, *Ao* and *Aio* of the Caroline Islands.



LAKE TIRIARA, MANGAIA.

Hades, and with the tradition of a giant catfish, said to uphold the isles of Nippon upon its back.

The Marquesan legends reflect a strange, gloomy cast of thought. Many of their rites, costumes, dances and customs would seem to argue an intermixture with the red races of America, possibly with some of the tribes of Mayapan and Yucatan. The national name of the people, *Hiva*, is probably derived from the settlement of a band of Siva-worshippers from Java. This would account partly for the gloomy character of the Marquesan religion. The Tahitian worship of *Tane*, light (Sanskrit *Chand*, the moon), and of *Ta'aroa* (Polynesian *Tangaroa*, Neptune; Salibabo *Tagaroang*, the sea), point to the cult of Javanese Brahmins and Molucca-Malay Poseidon or Neptune-worshipping sea-rovers. Certainly some Marquesan words cannot be satisfactorily referred to any known Polynesian equivalents, and their system of tattooing differs greatly from the Maori, which is spiral, the Marquesans tattooing in straight lines, many of their signs having a decisive and arbitrary character highly suggestive of a hieroglyphic system, the interpretation of which is confined to the *Tuhunas* or priests, now very few in number. A thorough study of Maori and Marquesan tattoo-signs might supply a clue to the origin of the Hydah carvings of British Columbia and Vancouver Island, and even of the mysterious writings and sculptures of Palenque and Chichen Itza, and thus throw light on the annals and histories of the buried cities of Yucatan.¹ The isles of the Marquesas are

¹ In this connexion I will go farther still, and remark that in my opinion the terraces and statues of Easter Island, the

of plutonic origin, as is well proved by their basaltic formation. The profound valleys hemmed in by gigantic walls of scarred precipice yield ample proof of the rendings and throes of a tremendous volcanic convulsion. As Darwin states: "These islands are entirely without reefs, and the water is very deep close to their shores," whilst Mr. F. D. Bennett, who visited Hiva-Oa, Tahuata and Uapou, says: "Their beaches, however, are strewn with rounded masses of coral, and although no regular reefs exist, yet the shore is in many places lined by coral rock, so that a boat grounds on this formation." I myself, whilst on Tahuata, saw a small coral reef in process of formation across the entrance of a little cove near Hana-Menino. But Uapou I unfortunately had no time to visit. An ancient tradition—doubtless current prior to the migration of their ancestors from Indonesia—refers, moreover, to a tremendous cataclysm or tidal-wave, the *Tai-toko*. This deluge myth is one of the most remarkable pieces of Polynesian folk-lore extant (*vide* pp. 558–60 of the *Comparative Polynesian Dictionary* by E. Tregear, under the heading, "Tuputupu Whenua," under which are grouped many interesting Polynesian deluge myths).

It is a sad pity that the Marquesan race is dying out so fast. To them may be applied the sorrowful

Peruvian buildings of Caxamalca and Titicaca, the ruins of Angkor-Thom in Cambodia, of Brambanam, Boro-bodo and Modjo-pahit on Java, the Passumah monoliths of Sumatra, the great island-Venice of Metalanim on Ponape, the canals and Cyclopean walls of Lele, and the Langi and Druidical *Hamonga* of Tongatabu, may be all, to use a homely expression, "pieces of the same puzzle."



LEAF AND FRUIT OF THE VI-APPLE ("SPONDIAS DULCIS").

The colour is bronze-green with a golden lustre, specked with brownish-orange dots. The taste is rather like a quinces.

chant, the sad prediction of an old Tahitian lamenting the doom of his race—

E haere te fau,
E mou te faa'arero.
E nao te taata.

The fau leaves shall lie strewn,
Faded the branching coral's hues.
Our people shall pass away.

The vegetable products of the Marquesas are many and various—bread-fruit (of which there are at least thirty-two kinds), taro, the sweet potato, the mummy apple or pawpaw, the citron, the orange and the bi-apple. Bananas, plantains, mangoes, Malay apples, guavas, pineapples, and avocas or alligator pears abound in bewildering profusion. There are numerous plantations of cotton and coconut palms, but the introduction of opium, and the widespread abuse of the fermented coconut-toddy, have rendered the natives indisposed to any toil or exertion, and alas! in many cases physically unfitted for even light and easy work. During their frequent orgies the whole settlement is given up to the most unbounded licentiousness, and the scenes cannot be adequately described or set forth. When, however, we reflect that polyandry is one of the fixed Marquesan customs, and that with them an incredible laxity of morals was commended as a virtue, or at least never once mentioned with disapprobation, it behoves us, with all our pride natural to a manful and strenuous race, to pass no hasty judgments on a people upon whom our intercourse has brought so many and heavy calamities.

Praise is here due to the good priests of the Roman Catholic persuasion, for many a life of noble unselfishness and unflinching labour, under conditions

which must surely have driven less patient workers to despair. "Presque pas des resultats," as the lay-brother of Atihere sadly remarked to our friend of Vailima. They are men of genuine piety, often united with deep learning, courteous, and ever ready to be of service to the stranger.

The principal centres of population on the Marquesas are (1, 2, and 3) *Atuona*, *Puamau* and *Hanaiapa* on Hiva-Oa. The two first-mentioned valleys each contain some 500 inhabitants. (4) *Taiohae*, on Nukuhiva, population some 350, where are the principal Government buildings and stores, and the residences of the Governor, Chief Justice, and Commissioner of Police. *Taiohae* boasts a public reservoir, from which the water is distributed over the town by narrow-gauge pipes, also a mineral spring (*Vai-kava*, or Bitter Water), valued by the natives as a tonic. (5, 6) *Vaitahu* and *Hapatone*, on Tahuata, the abode of Princess Vaekehu, daughter of the old queen, who resides in *Taiohae*. Each has a population of some 120. *Vaitahu* is mentioned by Herman Melville, with the writer's usual disregard of correct native phonesis, as Hy'ty'hoo. Near it are the picturesque valleys of Anapoo, *Hapatone*, and *Ivaiva*, where foreign epidemics as yet have laid their hand but lightly on the people.

The other islands, Uapou excepted, of which I have no precise data, are scantily populated. The reasons for the frightful dwindling of the population appear to me to be six, a truly appalling chain of causes and effects: (1) Civil war; (2) Long isolation; and in consequence of these two (3) Intermarriage of close relatives; and, as a natural sequence to this,



LANDING OF L.M.S. MISSIONARIES AT MATA-VAI BAY (1790).
From an old print.

(4) Polyandry ; (5) Foreign epidemics (introduced by the crews of whaling vessels and the ships of early European explorers and by the curse of Chinese labour ; (6) drink and opium.

CHAPTER 6

THE THREE HIGHWAYS OF HIVA-OA

The Three Highways described :—

- (a) Tahauku to Hanaiapa.
- (b) Tahauku to Puamau by the Plateau.
- (c) Tahauku to Puamau via Hanamate and Hanaupe.

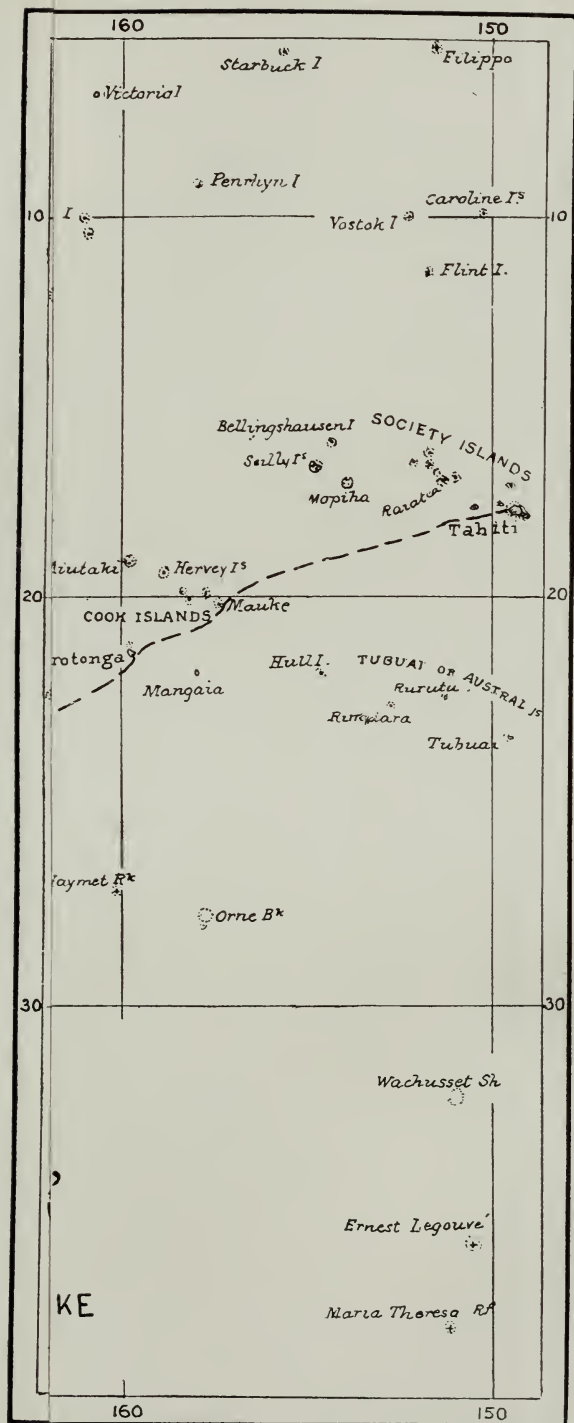
THE northern route starts from a desolate little nook in the western portion of the island known as Hananaonao (Mosquito Bay). It runs over the hills to the rich valley of Taoa with her palm-groves, cotton plantations and mineral springs, passing on through populous Atuona, walled in at the back by towering ranges of basalt. Thence, skirting the cliffs, with a gentle descent it dips down towards the Tahauku basin, and then turns suddenly aside and bends away inland across the island, cutting off the barren and desolate western portion which terminates in Kiukiu, the Land's End of Hiva-Oa, traditionally reported as a haunted and accursed spot, from which the spirits of the dead, as from the Maori *Reinga*, take their final leap into the dark unknown. So, one fine morning soon after my arrival at Keene's hospitable mansion at Tahauku saw me on my way across the island mounted on my host's favourite black mare "Carribee," in the company of a white settler, Charley Case, a very harmless person,

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upon whose shoulders Stevenson has cast the black mantle in that most realistic of South Sea tales, *The Beach of Falesa*. The poor man had just seen the book, and was smarting under a keen sense of injury at being made to figure in the rôle of principal villain in a novel, which frame of mind some plentiful libations of Hollands, taken as an early stirrup-cup, did not tend in the least to dispel. With some misgivings as to the firmness of my guide's seat in the saddle, I followed his lead up a steep pathway. Winding upwards through thickets of wild guava and of *Keoho*, that villainous thorny shrub, we emerge at last upon the open breezy plateau. The road winds upward, still upward, through tracts of waste land where, thick as heather in the Scottish Highlands, flourishes the umbrella fern, the *Manamana-ohina* or White-fork of the natives. Here and there patches of reddish soil make strange contrast with the green fronds of the ferny carpet, chequered with the ghostly white of the withered forks. Not unfrequently a patch of burnt fern leaves a dark blur on the hill-side, known to old New Zealand settlers by the Maori name of *Hawera*. The rich volcanic soil, laid bare by these periodical clearings, is said by those versed in matters agricultural to be peculiarly adapted for the culture of the yam and the sweet potato.¹ If this be the case, the island of Hiva-Oa must be capable of supporting

¹ In New Zealand the farmer, not content with burning off the fern, turns in innumerable pigs, who lose no time in grubbing deep after the sweet juicy fern-root, and thus save the otherwise necessary expense in steam-ploughs and patent root-extracting machines.

an enormous native population. In former days a warlike tribe is said to have occupied the plateau, traces of whose ancient high-places, whose burying-grounds, and the stone platforms on which they erected their dwellings, are scattered far and wide over the waste, overshadowed by the ever-present pandanus and hibiscus. On the hill slopes flourishes the *Puu-epu* or paper mulberry, with its fluffy round leaves and pale yellow blossoms, whilst the *Puu-manini* fringes every hillock with its purple and white flowers, with its green sweet-flavoured fruits. The plant is the image of a miniature passion-vine, save for the viscous leaves and hairy stems. Everywhere the 'Ama or candle-nut tree (*Aleurites*) scatters its oily nuts, as they ripen from the white heads of lilacy bloom overhead. Yet a little way onwards, and a bridle path branches off eastward. This is the central route which I followed in company with a native guide a month later. It traverses the interior of the island by way of the crests and mountain ridges, a distance of some thirty kilometres by French measurement. At the junction of these roads we off-saddled and took our midday meal. Whilst my worthy companion is taking his siesta, I may as well take the reader along this road, anticipating things a little, so as to go over no ground twice. This track, switching away to the right, passes through most beautiful woodland scenery, well worthy the study of any artist or botanist, until it joins the Hekeani road near the top of the tremendous precipice that overhangs the head of Puamau Valley, the most populous settlement on Hiva-Oa (marked on the charts as Perigord Bay), whither all



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three roads converge—a very paradise—a very Garden of the Hesperides.

The descent of the great precipice, the height of which is hidden by enormous masses of brushwood and creeper, is accomplished by a winding pathway blasted by dynamite out of the living rock by French road-makers some twenty years ago. It follows the course of an ancient trail dating back to the days when the dalesmen of the island dwelt secluded, each tribe in its own valley. In those days people felt nowise inclined to make the approaches smoother or wider than Nature had left them, for fear of a sudden raid from their neighbours, summoned in haste by the war-drum from some impromptu festival to provide victims for sacrifice at the shrine of a local hero or god. Such a perilous pass is splendidly described by Stevenson in that tragic ballad of his, "The Feast of Famine," which reflects such a lurid light upon one phase of Marquesan life. As I read the following lines the wild scene flashes out, flashes like a lantern picture in the dark, dazzling as a flare-light on a night of storm and blackness.

Out of the groves of the valley where clear the blackbirds sang,
Sheer from the trees of the valley the face of the mountain
sprang ;

Sheer and bare it rose, unscalable barricade;
Beaten and blown against by the generous draught of the trade.
Dawn on its fluted brow painted rainbow light,
Close on its pinnacled crown trembled the stars at night.
Here and there in a cleft clustered contorted trees;
Or the silver beard of a stream hung and swung in the breeze.
The valley was gouged like a vessel and round like the vessel's
lip,

With a cape of the side of the hill thrust forth like the bows of a ship.

On the top of the face of the cape a volley of sun struck fair,
And the cape overhung like a chin a gulph of sunless air.

And the story goes on to say how a party of warriors from a neighbouring tribe, swinging themselves in loops of native rope down from point to point of these giddy heights, burst at length into the lower valley, where they fell upon the inhabitants, stupefied from the effects of a great carousal, all unprepared for a hostile onset, and butchered them all helpless and amazed.

Thrice during my stay on Hiva-Oa I descended this tremendous stairway, and three times I toiled up the heights, always with a feeling of intense solitude and a deep sense of the grandeur of Nature and the exceeding littleness of man. No wonder the frowning hills that shut in the deep dark valleys of the Marquesas lend gloom and sternness to the native character.

The glorious view from the summit, however, drives away all sombre thoughts, as fanned by the kindly trade wind, one stands watching the sea heaving, fretting, surging for ever at the solid foundations of the lofty island of basalt cast up ages ago from its dark unfathomed abysses.

In the meanwhile here we are on the plateau barely half way to Hanaiapa, and the afternoon is wearing on, and still the guide sleeps sweetly. After awakening him with some difficulty, I persuaded him to mount and push on. Continuing the northern route, we cantered along the levels, passing on the left-hand side an ancient stone erection, the cairn of some pre-

historic chieftain, and presently came to a region of the plateau where the trees grew thicker together and the character of the vegetation changed. Mingled with the ever-verdant bowers of hibiscus and pandanus one notices the glossy leaves of the *Piapiau*, a variety of *Pittosporum*, and the round compact clumps of the *Kouna*, a tree with deep-toothed leaves and crimson umbels of bloom, but the *Toa* or iron-wood tree (*Casuarina*) has faded out of the landscape, for it prefers the poorer and thinner land of the coast and the rocky crevices of the cliffs scoured by the salt sea spray. The *Muna*, a sort of bindweed, creeps all about in the tree tops, drooping in green festoons her quaint seed-pods, bearded and feathery as the wild clematis-bloom which in November flings abroad its silvery gossamer over bare bush and briar in our Surrey and Kentish valleys. On every hand beneath the fretted shadow of the forest aisles the *Ena-vao* or wild ginger upraises her succulent cones. These are Nature's water pots brimming with aromatic juices. The yellow horned roots, anchored deep into the rich red loam, are employed in a pounded form as a cosmetic like the *Taik* of the Caroline Islands.¹ Here and there the *Faufee* (the *Whau-where* or lace-bark tree of New Zealand) (*Hibiscus populneus*) raises crowns of shimmering leaves through the undergrowth, like a poplar in miniature, with little pink pensile flowers. The *Arbutilon* of our gardens is a poor relation. The name *Faufee* (i.e. the "*Fau* that binds firm or strangles") is due to the toughness and pliancy of its

¹ Cf. Marquesan *Taiki*, a red or orange colour.

bark, strips of which are used by the natives in lieu of cordage. The hibiscus family, to which this curious plant belongs, is very widely spread in Pacific lands, where its members are known variously as *Fau*, *Purau*, *Hau*, *Au* and *Aute*.¹ Certain varieties are cultivated in native gardens for their fine blossoms of varying shades of crimson, scarlet and pink, highly valued for making garlands and necklaces. Large single flowers are also extensively worn behind the ears and in the hair of the women-folk on gala days. Another of these tropical cousins of our hollyhock and marsh-mallow is the lemon hibiscus (*H. tiliaceus*)—so called from bearing large yellow flowers with a black centre—the commonest of all. It grows here in wildest luxuriance, forming a natural abattis with its labyrinth of twisted boughs and suckers, which effectively bar any exploration of the innermost recesses of the wood, through which even a Hylobates or climbing ourang would find it hard to scramble. Here the searcher after land shells will find a rich reward if he cuts his way well into the greenwood maze; for after a good shower of rain some rare and curious specimens are often to be found clustered together in the soil about the roots. The large viscous leaves and pollen-dusted flowers of the lemon hibiscus are said to form a useful medicinal decoction for treating disorders of the mucous membrane.

And now a welcome surprise greets the traveller.

¹ N.B.—In the Mortlock group (E. Carolines) the plant is called *Kili-fau* and in Ponape *Kal-au*, so extensive is the distribution of related plant names throughout the whole Pacific area.

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As the sun swims up to his meridian, chasing away one by one the gloomy masses of storm-cloud which hang over the distant peaks as they frown westward upon the Naiki country—scenes of old battle and massacre—the voice of singing birds awakens in the groves. Overhead in the branches trills the *Komao* or '*Omao* bird (cf. the Maori *Komako*, the bell-bird of New Zealand settlers). In the Marquesas it is a bird rather larger than a canary, of which there are two varieties: the one with plumage of rich brown and yellow, the other of a glossy and velvety black: the latter is known as the *Omao-atua*, and is regarded with veneration by some of the natives. Stevenson in one place, neatly styles it, "the black-bird or his tropical understudy."

Now and then a *Pahi*, or kingfisher, darts across a clearing like a blue arrow and is gone, whilst the coo of the *Kuku*, or green dove, steals up from the slopes below, and falls on the ear like a strain of mournful song.

And now we pass a deserted clearing: everywhere lie strewn in confusion the outer shells and husks of hapless Marquesan Dryades, felled by the pitiless axe of the woodman. Here once stood a white man's cabin, surrounded by a rude stake-fence. In places the big cuttings have taken root and the posts have grown into substantial trees, like those of Robinson Crusoe's famous log cabin. In the midst of the old enclosure—for desolation a very "garden of cucumbers," where the wild gourd, the relapsed water-melon and the tomato have run riot—stands a group of tall palms looking listlessly down upon the melancholy wilderness.

As we ride on, lo ! sweet as a field of beans in blossom there steals through the still glades a waft of fragrance from some unseen spikes of *Hinano*, the leaf-flower of the pandanus, exhaling its perfume in the mellow solitude. A stray banana, picturesque ragamuffin, flaps its yellowing leaves, now tattered into strips by the wilful winds. A few gaunt starveling palms from the lip of the valley already opening out below us, send up on the breeze a faint metallic clatter from their quivering fans. Down and down by the winding path as it bends ever and anon in and out beneath steep banks crowned with ferns and grasses and infinite plant-life, some of familiar growth, with many a weed beside that never grew in English lane or meadow.

Still down and down, past the rippling chatter of the brook flashing under the clustering palms and deep groves of stately bread-fruit and native chestnut, skirting dense beds of reedgrass and cane, we go, past deserted *Paepaes* or stone platforms and *Paepaes* as yet undeserted, for we have now reached the bounds of human habitation. One remarkable native house on the right-hand side of the road attracts our attention. The platform stands about seven feet high, with several massive blocks of basalt, curiously carved, set into its centre as it faces the road. On one of these a gigantic fish-hook is sculptured in relief ; it is the emblem of *Tuha*, god of fishes and fisheries. The illustration shows one of these houses, with its solid foundation. Nowadays the natives build them somewhat carelessly, but the principle of the underlying stone platform remains always the same. Some of the more ancient *Paepaes*

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must have cost tremendous labour, built as they are of dozens and dozens of ponderous basalt blocks laid together with the greatest nicety. They built mightily in Hiva-Oa of old, especially round Puamau and Atuona, the chief centres of population. I have since noted a somewhat similar style of house-building upon the island of Ponape in the eastern Carolines, the inhabitants of which show indisputable traces of a Polynesian admixture.

As we pass along, the houses get thicker and thicker, and we receive many a salutation from crowded platforms, where old and young alike are seated, enjoying the cool of the evening, and resting from their labours in the last light of the dying day.

On, past high embankments built up of stone and rubble, which enclose the rich black soil, forming terraces that overlook the river, planted thickly with beds of *Taro* and rows of *Ti* (*Dracaena terminalis*), the latter valued for its handsome leaves, used for wreaths and girdles, and for its sweet roots from which a potent liquor is brewed. Its effects are graphically described under the name of Arva-ti in Herman Melville's *Omoo* where the tempting draught is reported to have worked sad havoc next morning upon the nerves of the adventurous Doctor Long Ghost during his flittings upon the Isle of Eimeo.

Hedged in with a marvel of tall dracaenas, their leaves melting into all hues and shades of green, brown, yellow and ruby, peeps out a neat little native house, with its walls of golden bamboo split thin and fashioned into a cunning lattice-work, topped by a brownish-grey frieze of pandanus and

palm leaf thatch, edged at the eaves with the graceful fans of the *Vahane* or palmetto ; under which sits a handsome half-caste girl, *Tahia-Hau*, the belle of the valley, nursing her baby and crooning some Marquesan lullaby, whilst around her tumble in boisterous merriment two or three of her little brown brothers, amusing themselves with the antics of a pet kid. With a pipe of *Tutu* wood between her lips, the portly old aunt sits pensively, lost in a day-dream of pleasing fancies, with a half-filled calabash of toddy by her side. At her feet lies humped up a scrubby ill-conditioned cur of coppery hue, turning ever and anon an eye of fire upon the merry little group busy over their new-found pet. At the sight of the passing cavalcade he growls softly twice or thrice, and turns him to sleep again. With a whole troop of small boys, half-shy and wholly mischievous, bringing up our rear, we reach the substantial dwelling of M. Louis Philippe Otto, a half-caste gentleman of note in the valley, who agreeably combines the avocations of trader, boat-builder and carpenter with that of general cicerone to the few white visitors whom chance brings this way. He speaks French and English well, and by virtue of his connexions on the mother's side has considerable influence among the natives of the district. In his house hangs a cuckoo clock of cunning workmanship, the gift of Prince Stanislaus, Queen Vaekehu's son, the staunch friend of Europeans, who died a little while before my arrival. Here we meet with a warm welcome. Things are evidently lively in the valley just now. All over the village the people are singing and roaring over their bowls of coconut toddy. But nobody



A MARQUESAN HOUSE WITH ITS "PAEPAE" OR PLATFORM OF GREAT BASALTIC BLOCKS.

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minds them. It has been so right on for the last six weeks or more. So after a refreshing bathe in the stream hard by, I sat down with Louis to dinner. Poor Charley Case by now is *hors-de-combat*. Two or three drinks of toddy taken fasting have laid him on his back, so we put him tenderly to bed.

That first night in Hanaiapa I could get no sleep. Just as I was dropping off, that cuckoo-clock would play up merrily, noting the hours and half hours with the most provoking accuracy. If I had been alone it wouldn't have mattered so much, but that diabolical piece of machinery kept on waking up Case in his corner. At last, with nerves all on edge, he staggered to his feet, vowing that he would find a gun and put a charge of shot through the works. Presently he stepped over some rotten flooring in the dark, and went through up to his knees like the Suffolk farmer on that memorable frosty night amongst his cucumber frames. We disentangled the poor fellow and quieted him as best we could. All next day and the next and the next he lay on the mats, absolutely refusing to rise, eat or wash, and totally rejecting all friendly counsel; with a great pail-full of sour toddy as big as a horsebucket at his head with a coconut shell floating in it, so that with very little exertion the obstinate fellow could prop himself up on one elbow and help himself at will. On the fourth day the misguided man reluctantly arose and departed. Once again I saw him. It was one dark rainy night in Atuona—the same old story. On the edge of a verandah a human form wallowed snoring in a puddle, with the spout of a gutter-pipe in full spate playing merrily upon him. I picked him up, feebly protesting,

and with considerable difficulty pushed, hauled and supported him in turns along the cliff-road towards Tahauku. Just as we got on level ground again and were crossing Keene's bridge he gave a mighty lurch and soused into the river, whence he scrambled to a rock in the middle of the torrent-bed, and there was full ten minutes scaring the bats and night-birds with fragments of sea-songs, bellowed in a raucous voice. At last I waded over, dragged him forcibly to land, and conducted him to a native house close by, and left him curled up on a couch of fern; and that is the last I saw of that most harmless villain of *The Beach at Falesā*."

CHAPTER 7

THE THREE HIGHWAYS OF HIVA-OA (*continued*)

THE following particulars of rambles in the neighbourhood were gleaned during a delightful stay of three weeks amongst the *Uaivi*, the principal clan of the Hanaiapa valley.

Hanaiapa is the third largest settlement in Hiva-Oa, and contains some two hundred inhabitants. Many goats, sheep, and cattle in a semi-wild state roam over the mountain slopes around Hanafeta and Hana-Ei, deserted valleys in the neighbourhood, affording some capital sport to the practised mountaineer who is desirous of taking rifle shots under difficulties at long range, nobody being there to call one over the coals for flagrant misses. It may seem rather trying at first sight to a European sportsman to take a plunge into deep water from a rock ten or fifteen feet high in order to recover a wounded goat or sheep which has fallen into the sea, and then to tow him leisurely ashore by the horn or leg, but a Marquesan islander does not mind these little things. A visitor might well pass two or three months in this charming district and the neighbourhood, which, especially towards *Hanapa'aoa* (Whale's Bay), affords magnificent views of sea and mountain. Right in the middle of Hanaiapa Bay stands a great rock of peculiar shape, known as "Nigger Head,"

Te Oho-o-te-Haoe-Keekee, the very image of a black fellow's profile caricatured in the basalt. There are the wide eyes, the big spreading nostrils, the thick lips, and lastly, that no detail may be wanting, the woolly hair to the life, supplied by a profusion of the feathery ironwood, that cassowary amongst foliage trees, crowning the top and sides of the huge rude mass.

A short journey westward in Louis' whale-boat, manned by sturdy native rowers, opens up the view of a magnificent cascade *Vai-'e'e* (Maori *Wai-rere*) falling over the top of a lofty precipice into the sea ; and on the sides of the little cleft worn away by the torrent on the cliff-edge far above we can see the graceful foliage of the *Kokuu*, the ironwood, and the rosewood waving against the sky. Further yet to the westward, leaving behind us two or three deserted bays backed by slope upon slope of barren mountain, all ablaze with the pink blossoms of the tobacco-plant—the only weed that will flourish in this arid wilderness—we reach the Bay of Hanamenu, formerly the seat of a thriving settlement, as the numerous ruins scattered about in the upper part of the valley abundantly attest. Now, there are only two or three families left of the once powerful clan of the *Puna's*. The little community boasts of a fine spring of clear cold water, welling abundantly out of the foot of the basalt rock near the shore. A garden of taro and dracaena has been planted round the spring, and the effect is very pretty. The open glades in the upper valley are full of a large banyan-tree, the berries of which attract numbers of green doves, an easy prey to even an inexperienced

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marksman. Much copra is made in the valley, and the bay teems with excellent fish, which the natives dry and salt for barter with their less thrifty neighbours. The name for salt here is *Pa'a-tai* in (Maori *Para-tai*, i.e., the dross or scum of salt water). (Upon Nukuhiva it is called *Kana-tai*, i.e. the bright thing which comes from salt water); on Uapou *Puhi-nau*.

Formerly Hanamenu was a favourite resort of whalers, before foreign epidemics decimated the population. Two or three of the older inhabitants discoursed most freely in broken English on the happy days gone by; of the good salt beef, the ship's biscuit and the rum, of the freaks of Jack ashore, and of his frequent desertions to seek the dime-novelist's imaginary Elysium in the backwoods with a native wife to work for him, plenty to eat and nothing to do. Their plain-spoken story gave rather a rude contradiction to many currently accepted notions of Polynesian life set on foot by certain confident writers of fiction at home, who never saw a palm or a coral reef in their lives. Marquesan islanders, in short, have no more use for runaway sailors than a rough sea-captain has—unless they can turn their hands to something useful to justify their existence. Future writers will do well to sober down their descriptions of the Elysian life of Jack ashore, if they wish to paint anything like a true picture of Polynesian life.

This tale was told me on the sands of Hanamenu, if I remember rightly, by an aged tattooed sage named *Puaina-Putui*, or Deaf-Ear. Louis—not Louis Becke, unfortunately—and I had just returned from a walk

in the upper part of the vale, which is thickly studded with massive *Paepae* or stone platforms, showing clear evidence of the numbers and enterprise of the vanished children of the soil, whom tradition declares to have been the fiercest and most warlike of the clans of the island. After the evening meal was over we clustered round a fire of drift-wood, a little grog was served out, pipes were lit, and the tattooed sage took up his parable.

Some thirty years ago a fore-castle hand from a trading schooner that had put into the bay after sandal-wood, had some words with the skipper, who refused him short leave, and on his grumbling used fist and foot freely on his person. So, smarting under this injustice, weary of furling sails and swabbing decks everlastingly, this independent soul determined to follow Herman Melville's example, desert his floating purgatory, wed some dusky heiress, and live happily for ever after lapped in a peaceful paradise where wrathful skippers are not. One fine evening he swam ashore, sought out a maid to his liking, and the natives hid him till the vessel sailed. So far, so good. Tahia¹ proved a good lass, and made much of her white husband, cooked for him, slaved for him, hung upon every word of his, in fact, worshipped him as a being of superior order. But this cherished idol proved an image of common clay. *He would not work.* In vain his kindly barbarian

¹ The most frequent woman's name in the Marquesas, answering to the English Mary or Jane. It is the Malay *Chahia*, "Radiance" or "Brightness," and may be roughly translated "Miss Sunbeam" or "Sunlight Sue."

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papa-in-law, as they sat together in the village clubhouse over pipes and toddy, again and again quoted the good old saw—

He that will not labour, neither shall he eat.

Aua te hanahana, aua ho'i te kaikai.

He flatly refused to climb a coconut tree after nuts, he scorned the sight of axe or spade, and when they brought him rusty old muskets to set to rights, he turned up his nose and rudely referred his dusky brethren to a place darker still. Now and then he would condescend to go out in the bay fishing, with Tahia to paddle the canoe and fix on the baits, but he never caught many fish. In short, he wasn't worth his keep. Now the Marquesan islanders, with all their faults, are a good-natured easy-going race, and they gave our idle young friend plenty of time in which to mend his worthless ways. One evening, however, at the close of a bad season, when bananas and bread-fruit happened to be running short in the valley, a secret meeting of the old men was convened to decide what was to be done. "Rats are becoming a nuisance, and we will abate them," was the discreetly rendered sentence of the court.

Next day the unsuspecting Tahia was sent out of the valley on some fool's errand. Presently six or seven stout fellows began preparing a fine large earth-oven well in view of the house where our runaway lay placidly on a mat in the sunshine, poisoning the air with fumes of niggerhead. He viewed them with languid interest, and presently strolled

across, scenting perchance a share of some savoury dish.

"What's up?" inquired the greedy man.

"Plenty *Kai-kai*. Big pig he come by-and-by," was the cheerful reply.

Some little time passed, but never a pig appeared. The lazy caitiff turned his back on the group.

"Where's that pig?" he grumbled, when a crashing blow from a mace answered his question with a vengeance, and stretched him lifeless on the stones. In a trice the carcase, skilfully dissected, was baking away merrily in the oven, and rich was the feasting ere long in Hanamenu.

With the sunset, over the hills came Tahia, footsore and hungry. "Where's my white man?" she asked of one of the late butchers.

"Gone down to the beach," said the fellow, willing to keep her still in ignorance, as he gulped down a big bowl of toddy.

"He will return soon, therefore sit down and eat, my daughter," said an old villain at her elbow, and he reached her a little leaf-packet of cooked meat and some bread-fruit. And poor hungry Tahia ate a hearty meal, and waited long for her white husband. Soon the bystanders began to giggle and sneer covertly, and bit by bit the whole devilish story came out. The girl heard it all, then, with unmoved countenance, quietly arose and slipped away in the dark.

Next day, towards sundown, a party of woodmen came upon Tahia in the upper valley; Tahia, gentle soul, who had passed alone on the spirit-path to Havaii seeking her broken idol. With a slip-noose

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of *Purau*-bark twisted round her neck, she was hanging lifeless in the top of a lofty palm.

So much for Hanamenu, the Hanamanoo of Herman Melville, an interesting little place both to the botanist and to the antiquarian.

CHAPTER 8

THE THREE HIGHWAYS OF HIVA-OA (*continued*)

HANAIAPA TO PUAMAU

STARTING afresh from Hanaiapa, the traveller continues his way eastward along the north side of the island. The route is a mere bridle-track running close along the slippery verge of sheer cliffs, rising to a dizzy height above the sea, especially in the neighbourhood of Hanapaoa (Whale's Bay) and her tremendous precipices, from which an unequalled panorama of savage grandeur catches the eye. Here, as on the Hekeani side, the crumbling pathway is dangerous, the least slip or false step on these wind-swept heights threatens instant annihilation to horse and rider, the track sloping slightly outward and downward, like the lip of a vessel, on the verge of the great gulf, with the hungry waves washing far below.

A long ride through the mountain passes brings us through the valley of *Hanahi* and the cotton plantations of the hospitable M. Bradora, a small trader settled in this out-of-the-way nook of the earth, onward through the vale of *Nahoe*, over hill and down dale, mile after mile, over desolate downs, bare of tree life, save where only the poisonous *Eva* drops her fruit, fit ingredient for a witch's cauldron ;

through more cotton plantations, and anon under the shade of great forest trees, till by a moderate grade it leads us down to the beach of Puamau, our final destination ; past the doors of the gendarmerie, abode of ever-vigilant Justice, and up to the doors of the ever-genial Sam Kekela and of his worthy old father, the Hawaiian missionary, who left his native home with his wife long years ago, and has been settled here ever since. Nothing can exceed the kindness of these good people, and the old-fashioned comfort of their happy little home.

And hereto hangs a most affecting story, *the story of a gallant rescue*. May our great Churchmen and statesmen at home read it over and over until they have it by heart, and tell it out again to cheer men's hearts.

It is the record of an act of most gallant charity, as Stevenson very fitly styles it, in the chapter where he sets it down from the lips of Kau-wea-aloha, the pastor of Uapou, on his visit to the *Casco*, lying at Taiobae Bay.

In 1863 a Peruvian slaver, manned by ruffians like those whom John Oxenham describes in his great book *White Fire*, had entered the bay, and kidnapped a good many of the Puamau natives. The next year an American whaler came in, and the natives decoyed Mr. Whalon, the mate, far inland, set on him, knocked him down, beat him till he was half dead, and tied him up hand and foot, meaning on the morrow to kill and eat him in revenge for the outrage done by the Peruvian men-stealers. The chief came down, and with much self-satisfaction told Kekela what he and his people were going to

do to their prisoner. The noble Hawaiian pastor put on the black coat of his sacred office, and went straight up the valley to the house where the American mate lay bound and helpless with his wild, half-drunken gaolers grimly merry-making all around, and pleaded so earnestly for his life that the savage heart of the chief was touched, and, after much argument, it was agreed that Kekela should ransom the prisoner by giving up his new whale-boat, the fowling-piece with which he used to shoot wild birds for his table, and, finally, the very black coat off his back. Then Kekela took the mate by the shoulder and led him through the mob of hesitating savages down to his own house on the beach, where he fed and tended the poor fellow for some weeks, until a ship came in. He hastily summoned eleven trustworthy natives, who dragged the whale-boat out of the shed for her last spell of missionary service, and taking his last trick at the helm, brought the mate safe on board before some of the more disorderly natives, who followed hard after in canoes, could hinder the gallant rescue.

In return for this very noble act, the American Government rewarded Kekela with a handsome sum of money, and President Lincoln also sent him a gold watch. In reply, he wrote the great American statesman a most beautiful and touching letter. I cannot refrain from giving a few sentences of it here. They are full of simple Polynesian dignity and true Christian humility.

“As to this friendly deed of mine in saving Mr. Whalon, its seed came from your great land, and was brought by certain of your countrymen who

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had received the love of God. It was planted in Hawaii, and I brought it here to these dark regions that they might receive the root of all that is true and good, which is Love (*Aloha*).

“How shall I repay your great kindness to me ? This is my only payment, that which I received of the Lord—love.”

Kekela and his colleague, Kau-wea-aloha—*Anglicé* “Abounding in warmth of love,” a most appropriate name for a native evangelist—lived to give nearly fifty years of excellent service in the Marquesan Islands. Kekela then returned to Honolulu, where he spent the last few years of an honoured and useful life, dying in November, 1904.

May the example of these two noble souls kindle such a white fire of enthusiasm in the Hawaiian Church as may inspire others as unselfish and devoted as they, to go out in the service of the Master and lift up these poor fallen Marquesans out of the old dark ways into the increasing dawn of the Everlasting Day !

Just now the Puamau natives need another firm and wise and gentle pastor to succeed Kekela, for they are marvellously given to imbibing the fascinating *Namu-ehi*, the perpetual toddy, and bear an evil reputation as thieves ; but that may be a calumny of the French, or of the clans further westward, to-day their rivals in commerce and old enemies in times gone by. Any white man of quiet behaviour, be it observed, may now go unarmed in perfect safety amongst places in the Marquesas, and often be treated with high consideration and even distinction. So the dispositions of the natives

are evidently not as black as the dime-novel has written them down. The resident gendarme of Puamau, however, from all accounts has a rather uneasy time of it, and appears to be decidedly unpopular amongst the people of the valley, and none too well beloved by the traders.

It is not fair to the French to judge them from every petty official placed in authority over such out-of-the-way corners of the world. It must not be imagined, either, that the above remarks apply to the French gendarmerie as a body, many of whom are estimable and amiable men, and most courteous and obliging in every respect to both strangers and residents, and not over hard on the natives either. But, on the other hand, there have been *some* cases of hardship. In a good many instances chiefs of high family have been deposed on one pretext or another, and men of low origin put into their place. Many of the ancient tribal observances based on the Tapu or Taboo system, that wonderful and effective safeguard to life and property among Polynesian races, have been derided and cast into oblivion. The time-honoured profession of tattooing is prohibited under penalty of fine and imprisonment, which seems a harsh measure. The French gendarmes, however, to do them justice, take great pains to put down the drinking of coconut toddy and fiery imported rum, which has reached alarming proportions amongst these luckless islanders, who have likewise acquired a taste for opium, a good deal of which somehow gets smuggled in every year, mainly, however, by small Chinese traders.

The remedy for this is drastic and lies in four words,



ANCIENT STATUE OF KING TAKA-II, PUAMAU VALLEY, HIVA-OA I.
Height about 8 feet.

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confiscation, arbitration, compensation, deportation. In plain English, seize and sell up the offenders' property at public auction, at three months' notice. Pay proceeds of sale, minus ten per cent. fines, to the owners, give them fifty dollars consolation money each, and pack them back home to China.

Far up the valley, near the residence of the local queen, is an old sacred enclosure like the cannibal high-place described by Stevenson in *Hatiheu*, a most interesting relic of a grey antiquity, within which, surrounded by a dense copse of coffee shrubs, planted of late years by Kekela, stand two giant stone figures, the statues of *Taka-Ii* and his wife *Fau-Poe*, a monarch of might, a grim warrior in days of yore, when the *Pahatai*, "People of the Beach," were a powerful clan, about the time of the great migration from Hiva-Oa to Tahuata Island by the sons of *Nuku*, some forty generations ago. To this very day natives secretly visit the spot to pay their respects to the departed hero, who still holds sway as a formidable local genius.

Three visits in all I paid to Puamau, and noble sport I had in the noting down of *Mata-atua* or tales of the gods, the *Mata-tatau* or family genealogies of ancient date, and of the *Vanana* or legends of the olden time, the results of which the curious reader will find detailed at some length in the Appendix. I sat in earnest conversation with aged men upon the "Paepae" on days of festival, listened with all my ears to deep-toned war-chants of an age gone by, and in the twilight shared the equal feast, and by the fitful glow of a fire of old dry nut-shells, viewed the graceful dances of the lads and lasses

of the vale. Young and old, great and small, from the queen of the valley down to the lisping little toddler, I found these people pleasant and kindly in their ways, and blithe in the little round of light duties which make up their daily lives. Under proper teaching they will be a happy folk, a lovable folk, these spoilt children of Nature, contented hitherto merely to live and consume the fruits of their beautiful valley. The bread fruit without persuasion of mattock or mulch, gives them their daily bread with never a baker. Oranges and limes, plantains and mummy apples, mangos and rose apples, bananas and custard apples, *Kehika* or Malay apples, and many another strange fruit never yet found in Devon orchards, hang ripening in the sunlight, waiting only for a stretched hand to pluck them. For our potatoes they have the yam, the taro, and the *Kumaa* or *Umaa* (Maori *Kumara*)—which the European calls a sweet potato, but is really a convolvulus (in Malay the *Ubi-Jawa*, or “Yam of Java”).

Butchers' bills never fall due in this happy land. Goats and wild cattle roam the hills, pigs run both wild and tame in the valley. Doves, green and grey, are plentiful amongst the banyan trees in the upper clefts of the dale. There are fowls enough of a kind, with queer ragged plumage, for ever clucking around after coconut shavings, and when all these are not to hand, baked dog is always obtainable at the shortest notice. The sea, moreover, is generally a safe draw, and when fish are wanted the sportsmen with rod and net rarely have a blank day out. The dried and salted flesh of the squid



PUAMAU NATIVE IN DANCING-DRESS,
with tippet and anklets of human hair.

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(*Hee*) and of the porpoise (*Pa'aoa*) is a good stand-by for those who like strong-flavoured dishes, and the flying-fish (*Mao'o*) and the bonito (*Atu*) recall to a European the pilchard of Cornwall and the mackerel of the Riviera. The women and children always manage to pick up plenty of shellfish and sea-eggs (*Vatuke, Hetuke*), a large brown blunt-spined echinoderm, on the rocks at low tide, the latter a most delicate and savoury dish; I have often eaten them in Tahiti and in Samoa. But, curiously enough, upon Ponape, in the Eastern Carolines, they are strictly tabooed as food. In Rarotonga they use the big blunt spines for slate pencils.

Can our boasted civilization with all its harsh, competition and horrible grinding poverty attendant, with its Mammon-worship, with its dull materialism, and its growing spirit of carping irreverence, give the people of this vale of Arcady anything better than their kindly village communism, properly guided and gently influenced by Hawaiian and Rarotongan native pastors under Government subsidy? Here rich and poor share and share alike in their household. No one goes hungry, and no one sleeps less sweetly for the cares of the coming dawn, as if birds and flowers had taught them God and Nature's loveliest lesson. The silver hair of age is held in reverence as a crown of gentle authority and of wisest counsel making for peace and goodwill.

Such manner of men I found the folk of Puamau (in English, "The Vale of Fadeless Flowers"), and as such I set them down. So strong is the quiet influence of a solitary native pastor in earnest. Others, who have been there, may cavil at my judg-

ment, and may prefer to lay undue stress on their faults, of which these Marquesans have plenty and to spare, like all primitive untaught races of this little planet. For sometimes the men would fall to bickering over their cups ; lads would quarrel over a lass's preference ; peevish and jealous women would now and again rail upon one another ; as is but the way of men, lads and women all the world over. Native life, alas ! here as elsewhere, is darkened by some terrible shadows, but I can only say that I saw mainly the better and happier side of the people's character ; upon which it is a pleasing task to dwell, and I most cordially wish them well, and what is still more practical, a long line of rural deans of the Kekela type, to make my wish certain of fulfilment. And thus I take my leave of these Arcadians of the Flowery Vale.

I have described to the best of my ability the northern and central routes which traverse Hiva-Oa ; the third road, which branches off along the south-east coast from Tahauku, is quite as interesting, and deserves somewhat of a detailed account. The distance from Tahauku to Hekeani is some twenty-seven kilometres according to French measurement ; the journey, unless the traveller be very well mounted, should be broken on the heights of Moea above Hekeani, so as to start fresh in the morning for the descent of the zigzag path along the cliff-edge, which numbers nearly seventy sharp curves, a road that suggests a certain element of risk, possibly less real than imaginary, but which makes it rather too exciting to be pleasant to an inexperienced horseman. About an hour's ride from Tahauku brings me



PUAMAU NATIVE IN FULL WAR-DRESS,
WITH "KŪKU" OR WAR-CLUB.



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to *Hanamate* (Dead Man's Bay) a highly appropriate title, for the ravages of leprosy and phthisis swept off nearly all the population ten or twelve years ago. Out of a tribe numerous and influential twenty years ago, only two or three sickly families are left. Right up to Hekeani the whole countryside looks as if it were under some black spell, and the solitude of each lovely valley is most melancholy, lying still and silent as a city of the dead.

Hekeani, formerly known as Sandalwood Bay, lies deep down in a cleft of the hills, her chief water supply coming from an ingenious arrangement of bamboo channel-pipes running several miles inland to a natural reservoir amongst the hills. Six or seven years ago the river failed all of a sudden, and once more for the natives Necessity proved the mother of Invention. Hekeani boasts a gendarmerie, a building which combines the uses of post-office, pound and police-station, all under the kindly rule of the good gendarme M. Aussel. The people of Hekeani, like all the rest, pass most of their time in a continual round of toddy-drinking, and other practices which cannot well tend to their longevity, either as a race or as individuals. The consequence is this, that it is almost impossible to get workmen for any department of labour, and that the average trader, in a state of mind long past despair, has retired from the unequal contest and sits under his own palm-tree—and does the very same. It is curious to remark that here in eastern Hiva-Oa the flesh of the dog is devoured with delight, which the people of the western valleys will barely touch even in times of famine.

Crossing the deep ravine of *Han'aupe*, the Vale of the Doves, which lies over the next shoulder of mountain, we address ourselves once more to a weary task, as the real work of ascending the ranges commences, and laboriously my native guide *Hoka* and I plod our way onward, splashing through the steep miry lanes which lead on and on with interminable windings, tending upward, always upward. Every now and then appear glimpses of fairy dells below, thick with the *Kiekie* or Freycinetia, the bush-pandanus, with its long glossy-green sword-shaped leaves and woolly heads of bloom, where, as the Maoris of New Zealand say, the Patu-Pai-Arehe or woodland elves sit singing the livelong day—their tiny voices lost in the murmur of woods and waters. But these fancies the *triste* Marquesan has rejected, and his mind dwells on evil spirits, vampires, ghouls (*Etua-hae*, *Matia-hae*, *Vehine-hae*). In his gloomy pantheon the merry and beneficent wood fairies have no place. All around us, shadowed by waving woods, the dark columns of the tree-fern (or *Paa-hei*) shoot up through the dense under-growth, stately and graceful as a palm, and the giant fern (*Nahe*) quivers his mighty fronds, monarch amongst the lowlier vegetation.

On the green slopes around, and in the clefts of the rock above, flourish in profusion the bracken, the parasol-fern, the lady-fern, the maiden-hair and the asplenium. The polypody, the *Mamull-Villkun* or snake-plant of Araucania, writhes herself round many a tree trunk, whilst in every wayside nook the harts-tongue fern brandishes her long sea-green spathes. Great lycopodia or club-mosses stretch



PUAMAU GIRL IN DANCING-DRESS,
with tippet of human hair, and petticoat of white *taba*
or paper-mulberry bark-cloth.



forth their crooked claws, crawling over the rocky ledges like ungainly spiders ; and midst a network of interlacing boughs, the thick tresses of the morning-glory, or giant white convolvulus, twine in the tree tops. Low on the sward beneath, her little sister, the ground-convolvulus, with a wonder of delicate pink blossoms enriched with a deep purple eye, spreads her elfin carpet. The scarlet and yellow *Anina* nods her flaky blossoms, scattering at every breath of air her winged seeds, light as thistle-down. The *Niho-kioe*, or rat's tooth, puts forth her little yellow buds from many a humble corner, and from under the horses' hoofs rises the aroma of crushed *Pimata*, sweet as new-mown hay. The *Tutu*, with her heart-shaped leaflets of a deep shining green, and clusters of small greenish flowers of a powerful and acrid odour, climbs about in tangles, forming impenetrable thickets to the right and left. The *Kokuu* lifts against the blue her curious winged leaf-stalks and clusters of wrinkled brown berries, rich in medicinal oil. But never a single bread-fruit tree or coconut palm, for we are far away from the haunts of men, where these faithful ministers of need keep their loyal habitation.

At length, and not too soon, after a long climb upwards through bewildering scenery, we draw near the top of the ranges, and emerge on the breezy heights. Finally, after catching a distant glimpse of lofty precipices, we turn a sharp corner and find ourselves standing, as it were, in the very cornice of the skies, and see a great valley stretching out at our feet, far, far below, towards which our road winds down, terrace upon terrace, angle upon angle, until it is

lost in the green forest abyss below. It is the valley of Puamau, where the three highways of Hiva-Oa meet in one. The name of this far Eastern Polynesian Avalon is a beautiful one. As already mentioned, it means in English "The Vale of Perpetual Flowers."

* * * * *

Thus far the description, however blurred and imperfect, of the beauties of Hiva-Oa ; and if aught here written should induce any curious or adventurous traveller to visit these fast-perishing relics of a kindly people, and to carry a greeting from a white brother over the sea, to Kekela's simple parishioners, one hope of the writer will not have been altogether in vain.



TAHITIAN GIRL IN GALA-DRESS AND BOA OF REVAREVA SATIN.

CHAPTER 9

HIVA-OA TO TAHUATA

ONE day, all too soon, the *Eunice* came in to Taha-Uku with her usual cargo of French and American "notions," or rather "rations," consisting mostly of various forms of canned fruits and meats, which agreeably vary our somewhat eremitic island diet.

Armed with a letter from Keene to his district trader J. Wilkinson of Anapoo, I took a passage to Tahuata across the water, where I was straightway received with true Marquesan hospitality by Wilkinson, his amiable native wife, and by Robert Stewart, another good old island identity of the true sturdy Caledonian type, who has now passed to the Land of the Leal. During my stay I realized more and more that the favourable opinion I had formed of the possibilities of the Marquesan character from my experience in Hiva-Oa was solidly and reasonably founded.

Life passed very pleasantly. There was always plenty of climbing and boating, and once or twice a week there was generally a fête at Hapatone, or even at Vaitahu, the metropolis of the little island. And so some happy weeks rolled by, the dictionary swelled and swelled, and my little stock of curios grew and grew.

After two months Wilkinson and I and his son

started in a good-sized canoe to cross the water to visit Keene at Taha-Uku, our stock of European provisions just then running short. We reached a little sheltered bay where a coral reef was just forming. On landing, to our surprise, we heard a plaintive bellowing, and found a big black bull, one of the *Haki-uka* or half-wild cattle that roam over the hills of Tahuata, lying amongst the rocks at the foot of a precipice, over which he had either fallen in the dark, or been pitched over by some rival in a fight. Two legs were broken in the fall and one horn torn clean off. We soon put him out of his misery with axe and knife, and the next three days were taken up with conveying the meat back to Anapoo and salting it down in barrels. Then we made a fresh start, and after camping overnight at the little bay and setting out in our canoe first thing in the morning, we got safely across the straits, arriving at Taha-Uku about midday, where Keene entertained us royally, and I spent an afternoon amongst English and American magazines. Next day we passed in Atuona with Varney and Keene's brother, and the day after, with our craft well laden with provisions and tobacco, we made the return trip, reaching Anapoo about dusk.

A day or two later, provided with a wild-eyed native guide, a lamp and a rope, I descended the face of the cliff at Anapoo to a forbidding-looking rift mid-way down, leading into a low cavern filled with bones and skulls, an ancient rock-cemetery, wherein the Marquesans, like the Hawaiians their neighbours, used to inter their illustrious dead.

The next month went by without any striking

incidents, save that we attended a somewhat riotous feast at Hapatone, where the strength of the coconut toddy set a good many natives fighting amongst themselves.

One day a hungry islander came over, and begged Wilkinson for a day's work picking cotton up the valley. The job was given him, and a good feed besides. As he was going away in the evening, not content with this, he lured our watch-dog Rover—a canine of the very purest mongrel breed—off the verandah into the bush, seized him by the hind legs, dashed out his brains against the nearest tree, and took the carcase home with him to supper.

Altogether, life was delightful on Tahuata. There were plenty of beautiful excursions in the woods around, of which I never wearied, and frequently some of the old people of the neighbouring valleys would look in for a smoke and a chat, and help me in my Marquesan studies and the collecting of genealogies and tales of their olden time.

We generally spent the evenings on the verandah; the womenfolk would sit round sewing, and chatter as they smoked native cigarettes of black tobacco rolled up in an envelope of dry banana or plantain-leaf. Old Bob would sit and smoke a well-worn clay, spin sailor's yarns, and grumble. Wilkinson had discovered in an old chest a complete record of the American Civil War in three great volumes, so, whilst following the operations and achievements of such military Titans as Lee, Sherman, Grant, Stuart and Stonewall Jackson, I never felt dulness or *ennui* in these placid evening hours. In the midst of all this came a very unexpected and painful shock.

Late one night came the rattle of horse-hoofs on the rocky path leading to our house on the cliffs. It was the kindly, courteous French gendarme from Vaitahu, who had ridden hastily over the great shoulder of mountain in the dark to deliver me a packet of letters just arrived from New Zealand. Amongst them was a letter from a friend in Samoa, bringing sad news indeed. The South Sea folk had lost a noble friend. A harmless, useful, beautiful life had passed out into the Light Beyond. Stevenson was dead. On the green hills of Vaea, which he loved so well, his sorrowing native friends had laid him to his rest, obedient to the charge of the great writer's swan-song—

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig my grave and let me lie.

And over his mountain grave, Clarke, my valued friend, the L.M.S. Missionary of Apia, had read the solemn and beautiful words of our Church, commending him who had passed away to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life.

And there beyond the stars, God giving light at even-time, may all who truly love and seek to serve our Maori brethren of the Southern Seas, our day's work done, meet him with Maka and Ruatoka, Kekela and Kau-wea-aloha, Chalmers and John Williams, and all true, humble, faithful servants of the Master, Briton and Maori together, in that bright land where sin and sorrow and sighing shall be no more.

Every day brought some new and curious discovery, and the Marquesan dictionary kept on growing and growing like the emerald-hued peach in Letty



TWO TAHITIAN GIRLS.

Lind's pretty little song. It is now in the archives of the Polynesian Society of New Zealand. Somehow, philologists of to-day seem to look coldly and indifferently on any original work upon Polynesian languages. They hardly ever tackle the subject themselves, and don't seem to like others to tackle it either. I wonder why. The result is that one of the simplest and most beautiful of the families of human speech is tossed into the Turanian group, that clumsy great wallet into which western savants have been casting year by year so huge a quantity of alms for oblivion.

And so, after a most pleasant visit, the time of my departure for the northern islands growing near, I took my leave of that pleasant little spot, Tahuata, and the kindly folk its ever-dwindling inhabitants. May some wise man arise one of these days and induce the French officials to transplant a few Hawaiian or Rarotongan native teachers hither with their families, and a few relations and friends, to inaugurate a new and welcome era of hearty work, innocent recreation, of healthy rivalry in European sports and games, and of sound, wholesome social restrictions based on the good old church law of our forefathers.

If anything could stop the rot and arrest the awful decline in the birth-rate, some such drastic measure will do it. So, here once more, I set down the suggestion for what it is worth. Will this germ of a possible reform fall on fruitful ground, or will it be like a single grain of wheat dropped in a plot of wild oat-grass, to be choked by its unwholesome brothers? Time alone can tell.

CHAPTER 10

FATU-HIVA

ON my return from Tahuata, after spending an uneventful week or so in Atuona, I found opportunity to visit Fatu-Hiva by the *Eunice*, a small trading vessel belonging to the Société Commerciale, and plying from bay to bay in our group in quest of the local products, copra, cotton and fungus, the last-mentioned article regularly exported to China. It grows on trunks of fallen trees. The natives call it *Puaina-atua*, or Spirit's Ear. The voyage down (some forty miles) took a night and a day. On our way we passed the uninhabited island of Moho-Tani (Barking Dogs) on our right, formerly the abode of the Moi-Atiu clan, deserted many years ago, so the old *Vanana* or sages tell, because a powerful magician by his black art cursed the watersprings and dried them up. Perhaps some up-to-date firm like Lever Bros., of Port Sunlight, will lease it from the French Government and plant it with coconuts for oil to use in making soap. We reached Omoa Bay at dead of a lovely starry night, a brilliant full moon showing up the wildest panorama of valley and mountain running up into jagged peaks and crags of the strangest and most fantastic shapes. Presently upon the stilly night rises the

jangle of a sharp quarrel between the skipper, a peppery Frenchman, and George the supercargo, who, like Hermann, is a German, and not one of the most patient of men either. It was a brisk argument whilst it lasted, but the long-drawn-out clatter of angry words died out at last into low mutterings and grumblings.

Early in the morning we landed, and paid the usual visit to the gendarmerie, where the officer in charge, with the frankest *camaraderie*, entertained us to an excellent breakfast. Omoa is a pretty little settlement, noted in days past for the beauty of its women-folk (hence the name of the anchorage on the chart, *La Baie des Vierges*); but the deadly phthisis (*Pokoko*) has swept the district like a consuming fire, and most of the surviving natives have gone away to settle upon Tahuata.

A well-kept road runs far up the valley, shadowed by a fine avenue of mango trees. To the right and left lies a good stretch of rich alluvial soil. On the dryer uplands at the head of the vale, a considerable amount of cotton has been planted by the 'Anati'a (Maori *Rangatira*), or land-holders of the neighbourhood. The cotton-picking industry, however, is intermittent, for the ever-recurrent epidemic of sour toddy-drinking, here as elsewhere, has paralysed native labour.

The people of Omoa, and the neighbours of their scantily inhabited island, are famed for their skill in carving paddles and war-clubs—the latter known by the French colonists as *Casse Têtes* or Skull-smashers, by the natives as *Kūkū* or *Ūū*. They are also clever at chasing with the chisel many

beautiful designs, based on the arbitrary and conventional tattoo-markings, on bowls and dishes fashioned from the sweet-scented wood of the *Mio* (*Thespesia*), a tree growing in great abundance on the island beaches. But curios of this kind are harder to obtain every succeeding year, for, as the skilled native artificers die out, no one trains up others to take their place, and specimens are now scarcely to be found save by careful search in some European museum, or they may be brought to light amongst the dust and cobwebs in some obscure corner of a private collection. Still I was fortunate enough to secure one *Kokaa* or round bowl, and one *Umete* or oblong dish, both carved in curious and elaborate patterns. They are now in the British Museum.

I stayed some twenty days altogether in Fatu Hiva. On Omoa beach I met with Ben Peters, carpenter and boatbuilder by profession, and philosopher by conviction, an amusing hospitable old fellow, with whom I stayed four or five days, and listened with interest to many a yarn setting forth the adventures and grievances of a settler of long standing, to whom life in the Marquesas, to judge from his account, had not been exactly a bed of roses. Next I determined to go overland, and visit the neighbouring valley of Hanavave, where a quarter-caste Malay trader, Charley G., to whom I was accredited, had a store. So one fine scorching noon found us, Peters and myself, staff in hand, tramping and trudging uphill, driving before us an aged brown horse, with a moth-eaten saddle fixed on his back, whereon an ancient cricket-bag and a



CARVED COCONUT-SHELL CUP

From Hiva-Oa Island.

large bundle of et-ceteras balanced a sack of biscuits and tinned provisions and a small demijohn of red wine. So we toiled along, the road winding amongst the slopes, always uphill, through a great variety of woodland scenery. The *Kukou* tree drops its wrinkled brown berries in our path ; scattered and crushed under foot lie the fruits of the ubiquitous guava, filling the air with an eager acid scent as of apples, whilst the aroma of some sweet hidden pandanus comes down the breeze, bringing back tender memories of pinks flowering in an old English garden.

Now and again we catch a glimpse of strange and beautiful mosses, of ferns, and of starry blooms of the woodland, and dew-spangled grass waving and nodding deep down below in cool green hollows, lipped by murmuring runnels. Here stands out a sturdy tree-fern shading his little cousin the dwarf fan-palm ; there towers a tall mountain-plantain, each cross-ribbed sea-green leaf erect as a giant ear on watch, ripening in the purple shadows his noble bunches of golden fruit for generation upon generation of savage men, as his cousin of Madagascar, of Yucatan, of the Malay Archipelago, of the far Antilles, of the Central African forest, of the Indian jungle, and of the wide savannahs that girdle the far-off headwaters of the Amazon and the Orinoco. Marvellous this wide distribution of an overgrown cousin of our garden lily !

As we win our way up towards the crest of the plateau, the rugged crags still towering high overhead lend a stern and gloomy setting to a landscape fair as a dream, but lonely as a western moor.

We emerged at length upon a barren highland, carpeted brown and grey with masses of withered fern, and dotted here and there with a sprinkle of stunted trees and a few patches of yellowing reed-grass. Our progress over the moor was interrupted several times, when we had to stop and reason with our nag, who manifested a desire to lie down and roll in the fern, and kicked out vigorously behind when prodded up again to activity. After a good long walk we found ourselves on the brink of a wondrously steep slope, more like a house-roof than anything of the sort I had ever tackled before, save the tremendous descent to Puamau. Far down below in a mighty hollow, minute as tea-leaves at the bottom of one's cup, we could see brown native huts and cabins nestling under waving palm groves at the bottom of that dizzy gulf of air.

The winding descent proved a most tedious business. First down went our Rosinante, sorely against his will, stepping gingerly, and turning now and then to look back with a reproachful countenance at us. Then went poor old Ben, by this time very lame and footsore, crawling down crab-fashion over the ledges, peppering his way with many a hearty imprecation as he stubbed his toes violently against a bit of rock, or set some boulder rolling and hopping down the mountain side, to vanish at last with a crash into the green abyss below. With a great inclination to laugh, I cautiously brought up the rear, and patiently we worked our way downward, the trail improving bit by bit until at last we entered the head of the valley. We found the village *en fête*, just like all the rest, more scenes of toddy-



"TIKI" OR SMALL BLACK BASALT STONE STATUETTE.

From Atuona, Hiva-Oa Island.

making and toddy-drinking, but all going on in perfect good humour. As we passed down towards the beach, tired and thirsty, nothing would satisfy each mirthful party lining the wayside platforms, but that we should stop and partake of their cheer, nor were we so churlish as to refuse a shell or two of the *new* wine of the country. For coconut toddy, fresh from the central flower-spray of the mother-tree, tastes like a mixture of home-made ginger-beer and cream; whilst its flavour in its more advanced stage, when it turns sour and ferments, may be best conceivably represented by that of a jorum of bad whisky, methylated spirits and lemon-juice, mixed with crushed orange-pips, and shaken together in equal proportions. It is indeed a nauseous draught, yet, strange to say, the Marquesans like it, and a great many old white settlers also love it far too well for the good of their health.

The native name, *Namu-'ehi* is probably the Persian-Arabic *Nām*, or *Narm-keffi*, literally "The liquid obtained from the flower of the palm," and seems to show that Asiatic sea-rovers, and not, as commonly supposed, runaway sailors from European ships, first taught the Marquesans the art of obtaining palm-toddy.

At sunset we reached Charley's house, where we found a cordial reception, almost too cordial in fact. Directly we entered the little palisade of yellow cane, there right in front of us, made fast to a post of the verandah, a very demonstrative house dog, palpably no native cur, was gambolling and whining at the length of his tether with pure

delight of seeing European faces. His tail told, indeed, as eloquent a narrative as any wagging tongue. He wailed ; I patted him. He jumped for joy around me, planting his paws now in the mud, now on my garments. These when I started were spotless white, but now had turned a sort of khaki, chequered black and grey.

Out came mine host, his wife, and some dozen native relations, and there was presently a great pow-wow. By-and-by I left Ben talking away to a group of old cronies, amongst whom pipes and a square bottle were circulating freely, and with my new host went off to bathe in the brook, which as it reaches the pebble beach checking its way seaward spreads out here like a little pond. Mightily refreshed, I was coming back with him, both of us well laden with fruits and vegetables, which some neighbours had kindly contributed to our table. When we got home no house dog was in view.

" Nice dog that of yours," I remarked ; " where have they taken him ? "

" Oh-h ! " said my host, " you won't never see Tommy no more. Came off a trading-ship, he did, and warn't worth his keep nohow. Why ! forty natives could go clean through my store any dark night for all he'd do to stop 'em. And then see him eat. Eat half a hog, and then howl for more he would. There ain't no filling of him. I guess the boys have knocked him on the head by this. Thought I'd give you a treat. I saw you a-handling and a-patting of him like they Marquesas chaps do to see if he's in condition. Sure 'nough he is. Won't he eat tender, just ? "

To my well-meaning host's surprise, I declared, in the very plainest and most unmistakeable language, my horror at the proposed murder, and pleaded the cause of our four-footed friend with such earnestness that a boy was sent, in haste, to the rear of the house, to order Tommy's reprieve, arriving only just in time to stay execution of the sentence. And indeed, we managed to make a very good dinner that night without the proposed addition of the poor watch-dog, baked sucking-pig fashion. Such eggs as had escaped the teeth of the yellow dogs of the settlement were made into an excellent omelette. There was plenty of a fried fish called skip-jack (in Marquesan, *Atu*), which eats very much like hake, and on these, and plenty of boiled taro and potatoes, and a dish of watercress from the brook, we feasted right royally, with Tommy close to my knee sniffing hungrily upwards, and gazing yearningly, as only a hungry dog can gaze, at the fast disappearing victuals on the board. In this connexion, I must notice a Tahitian picture-word for *wistfulness*, which would have charmed Jean Ingelow or Henry James. It is "*Ano-ano-'uri*," "The yearning, sorrowful gaze of a dog watching his master at dinner." Native languages teem with such homely picture-words, and with these the island philosophers can very well express the most abstract ideas. So, *pace* the critics of Stevenson's island-ballad *Rahero*, there is some psychology even in a humble and despised yellow dog. Poor old Tommy! he very nearly lost the number of his mess that night. Hear what Captain Cook says in his quaint blunt sailor fashion—

"The flesh of the South Sea Dog is a Meat not to

be Despised. It is next to our English Lamb."

Once, at Hana-pa'aoa, when I had the choice of baked dog and salted porpoise, none of the freshest or sweetest this last, by the way—I chose the latter. I have tasted many strange dishes in my time, but have always left man's faithful four-footed friend severely alone, even though recommended by so high an authority as the great navigator.

The next day I spent in exploring the valley, and making the acquaintance of several fine old native gentlemen, with whom, from my knowledge of the Hiva-Oa dialect, I found I could converse pretty freely, although some few of the words were different and the intonation or pitch of voice was not the same. I have since fancied that I noticed the same thing in speaking to countrymen in Devonshire, Yorkshire, Hampshire and Dorset, where one has sometimes to speak twice over, *not* because, in these days of board schools and cheap newspapers, the *words* are unfamiliar, but because the *intonation* is strange to them.

During my stay in these islands I was often struck by a curious phenomenon of Marquesan phonesis—the way they seem to sing, chant, or intone their words, in a sort of rude musical scale, which, so old residents tell me, varies even in different settlements of the same island. Unfortunately at this time and, as I am sorry to say, on later and perhaps more important explorations, I had no gramophone or phonograph with me—an instrument as valuable to the ethnologist as the barometer to the surveyor, or a watch or whistle to a policeman.

Here in Hanavave, as everywhere else in the



HANAYAVE BAY, FATU-HIVA ISLAND

Marquesas, I found the natives most kindly disposed, which makes one deeply regret that an amiable race like this should first have been corroded by the dry-rot of centuries of long isolation, saturated, I fear, through and through by cruel superstitions flowing from the Upas-tree of Indian Siva-worship, planted in the national life by Malayo-Javanese mariners from the great traditional migration outwards from the Moluccas through the Carolines into the central and eastern Pacific area, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries of our era. Then came the white man's civilization, a mixed inheritance of good and evil, as it came to the worn-out red races of America, as Kingsley says, too late to save, but not too late to hasten their decay.

The next week was spent in introductions to others of the old men, in visiting the French mission-school down on the beach, and in expeditions up the valley, which lies in two strikingly well-defined portions. The lower division forms a narrow stretch of alluvial soil, preserved from the encroachments of the sea by a substantial pebble-ridge barrier. The upper valley, evidently long ago the crater of an extinct volcano, is entered through two lofty natural gates in the basalt, and spreads out behind into a vast amphitheatre, hemmed in on all sides by wall upon wall of igneous rock, their sides torn, twisted and riven by volcanic throes and explosions of furious gases into most fantastic shapes and forms. The great gates which guard the entrance probably mark the outlet of a pent-up lake of fire which burst in torrents forth through the sides of the mighty funnel of some submarine volcano far down in the fathom-

less depths of old ocean before ever the great rugged mass was upheaved above the waves to the light of day.

The illustration of the Bay of Hanavave gives a fair idea of the prevailing character of the mountain scenery of Fatu-Hiva, the '*Iva-Kirikiri* of Rarotongan legend, in English "Hiva the Rocky or Stony," a capital designation for an island of so remarkably wild and stern a landfall.

About 1530 some Spanish vessels of Mendaña's expedition entered Hanavave Bay, and treated the harmless natives with great barbarity. Quiros, the pilot, denounces this wicked and wanton cruelty of his countrymen most severely in his diary. He describes the people as very fair in complexion, many of them with auburn-red hair, and draws a touching picture of their unsuspecting and friendly disposition.

The interior is a vast rocky wilderness, quite uninhabited. The highest point of the mountain ranges is marked on the chart as having an elevation of 3,575 feet above sea level.

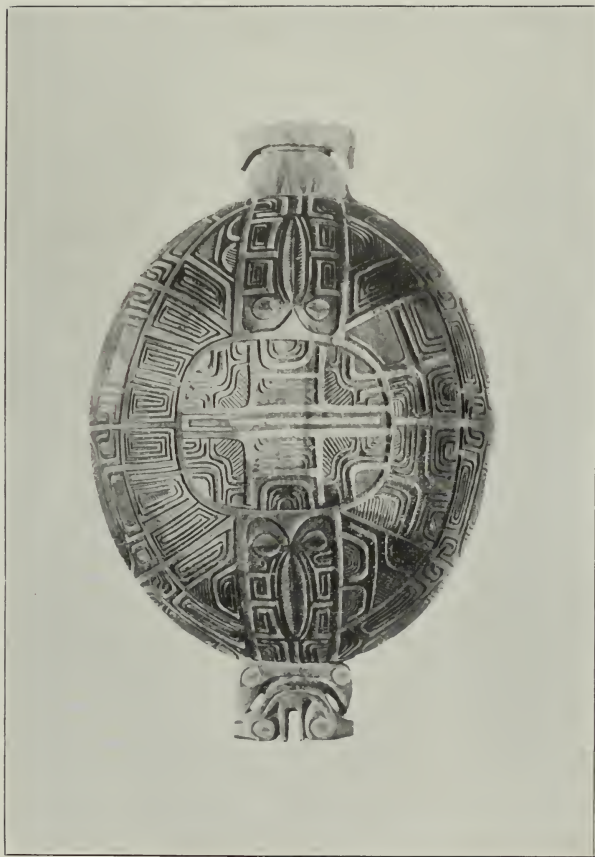
There are only two or three inhabited valleys on Fatu-Hiva, and communication between them is troublesome by sea, on account of the bad landing places everywhere; and toilsome and dangerous by land, because of the enormous natural barriers of deep ravines and beetling precipices on every hand. As may readily be imagined, these enormous masses of cliff, overhanging the little strips of fertile alluvium washed down year by year by the mountain streams, present a very real and serious menace to the inhabitants, especially after prolonged and heavy

rains or the vibration of a possible earthquake shock. As an instance of one of these disasters, one of the old men in Hanavave told me of the complete destruction and blotting-out of a settlement a little way up coast called Tai-o-kai, where in 1830 over 300 natives were entombed for ever by an enormous landslip—like that of the Monte Conto in North Italy which early in this century buried the town of Piuri and the village of Celano, like that frightful avalanche of earth and rock which some twelve years ago overwhelmed no less than eight hundred of the villagers of Ems Thäl in the Canton of Glarus. Doubtless many interesting discoveries in the untrodden wilderness of the interior await the geologist and the hardy mountaineer.

The islanders of Fatu-Hiva, as stated already, are famous for their skill in designing richly ornamented bowls and dishes of rosewood, elaborately carved war-clubs, and paddles of cunning workmanship, highly prized by their less gifted neighbours. To the graceful *Umete*, or oblong dishes with a removable cover, may be applied the praise of the Sicilian shepherd in Theocritus to his family heirloom, “a bowl sweet to the smell, smacking newly as ’twere of the carver’s chisel.” Two or three small trading schooners visit Fatu-Hiva, but the population is so small, and the output so trifling, that it takes no high place in inter-island commerce.

So one fine morning the good people of Hanavave saw the parting guest, with a collection of curios safely stowed, steering a diminutive canoe manned by four natives of grim visage tattooed in cross-bar pattern, plunging their spade-shaped paddles vigor-

ously and in measured cadence into the deep, dark liquid that bubbles and seethes in the wake of the tiny dancing speck half lost in the shadow of dizzy overhanging precipices, to disappear at last round the vast shoulder of mountain to the left, where Capriata's schooner, *La Corse*, is lying in the next bay with open hatches, the crew working double tides to get the copra and cotton on board in time to catch the slant of the evening land breeze to take her up to Hiva-Oa.



CARVED "UMETE" OR DISH, FOR HOLDING "POPOI" OR BREADFRUIT-MASH.

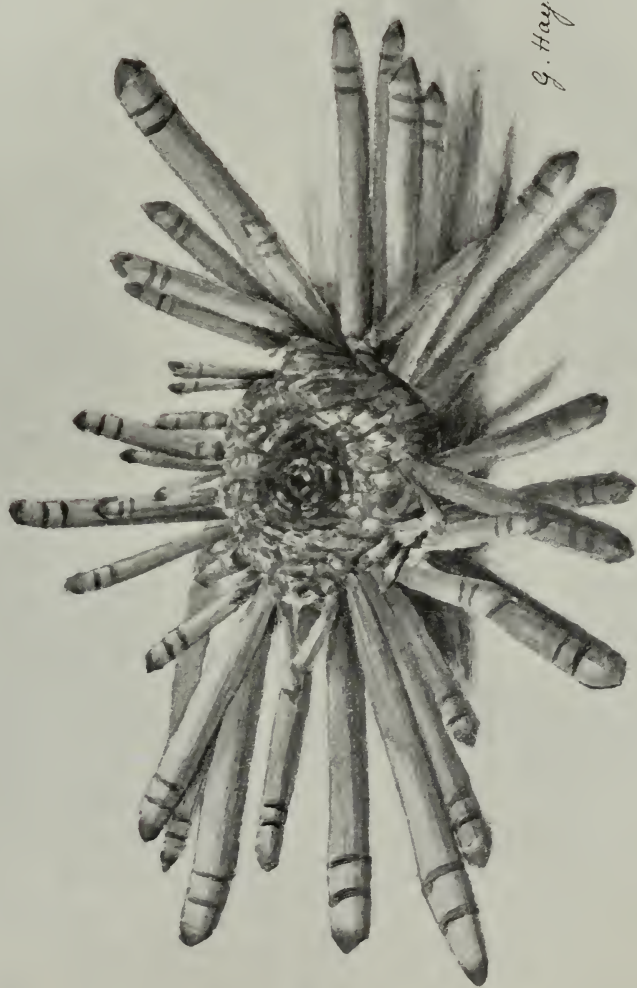
From Fatu-Hiva Island.

CHAPTER 11

HIVA-OA TO NUKU-HIVA

OUR voyage up from Fatu-Hiva was slow and uneventful. Soon after arriving in Atuona I hired a small native house a little way up the valley—a mere cage of split bamboos perched on a lofty platform of huge basalt blocks. After some three weeks' explorations in the neighbourhood, I determined to take passage for the north in a small trading schooner under command of G., a skipper of the most jovial kind. The day before our departure Keene and Varney gave Captain George, the French brigadier, and myself a sumptuous farewell dinner up at the Chinaman's. The hour was three o'clock in the afternoon. Everything went off capitally. Native food was provided in bewildering abundance, and our kindly entertainers brought forth the choicest from their stores, so there was no lack of European dishes for our meal. The Chinese cook covered himself with glory. Towards sunset we had some sailors' songs with capital choruses; this, by the way, to the huge delight of a large number of natives assembled outside. Then supper-time came, followed by more songs, and finally Captain George and I retired to rest at Moe-faa-uo's comfortable dwelling. Early in the morning I was awakened by a hubbub of voices, mingled with shrill peals of

laughter. My companion, waking up from nightmare-ridden slumbers and finding himself in a strange compartment, took it into his head that he had been arrested overnight and was now confined in a French prison. Without more ado he lowered his head and hurled himself at the light bamboo partition like a bull at a gate. Of course, not being built to resist such rude shocks, the frail canework gave way at once, and some early passers by without beheld, to their great astonishment, a huge athletic form burst outwards through the house wall, and tumble six feet prone into the roadway, carrying with it a regular avalanche of broken reed and cane. How the boys and girls did laugh, and our host as loudly as any! For in the Marquesas nobody grumbles at these little mishaps. Well, after numerous leave-takings we got away down to the beach and on board, where I carefully stowed away all my luggage and curios, including a large bundle of *Tapa* cloth and a small *Tiki* or stone idol of great antiquity and surpassing ugliness that the chief Puku, my Atuona landlord, had presented me with as a farewell gift. Early in the afternoon we dropped down the coast past Traitor's Bay, reaching Hana-Naonao or Mosquito Inlet, where we had to take in some bags of cotton, about an hour before sunset. It was a wild lonely spot, no vegetation save a few straggling cotton-bushes and stunted clumps of *Mio* or native rosewood. In the background there was nought to see save range upon range of barren hill and mountain lit up by a watery sunset, and capped with grim masses of storm-cloud. Close under our quarter the hungry sea surges at the base of the black basaltic



ledges, exposing at every backward eddy crannies alive with large round edible sea-urchins (*Hetuke*, *Fetuke*) that bristle with long blunt olive-coloured spines. Some of these creatures are as big across as one's fist, with spines five or six inches in length and as thick as a writing pencil. The school-children of Rarotonga, I am told, use them for slate pencils. The natives say that the *Hetuke* are best to eat in the last quarter of the moon, at which time, as Girt Jan Ridd in *Lorna Doone* says of the loach fishes of Devon, "the red fingers are upon them." We lay at anchor in this desolate haven till dusk. Having shipped our cotton at last, we up anchor and are away with a rapidly freshening breeze from the south-west, sending our crank old craft plunging and wallowing through the rising seas like a playful porpoise. Our seventy miles' sail up to Nuku-Hiva proved rather a serious matter. Towards midnight a regular squall broke, which drove us down below to stretch ourselves amongst high-smelling bags of copra, and to fraternize with legions of lively blackbeetles. About three o'clock in the morning there came a thundering shock. The next moment water was pouring down the hatchway in bucketfuls. A great sea had just marched in solidly over our bows, thanks to the solitary man in oil-skins at the helm, who for company had taken with him a bottle of rum, and falling into a gentle nap had let her drift off a few points in the howling welter of wind and water. Whilst the irate skipper was cuffing his ears, some tackling gave way, the boom jibbed, and caught our disciplinarian a violent crack on the side of the face, knocking him clean off

his legs, which mishap made his language worse than ever. By and by, however, things got fixed up somehow, and I went below again and fell asleep on my couch of drenched copra-sacks, to wake up on a lovely clear morning and find us gliding smoothly past the North and South Sentinel Rocks to our anchorage in the placid waters of Taiohae Bay.

CHAPTER 12

THE NORTH MARQUESAS ; NUKU-HIVA AND UAUNA

A MONTH of ceaseless heat and drought on Nuku-Hiva, where day after day the whole sandy panorama of the beach shimmers like a miniature Sahara in the fiery eye of the day, where the cool morning shower-bath is a mockery, for the water-pipes supplying each house from the reservoir of the valley, unprotected as they are from the glaring sun, spurt out jets of water hot as from a kettle taken off the hob. December was now entering on her third week.

I had immediately on my arrival paid a very interesting visit to that gentle, amiable old lady Queen Vaekehu, the *Haa-Tepeiu* or queen-consort of the late *Hakā-Iki* or *Haka-Aiki* King Moana-Tini,¹ and mother of the courteous and generous-hearted Prince Stanislaus, who also had died only a short while before my arrival, bearing by a sad irony of fate, the kindest letter of introduction and

¹ *Tepeiu* is in Mangarevan *Tepeiru* ; in Rarotongan *Tapairu* = royal, queenly, surpassingly lovely. Persian *Pari-ru*, fairy-like, of royal beauty.

Aiki is the Polynesian *Ariki* or *Aliiki*. Old Arabian and Haussa *Sariki*, a king, warrior-chief.

Moana-Tini means "Many Seas." Such a title as "Lord of many seas" shows clearly that the ancestors of these Marquesans were great navigators and warriors.

loving greeting to a former host no longer living from his guest, the great writer in far Samoa, who had just passed away. It moved me very much to see the dear simple-hearted old Queen devour the letter, burst into tears, and cover the blurred paper with kisses. Sympathetic readers will guess how presently I was inundated with questions, and at what length, and in what minuteness of detail, I gave my witness of the many kindly words and kindlier deeds of Tusitala, the Departed Friend. Whilst I was in Nuku-Hiva Vaekehu showed me much attention. She is somewhat of a recluse in her habits nowadays, and sees very few people besides the French priests and sisters, with whom she passes nearly all her time. Very, very illuminating and touching are the parting words of the excellent Stanislaus to Stevenson on the eve of his departure in the *Casco*. I hope all future yachtsmen and South Sea officials and explorers will learn them by heart, and strive to merit their simple heartfelt encomium. "Ah, vous devriez rester ici, mon cher ami," cried this Polynesian prince and gentleman, "Vous êtes les gens qu'il faut pour les Kanaques; vous êtes doux, vous et votre famille." These words are a very precious witness to the benevolent nature and winning influence of the great writer. A little later on in the story it will be seen how I availed myself of the hospitality of these kind people, and how, unexpectedly, an opportunity arose of showing them my gratitude.

I had explored on horseback the northern coast of the island up to that paradise of sandflies, Aakapa, passing on my way the vale of Ati-heu, where an

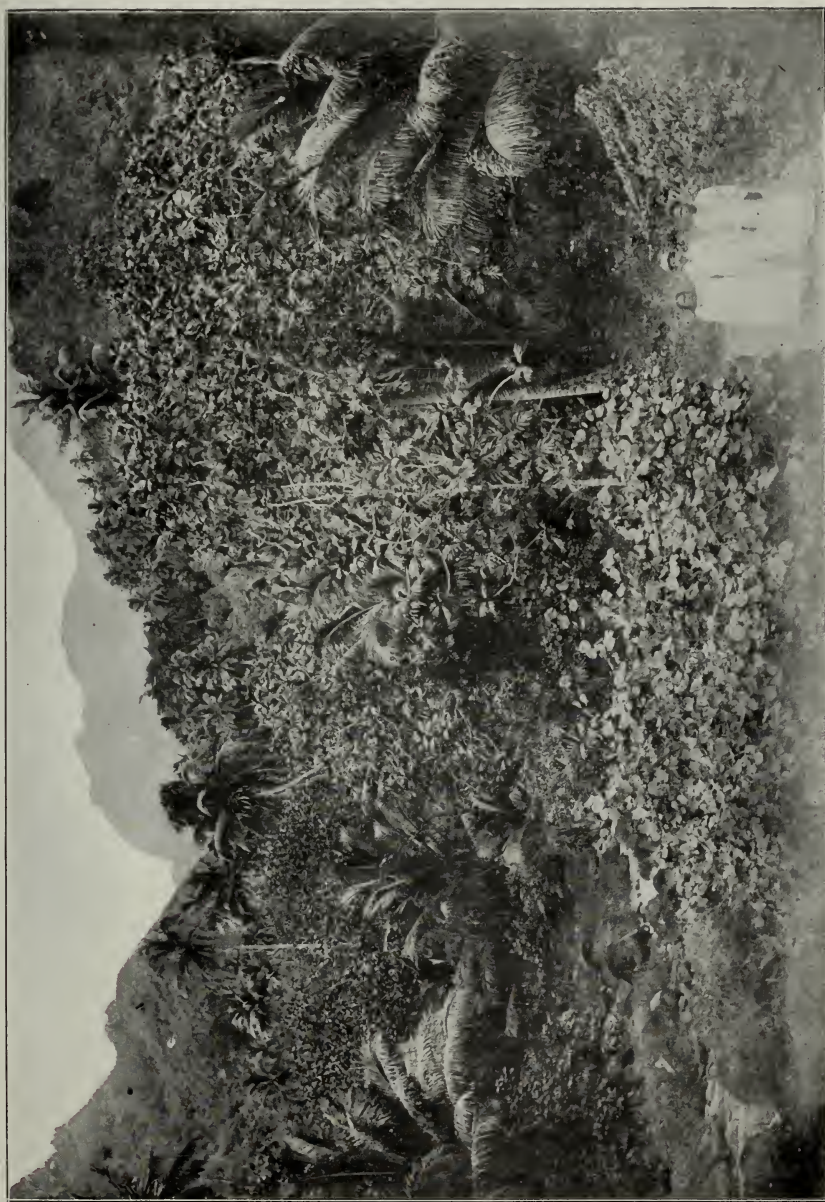


QUEEN MAKEA OF RAROTONGA.

image of the Virgin, perched on a peak nearly 700 feet in height, looks down upon the placid bay, and the people live far inland clinging round the site of ruined high places and blood-stained amphitheatres of old, scenes of the rites of forgotten abominable gods. I had visited on foot the famous valley of Tai-pi (Typee), the scene of Herman Melville's sojourn with the cannibals; a stirring tale, which every schoolboy worth his salt should know as well as his *Robinson Crusoe*. Here I stayed several days with Nicholls, the local trader, and visited the valley of Houmi, which lies just around the next point towards Cape Martin, which like a great lobster's claw gropes away to the south-east. The settlement of Taipi, like so many others in this unhappy land, is practically a valley of the dead. Ten or twelve souls only survive, the rest having been destroyed by small-pox and phthisis, with the exception of a few who have migrated to other valleys. Insect life is a terrible plague here. Early in the morning a little black sandfly gets to work, and directly after sunset the mosquito relieves guard, punctual as a sentinel. The sufferer may gain some relief by smearing his limbs thickly with a decoction of turmeric, a yellow mustard-like coating through which these winged pests are loth to pierce, unless, indeed, as some actually do, he prefers to sit and stifle in a smoke-bath of damp coconut-husks smouldering on the stone steps beneath him.

I had returned to Taiohae, and a very interesting prospect was opened up to me, when K., an American trader with whom I was then staying, suggested to me a voyage some thirty miles across the water

to 'Uauna, variously styled on the charts Huahuna, Huahuga, Roahuga, and Washington Island, in his trading schooner *La Corse*, under the direction of Captain Capriata, a most worthy Corsican, whom I had already met during my stay in Hanaiapa. I was to take up my abode there with Theodore, the local dealer in copra, a native of Metz, and there await the return of the vessel, which would give me a clear month at least upon an island where mosquitos are rare and where the natives still regard a white man as somewhat of a novelty. The opportunity was too tempting to miss, so after due victualling and refitting, behold the good ship *La Corse* stealing out between the heads on a calm starlit night, under a light and fitful land breeze. Next morning found us only a few miles from the harbour mouth, rocking off the Sentinels in a dead calm; and hardly a cat's-paw of favouring wind did we get till sunset, the sun meanwhile glaring down over a sea of glass. After wearisome tacking and tacking, early on the morning of our third day out, we found that we had drawn close up to the island of our search. As yet we met no sign of bay or landing-place; nothing but steep precipices of black rock rising sheer out of the water. As we came nearer we could distinguish the forms of wild cattle grazing on the downs and wild goats browsing on the scanty herbage in the crannies and ledges of the cliffs. We sailed along, passing a couple of islets to our left, much resorted to by local fishermen. Some three hundred yards away the sea breaks with tremendous force upon a bed of sunken rocks. By-and-by we sighted the narrow and peculiarly-formed



SCENERY AT THE BACK OF TAIORAE VILLAGE.

harbour of Vaipae, otherwise called Invisible Bay, which lies away back behind an elbow of land shutting out the view from seaward. The entrance is rather like the neck of a flat bulbous bottle, or what chemists call a retort, and recalls somewhat that of Pango Pango Bay on Tutuila in East Samoa, and less decidedly that of Traitor's Bay on Hiva-Oa. Running briskly in, we anchored in the little roadstead about a hundred yards off shore, and pulled in with the ship's boat to pay our respects to the European trader. We found he was absent on a visit to the resident gendarme in the next valley, leaving his cook and his cook's wife in sole charge—the latter an arch and mischievous damsel of some eighteen years, answering to the extraordinary name of Tahia-Veo (Madame Tail). Being assured that our prospective host would speedily return, we made ourselves quite at home, curled up on a pile of mats on the verandah, and in five minutes were fast asleep. About midday we awoke to the cry "*Ua tihe te iki*" ("Master's coming"), and looking up see on the skyline two dark specks, two fast-approaching horsemen, the trader and the gendarme, hurriedly descending the mountain-side. After much friendly greeting we all sat down to dinner. The gendarme turned out a capital fellow, and Tiotoa (Theodore) likewise faithfully honoured every tradition of Marquesan hospitality. It was quite a jovial picnic. Our worthy Corsican captain's taste for music shone out like a little star. About sunset the villagers in the upper valley came flocking down to join in the fun. Some came dressed in their Sunday best, others swathed in brand-new

robes of *tapa* garlanded with fern, with sweet-scented grasses and with flowers, each with a present of food in his or her hand. A few of them were a little shy at first, but all of them found their tongues after a while, especially the women folk. They seemed quite pleased at meeting a new white man, and perfectly understood my Hiva-Oa dialect. There was soon a most brisk asking and answering of questions, which would have puzzled a shorthand reporter. Towards evening the gendarme bethought himself of his Arorai wife over the hills. Mindful of former lectures, our jolly companion mounted and rode away, engaging to be over for our Christmas dinner, which was to be a great event indeed. Next day we overhauled our stores, and sundry demijohns were landed, to the inexpressible gratification of the natives, who followed their progress up the beach with the keenest interest, tenderly patting their wattled wicker sides.

When Christmas morning came our verandah presented a curious spectacle ; piled up with fruits and roots innumerable, and a great quantity of fresh caught fish. In truth it was a busy morning for all of us. Knife in hand, I penetrated into the well-stocked kitchen garden at the back, and there wrought earnestly in search of green meat, as busily as the Eton boys in their raid upon the premises of the Slough farmer, where, in the words of the merry old song—

They ravaged every lettuce-bed,
Smote off the towering onion's head,
And made the doughty cabbage feel
The vengeance of their polished steel.

With a big armful of watercress from the brook, which our Mitcham folk at home might envy, I entered the kitchen, where Theodore sat pensively watching a large and comical-looking squid bobbing up and down in a big iron pot, boiling away to rags to make white soup. Tahia-Veo was busy frying a great pile of *Ihe* or gar-fish, whilst on a clear wood fire a brace of fowls were roasting, and a newly-boiled ham resting on the sideboard, the house-dog sniffing hungrily below. Then I seized an axe and went out into the palm-grove at the back, hewed down two sturdy young trees, split them lengthways and took out the hearts, which, dressed with oil and vinegar, make one of the most toothsome salads in the world. Now, I know that Dr. Mulhaus, when he cut down the cabbage palm on the Victorian farm in *Geoffrey Hamlyn* to make sauer-kraut, knew well what he was about. The chief of the valley obligingly sent us down, amongst other things, a sucking-pig, clubbed to death the night before, and steam-baked in the *Umu* or earth-oven. As if all these good things would not suffice, a bevy of pretty girls came down with baskets of fresh-water shrimps (*Koua*).

Towards one o'clock the cooks rested from their labours, the feast was laid out, and the four of us sat down. The squid soup and gar-fish were pronounced a great success, the pig was tender, as one may readily imagine from the manner of his death, the ham would have tempted a Jew, and the fowls passed muster. The next course consisted of three native dishes called *Poke*, *Popoi* and *Heikai*. The first is made of mashed taro root, the second of

cooked and mashed bread-fruit (when fermented it is called *Má* and is often stored for years in pits underground), and the third of a certain small kind of bread-fruit, allowed to get almost rotten ripe, and then pounded up. To a European palate *Popoi* tastes like an acid custard, *Poke* suggests a mixture of flour and toffee, *Heikai* a mess of crushed figs.

Last of all, served on a lordly dish, came a real Plum Pudding, an American tinned variety of our fine old national dish, and our friend the gendarme has brought over with him a flask of right good cognac which we pour over him—not the gendarme, but the Pudding—and behold in a trice the toothsome mass wrapped in a veil of blue flame merrily crackling, hissing, and sputtering away like a buttered crab.

“Ah! *ma foi!* You Engleesh make me laugh. You eat the flesh of the beef, and not cook him good at all. You make the large pudding at Noël—he make you much pain in the stomach next day. Nom de pipe! but the pudding smell good. But I will do as ze Engleeshman do. To-day I will eat good; to-morrow I shall have the pain in my stomach. *Mais c'est inferieur*, I shall regard him not—*Vive la gaieté!*”

With these words the gallant son of France, having previously fortified himself with a tumbler of Beaune, raised his knife, cut himself a wedge of pudding, and with the same weapon slowly shovelled the huge mass into his mouth. By-and-by he grew sentimental.

“Alas for the Plom Pouding,” murmured he. “It is all gone. Nobody shall ever eat of him one bit the more.”

So saying, he persuaded the staid Jeremiah, our tame lame Muscovy duck, to swallow a tablespoonful of absinthe. Next morning poor Jerry was found by a little sandy hillock lying prone on his much-wronged stomach, never to quack again—a humble victim to that most villainous concoction, the all-destroying wormwood.

Meanwhile the two chiefs of the village sit by, solemn and impassive, smoking trade tobacco in silent content. When they see preparations making for the brewing of a lordly bowl of punch, their eyes light up. The gendarme has allotted to him the half of a coconut shell for a cup, Theodore a tin pannikin, Capriata and myself a long tumbler apiece. So, it being first stipulated that the owner of the coconut-cup should fill twice to our once, we started in to the serious business of the evening in a true Pickwickian spirit. The gendarme honoured us with a genial speech, and then nothing would serve the elder of our two village headmen but that he must follow suit in his sweet and sonorous tongue. Next I arose, and took the opportunity of fully and minutely stating the business that brought me to the island, in both English and Marquesan. The speech was very well received by some twenty natives on the verandah, who after doing surprising execution upon the remains of the victuals, proceeded to sing chant after chant under the stars in the early watches of this balmy night of a Marquesan December, waking up many an echo from the resounding rocks that shut in our long low valley, and sending their voices far out over the silvered waters of the calm bay. The blue dome above us is powdered

with a myriad golden sparks, the *Kahui-Anu* of the Maori, the Flocks of Chilly Space. The gentle breath of the night wind barely stirs the pajonal grasses on the barren slopes above. On the edge of the forest the giant fronds of the palms wave softly to and fro, flinging fantastic shadows, to flit and flicker on the fair white path. Crackling into little petulant jets, the dying fire sinks into ash, whilst around us the lovely black and silver valley lies chequered in a flood of shimmering moonlight.

Next morning I received a deputation of venerable men, who had come down to assist me with my vocabulary, and instruct me in their folklore. We got on capitally together, and as a result of long and careful inquiry, I may here with advantage correct an all too prevalent notion of the average European that the brown Polynesian races, before he condescended to visit them, were barbarians pure and simple. Their clan organization, particularly in Tahiti, the Marquesas and Hawaii, seems to have been very complete. The generic term in the Marquesas for the priestly caste, a degree answering to that of our Doctor of Divinity, was *Tuhuna* (upon Nuku-Hiva and Uapou *Tuhuka*.) *Taua* (in Tahitian *Taura*) was a high priest, and *Moa* one of the second rank. The name *Tuhuna* is cognate with Maori *Tohunga*, a wizard, any skilled or learned specialist, artificer; Tahitian *Tahua*, a priest or mechanic. In the Sandwich Islands *Kahuna* denotes a priest, also a trade, art, work. In Mangaian *Taunga* denotes a priest, a worker in wood, a carpenter. In the Low Archipelago *Tahunga* has the same meaning. All these words are variants of



AN OLD MARQUESAN "TUHUKA" OR "WISE MAN"
(NUKU-HIVA)

wearing a kilt of human hair, and a head-dress and false beard,
both made up of combings of the silvery white beards of defunct
ancestors.

the old Aryan root *Tah*, *Toh*, knowledge, science (Hindustani *Dhab*, *Dhaw*, id.) .

This shows clearly that in the early days of Polynesian migration, science and knowledge, art and cunning workmanship, were the monopoly of the priestly caste, who wielded a tremendous power, being the holders and interpreters of the old body of tradition, the makers of new laws and customs. These wise old gentlemen sometimes exercised a remarkable censorship over the spoken language, even to the extent of tabooing a good many words in common everyday use and arbitrarily substituting new ones. For example, in Tahiti about fifty years ago they gave the people a fresh set of numerals up to five, and brought in a number of Low Archipelago words to oust every native Tahitian noun, adjective or verb occurring in their long list of names and titles of the royal family of Pomare. All these words continue in use to this very day, a most striking instance of the power of the priestly veto and of the elaborate punctilio of court etiquette. To this day the Pope gives us a remarkable case in point by his old Latin title of Pontifex Maximus, which dates back to the time when the High Priest at Rome was head of that useful and influential guild, the *Pontifices* or Builders of Bridges.

It is a curious illustration of the reverence paid to these primitive savants, that on the long ocean voyages of old the chiefs and priests always slept on deck; the women, the children and the common folk below.

A. R. Wallace, the celebrated naturalist, noticed a similar distinctive Malayan trait amongst the

people of Celebes. "None can stand erect in the presence of the Rajah, and when he sits on a chair, all present (Europeans of course excepted) squat upon the ground. The highest seat is literally, with these people, the place of honour and the sign of rank. So unbending are the rules in this respect, that when an English carriage, which the Rajah of Lombok had sent for, arrived, it was found impossible to use it because the driver's seat was the highest, and it had to be kept as a show in its coach-house" (cf. *The Malay Archipelago*, c. 15). Hence will appear the malignant ingenuity of a certain unpopular French gendarme. Some of the *Taua* or local priests refused to lose caste by labouring on the Government road. This modern Draco had them seized, bound hand and foot, and laid in a dry torrent-bed, and the women of the village driven helter-skelter across the bridge over their heads. The poor old men, on being released, went pensively home, sickened at the indignity, and in a few days ended their lives by suicide or starvation, an event which their judge could hardly have foreseen or desired.

Readers of that charming book, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, can hardly fail here to call to mind a certain knight of Burgundy, who elected to be buried standing upright: "For," quoth the poor prideful soul, "NO BASE MAN SHALL PASS OVER MY STOMACH."

CHAPTER 13

SOME FACTS ABOUT POLYNESIAN M.A.'S AND B.A.'S: NUKU-HIVA TO UAUNA (*continued*)

DOUBTLESS the casual reader will be surprised to learn that the larger and more advanced Polynesian communities had schools and universities of their own, before Eton was a college or Oxford a University ; before Crusaders were butchering Saracens ; before rival Popes were interchanging thunders at Rome and Avignon—aye, and earlier still. In his great work *The Comparative Maori Dictionary*, Tregear has so interesting a passage on this subject that I cannot forbear quoting it : “ ‘ *Whare-kura*,’ the ‘ red house ’ was the name given by the Maoris to a kind of college or school where the sons of priest-chiefs (*Ariki*) were taught mythology, history, agriculture, astronomy, etc. The teaching was imparted in sessions of about five months’ duration, and the exercises lasted from about sunset to midnight, the daytime being reserved for the physical exercise and amusement of the pupils. No females might approach the building, and food cooked at a distance was brought by special messengers. The course of study occupied about five years. An institution known as the Aha-Alii (the Congregation of Chiefs) existed in Hawaii. It was a sort of Herald’s College. To gain admission, a chief’s titles

were announced by a herald, and his acceptance or rejection signified at once. The charter of this body given to a chief was of great importance ; he could then never be made a slave, although he might be offered up (if taken in war) as a sacrifice to the gods. He was then able to wear the *Lei-hulu* or feather-wreath, the *Palaoa*, or clasp of whale-ivory and the *Ahu-ula*, or red and yellow feather-cloak. [Compare with this the *Huarcu* or *Varaku*, an order of knighthood into which youthful aspirants of the princely Inca blood were admitted in ancient Peru.]

“The Hawaiian priesthood was divided into ten colleges, the Master or highest of the initiates known as the Kahuna-nui. The first three were for the teaching of magic and incantations, and the knowledge and uses of conjurations and imprecations employed for causing death or injury to foes ; another class (Poi-uhane) dealt in divination (cf. Marquesan *Uhane* : *Kuhane*, a spirit), and caused at will the body of a living man to be possessed by the spirit of a dead man. Another was called Lapaau-maoli,¹ whose special business was the study of medicine and surgery. Another division presided over architecture, and another (Nana-uli) contained different classes of soothsayers and prophets.”

I translated this, and much more, out of Tregear's great work, carefully and patiently to the three sages, my instructors, who listened with most

¹ Cf. Gilbert Is. *Rabakau*, science, art, wisdom, primarily *leech-craft* ; Rarotongan *Rapakau*, medicine, healing. Tahitian *Rapa'au* ; Marquesan *'Apa'au*, id.



NGA-TANGIA CREEK, RAROTONGA.

reverent attention, and explained to me in return, that in olden times there was an intimate connexion between the people of the Hawaiian Islands and the Marquesas, only that the latter folk, splitting up into broken roving bands and forming precarious communities wasted by civil war, lost much of the minute ritual of the more settled and more elaborately-ordered populations of the larger islands.

The other day I came across a fragment of an ancient poem, wherein some Marquesan Pindar laments the degeneration of his countrymen, and assigns four great causes following one another for their decline—I give a rough translation—

First the reckless robber-band,
Then the thief with restless hand,
Civil War, a reddened strand,
Famine raging in the land.

But many names of gods and heroes of the old Hawaiian cosmogonies and genealogies frequently appear in Marquesan chronicles, preserved with great nicety and accuracy. The Marquesan bards, like their Keltic and Cymric brothers, must have had extraordinary powers of memory. At the numerous village festivals, carefully ordered as in an almanac or Saints' Calendar, they would recount *Vanana* or Sagas, *Mata-Tatau*, or genealogies of local heroes, and *Mata-Atua* or tales of the gods, coming down on the ever-living tide of tradition, deathless as the legends of the Kalevala, that Finnic *Iliad*; abiding and vivid as the song and story of Icelandic fishermen and farmers on fjord, jokull and sæter. I showed my three instructors the genealogy

of Tahia-toho-tia of Moéa on the Southern Island of Hiva-Oa, collected twenty years ago by Professor Alexander, then Surveyor-General of Hawaii. It gives no less than 145 generations of men and women by couples. In the narrative occur some ancient geographical names—Fiji, Vavau, Hawaii and Tonga, under the forms Vevao, Fiti, Tona and Havaii.¹ I had already collected similar specimens of these quaint old chronicles upon the islands of Hiva-Oa and Tahuata, and later on in Nuku-Hiva I obtained a most interesting and absolutely new one, which illustrated the others, and in its turn was illustrated by them. They are now in the archives of the Polynesian Society at Wellington, New Zealand.

My Uauna informants told me some queer things about the old *Tuhunas*, who seemed to have inspired a very real awe amongst the common people. They knew the names of all the stars of the sky and all the fishes of the sea ; theirs were the gift of second sight and the eye quick to read every sign of the weather. They claimed the power of healing the sick by spells and incantations and by the laying on of hands, they boasted that they could hold spirits as obedient to their voice as a dog in his master's leash, that they could drink deadly potions without hurt, like a Mithridates. At certain times they would visit without fear the loneliest recesses of the forest and

¹ *Fiji* or *Fiti* means "the eastern land," *Vavau* is the Sanskrit *Bhau*, the Indian name for Asia. *Tonga*, both in Tongatabu and Madagascar, denotes "the arrival; or reaching land of a fleet of war-canoes." *Hawaii* is for *Hawa-Riki*, or Little *Hawa*, *Hava* or *Java*.

mountain wilderness, and there commune with awful spirits in the gloom. Sometimes one of them would turn *Moke*, leaving his village for good and all, and would take up a solitary abode in some lonely nook of the hills, like one of the hermits of the Middle Ages. These were looked upon as men of great sanctity. Whilst we were talking on this subject my aged friends told me that in the upper part of our valley of Vaipae was one of these victims of acute melancholia—a very terrible old man indeed. I at once declared that I would call on him and make his acquaintance. They tried to dissuade me, but all to no purpose. One of them at last agreed to show me the way, but with that hermit he would have no word—not he. So that very afternoon, carrying a machete-knife and a sack for collecting specimens of any strange herbs or plants I might come across, I sallied forth on my way up the valley. After a good long walk, we reached a spot where the mountain dipped down suddenly into the glen amongst a great grove of native chestnut and banyan trees. Here my guide left me, after pointing out a steep slope up which I scrambled, and there sure enough, overshadowed by two huge banyan trees to right and left, was the hermit's abode. But the house was empty—doubtless seeing our approach he had withdrawn himself deeper into the woods. It was a gloomy little den, the roof was very much out of repair, and the mats damp, torn and dirty. In fact anything but a comfortable abode for a greybeard with possibly a touch of rheumatism. I was just going away when I remembered what Ben Peters had told me in Omoa

Bay, how the Marquesans used to suspend the heads of slain enemies or sacrificial victims on the branches of these very banyan trees, which they hold sacred. Now the banyan throws out from its boughs a series of fine thread-like sprays, which ever growing as they fall, root themselves firmly and swell into regular columns and buttresses, until at last each group encloses a natural chamber as it develops. So without much difficulty I climbed up the side of one of the biggest, peering downwards curiously through maze upon maze of suckers in every stage of development. To clear the way I used my knife freely upon the stems, which cut soft and sappy as a carrot. By-and-by I caught sight of something round and white twinkling in a dark corner below. It was a human skull. Five minutes later I secured a second, and without loss of time descended and stowed them away carefully in the sack. Feeling anxious that the hermit might return and scarcely appreciate my search for human relics, I shouldered my burden and departed, gathering on my way down specimens of roots and seeds of some plants which struck me as interesting. The sun was going down as I approached the village, and, somewhat to my consternation, crowds of natives were gathered smoking and chattering on the *Paepae* or high stone platforms of the houses to the right and left of the narrow path which led straight down through the village. I marched doggedly on, the target of many inquisitive eyes. Everywhere rose the salutation, "*Káóha te iki*"—"Good-day, sir!" mingled with questions such as this.

"*Vi'iamu, maihea mai oe?*" "William, where have you come from?"

"*He á te mea i oto no te kaka ?*" "What's in that bag?" To which I turned, and once for all gave the pithy reply,

"*Ua pi te kaka i te eita, i te eita, piau te eita.*" "The bag is full of weeds, weeds, stinking weeds."

Loud bursts of laughter greeted this unexpected sally, and I continued my walk down to the beach in peace. I lost no time in putting the grisly trophies out of sight, concealing them in a hole in the flooring just under the bed in my little cottage on the edge of the coconut grove just behind Theodore's store. They now rest in peace, I hope in congenial company, in the collection of The College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Whether or no the natives ever guessed my little secret I never knew; I rather fancy not, for day by day their friendliness and hospitality continued without abatement.

We had a very pleasant New Year's Day, riding over to Hane, over the plateau, to visit our hospitable friend the gendarme, who is now a convert to Christmas Pudding, but not yet to the underdone Roast Beef of Old England.

Near Hane is another tiny settlement called *Hokatu*, pronounced by some natives almost like *Chokatu*.

It is walled in at the back by great sheer basaltic precipices, and both in geological surroundings and in name, reminds one very much of the island and settlement of *Chokach* on the north coast of Ponape in the Eastern Carolines, with its *Paip-alap* or bold seaward scarp 800 feet high, where the natural columns of basalt rock stand out in bold relief on the cliff face. From a glen below, thickly strewn

with these fallen natural shafts of black volcanic rock, the legendary Giant-Builders of old rafted down the coast to the Metalanim district thirty miles away, thousands of tons of this splendid building-material, supplied ready-made from Nature's workshop, which they employed in constructing a Titanic breakwater and a great Island-Venice eleven miles square, forming a regular maze of waterways dotted with over seventy artificial islets, several of them surrounded with walls of tremendously solid masonry 10 ft. thick and in places 30 ft. in height.

Another day we went over to the side facing Nuku-Hiva after wild goats, slew two or three of them, and afterwards visited some curious caves where the incoming tide caught us and set us moving briskly. It was quite exciting work, alternately wading and swimming along the base of the cliffs searching for some natural stairway a little less steep than the others. Theodore's dog, by name "Chip," followed us on some of our excursions. He was a very ugly and faithful animal and a sworn enemy to cats. He was also very fond of chasing the donkeys of the valley, and hanging on to their hocks and tails. As a consequence of this rough play, he had lost nearly all his front teeth, which the donkeys, in most righteous retaliation, kicked down his throat from time to time.

Now these donkeys, descendants of those left on the island some twenty years ago by American settlers, deserve a paragraph to themselves. There were about a dozen of them, all fat, all sleek, and, when Master Chip didn't happen to be about, quiet as lambs. I was amused to hear the natives call them

Puriki (French *Bourrique*), just as in the Carolines, all cattle, by false analogy, are called *Kau* (English *Cow*). The boys and girls used to ride them bare-back without fear. Now and then they would take them with halter and panniers into the upper valley, to bring down loads of bread-fruit, oranges and bananas. Every evening, regularly at sunset, it was comical to see them, headed by a wise old grizzled patriarch, leisurely stringing out Indian file to climb the winding path leading up the mountain side to the plateau towards Hane. Early every morning, as the hot sun smote upon the uplands, they would come plodding down the hill to drink from the brook, and wander amongst the cool shadows of the forest. But now, alas! from a letter received last year, I see that a grievous drought has fallen upon Vaipae. The little stream is all but dried up, the pigs and dogs are dying, and (shade of Sam Weller!) in the words of my mercantile chronicler, "*Them purreekees is dead.*"

And so the days passed on, amidst rambles in the fertile upper valley, rides across the plateau to the neighbouring small settlements, and walks along the Nuku-Hiva side where the cliff scenery is very striking. The Marquesan Dictionary gave me plenty of work in the evenings. One could not help being struck with the peculiar phonesis of the language, which approaches in vocabulary the Hawaiian, the Mangarevan and the Easter Island dialects. The almost universal dropping by the Marquesan of medial or initial R or L, with the exception of a few Nuku-Hivan words, seems odd, as well as the consonantal changes between the

north and south dialects, where N becomes T, H is changed to F, and K to N (vide Appendix).

All of this sound-shunting, as the Germans call it, does not come by accident, as certain of our arm-chair philosophers seem inclined to fancy, but depends upon fixed laws of articulation, which, however, even in the case of Grimm's famous law, suffer occasional disturbance and offer certain unaccountable exceptions. But in languages of the Polynesian family the grammar is very simple. There are no case-endings and hardly any inflections, and generally the law of the interchange of related consonants, works with the most beautiful ease and regularity. I refer the student to the Preface of that great work, Tregear's *Comparative Maori Dictionary*, for a table of the consonant and vowel changes. It is most instructive, lucidly stated, and worked out in beautiful detail, with the industry of a Berlin or Leipzig Professor. This greatly smooths the path of the student of Polynesian languages, who in his youth has wrestled with Middle Voices, Paulo-post Futures, First and Second Aorists, anomalous nouns, irregular verbs, and all the kindred horrors of Duns Scotus, Thucydides, and the thistle-eating grammarian.

CHAPTER 14

UAUNA TO NUKU-HIVA ; AND VISIT TO HAKA-UI BAY

THE day for the return of *La Corse* had come and gone. For the last week provisions had been running short. However, one of the wild cattle from the hills, a big black bull, furnished us with a welcome supply of beef. Early one morning Theodore found him in the kitchen-garden, gazing mournfully upon the dismantled plot where once grew fine green cabbages. Creeping up behind the hedge, my Alsatian host delivered two charges of buckshot at the closest of ranges, and there lay the great brute expiring, with half the dogs of the village yapping around him. The gendarme arrived, and, according to local custom, put the carcase up to auction. There were very few bidders, and with one Chili dollar I scooped the pool. Beef, I should fancy, was never so cheap before, even in Australia. But just as provisions were once more beginning to run short, a whale-boat manned by Nuku-Hiva natives turned up from Taiohae, in which K. had sent over a fresh stock of provisions, and a letter telling us he had been obliged to despatch *La Corse* down south to pick up copra and cotton, which would delay her calling in at Vaipae ; but the bearers of the letter, who had come over to pay a short visit to some of their relations, would gladly give me a passage over for a dollar or two on their return.

Their stay was not a long one. I carefully packed my curios, amongst them some fine specimens of basalt pestles used for mashing bread-fruit, and early one calm morning we set forth. The crew pulled vigorously, and towards noon in mid-channel a brisk breeze sprang up. The mast was stepped, the wind took us well along, and about eight o'clock in the evening we were over in Taiohae.

The next day I again paid a visit to Queen Vaekehu and Princess Sabine (Tahia-Utu-Ani), who now pressed me once more to go and stay a fortnight or so in their vale of Haka-Ui, where they promised me a most cordial reception amongst their kindred ; for Haka-Ui was the demesne of the old King Moana-Tini (Ten Thousand Oceans), who made the Princess Vaekehu his queen some fifty years ago. As I have mentioned before, their son was Prince Stanislaus, the friend of all foreigners, who entertained Stevenson during his visit in the yacht *Casco* in 1888. The two chiefs of Haka-Ui, to whom they gave me an elaborate letter of introduction, were the Princes Rario and Petero, the sons of Stanislaus and Princess Sabine. So two or three days later I hired a horse and saddle from a Frenchman who kept the only cabaret in the village, and towards sundown started on my way along the cliffs alone. The cause of my delay was that I had agreed upon a Taiohae native to come as guide, but unfortunately one of the ever-recurring "*koika*" or carousals was in progress. I had waited long for my promised escort, and at length, hearing that he and all the rest were now hopelessly tipsy, I determined to wait no longer, and to find my way to Haka-Ui alone. Had I



MARQUESAN ROYAL FAMILY.

Stanislaus,
Rario's wife.

Petro,
Queen Vaekehu.

Princess Sabine
Petro's wife.

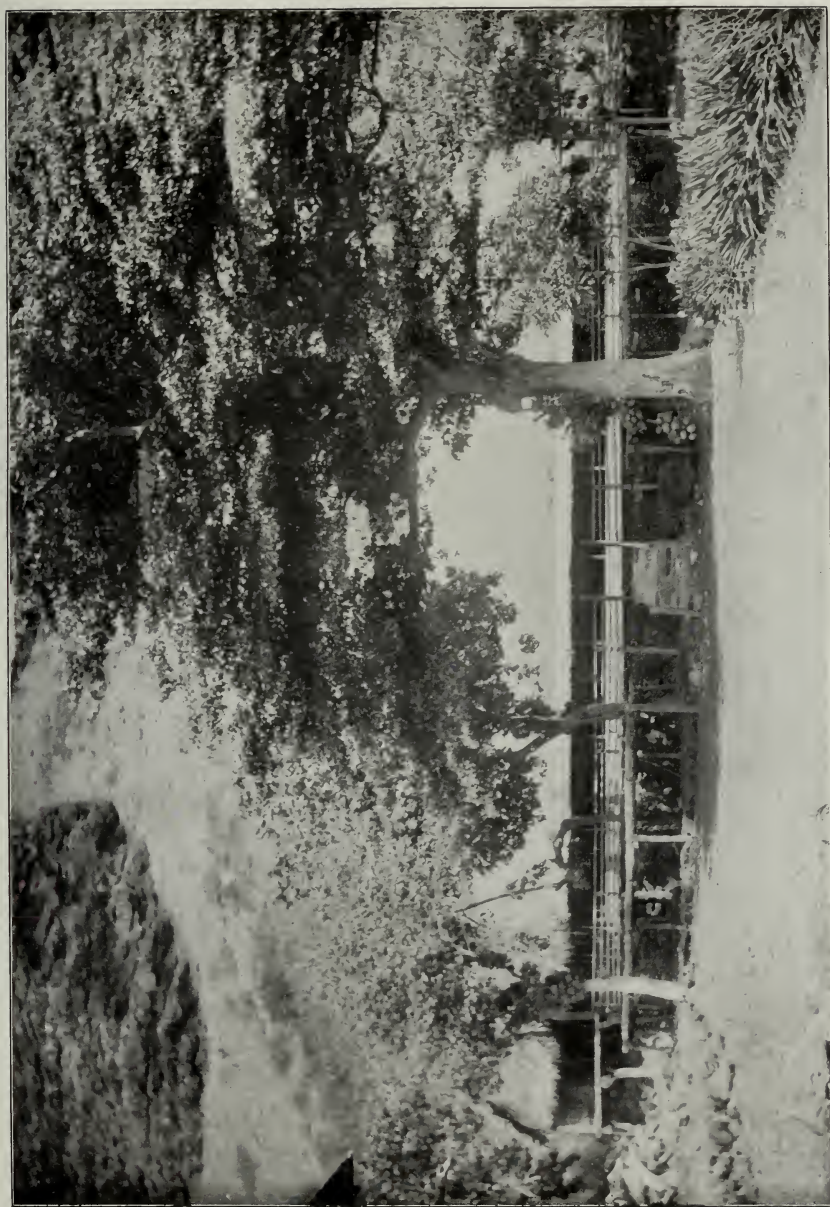
known how many miles of precipice and how many deep valleys were to be crossed before I reached my destination, I should most likely have waited till morning.

I shall always remember that eerie and darksome journey. It was like a nightmare. Just as the sun was going down, my nag fell lame. So there was nothing to do but dismount, unroll a piece of rope, and drive him on in front of me, with occasional whacks of a long wand I cut from the bush hard by. Up hill and down dale we plodded, and presently, like a great wave, darkness came down upon us. However, we kept moving on slowly and cautiously in the gloom, sticking closely to the trail. In about four hours' time the moon obligingly came out, showing a splendid panorama of hill and valley stretching out before us, to our left the sea, to our right barren mountain-slopes dotted with guava bushes. Not a sign anywhere of human habitation. And so, hour after hour, we toiled along, ever keeping close to the trail which like a broad white ribbon wound along the hills. Now breasting a hill, now scrambling downwards into a valley, where we hear small brooks murmuring in the leafy woodland as they mingle their tiny voices with the sighing of the night-wind breathing cool fresh odours of moss and fern. It was weary work and monotonous, but at length the monotony was broken by a startling experience. We had come upon a herd of wild cattle, most of which grazed unconcernedly, all save one large white bull, who came forward and stood right in our path, gazing silently and sternly on the intruders, signifying his displeasure by sidelong tosses of

his head, which was garnished with a pair of enormous horns. Saving a short knife, I had no weapon with me, but blocks and chunks of basalt, all shapes and sizes, lay at my feet. So, keeping the rope rolled round my left wrist for fear of my steed bolting, I stooped down, and in a moment a shower of missiles was whizzing round the head of Mr. Taurus. The first struck him fairly in the middle of his forehead, two or three others rattled on his horns, and the fourth hit him violently on the nose. He staggered back, lost his footing, and rolled down a steep hill-side, carrying with him a cloud of stones and dust. Looking down, I saw he had somehow put on the brake, scrambled to his feet, and was limping away doubtless badly shaken with his fall.

Soon after this the darkness grew deeper than ever, and as time wore on my poor animal grew more and more hopelessly lame. Therefore on reaching the next valley, I led him a little way into the bushes and tethered him carefully to a big *Hau*-tree close to a little brook. Leaving him there for the night, I struck back into the path, knowing that Haka-Ui could not be many miles off. Nevertheless, press on as I would, it was almost one o'clock in the morning when I came upon the slopes above Haka-Ui, which I lost no time in descending. I saw some lights on the beach, and rightly judging them to belong to a fishing party, I hastened towards them.

A seine had just been drawn, there was a fire of coconut shells on the beach, and on it fish and slices of bread-fruit were roasting. Round the blaze half a dozen wild-looking forms were moving, when a strange voice hailed them out of the darkness, and a



HOUSE OF PRINCE STANISLAUS AT HAKA-UI BAY,
with large Tou-tree in foreground, the red-flowered *Kanawa* of the Gilbert Islands.

strange form approaching took shape before their startled eyes. Great was their surprise to see the *Haoe*, who, journeying alone and unaided over an unknown cliff road, had braved the terrors of the dark, now had come upon them weary and footsore, wet with the dews of the forest. When I made known my errand, they appeared pleased, and after we had shared a hasty meal of fish and bread-fruit, they accompanied me to Rario's house, where I was presently received with no cold ceremony, but a real hearty welcome. Great was their commiseration for their weary guest. They appeared mightily amused at my account of how and where I had left my four-footed friend, and two men were told off to start at dawn and bring him in. Next morning I woke up quite fit and well, and to my amusement the men had returned, having failed to discover the unfortunate animal. So I went along, and succeeded in leading them back to the exact spot, where we found him just as I had tethered him. Some mules and half-wild horses, that occasionally roam in the valley, had probably kicked and bitten him during the night, at least so the natives said as they pointed to what looked like marks of teeth on the ancient saddle. I should not have noticed them particularly myself, but I remember the Frenchman at Taiohae grumbled a little when he received that saddle back again.

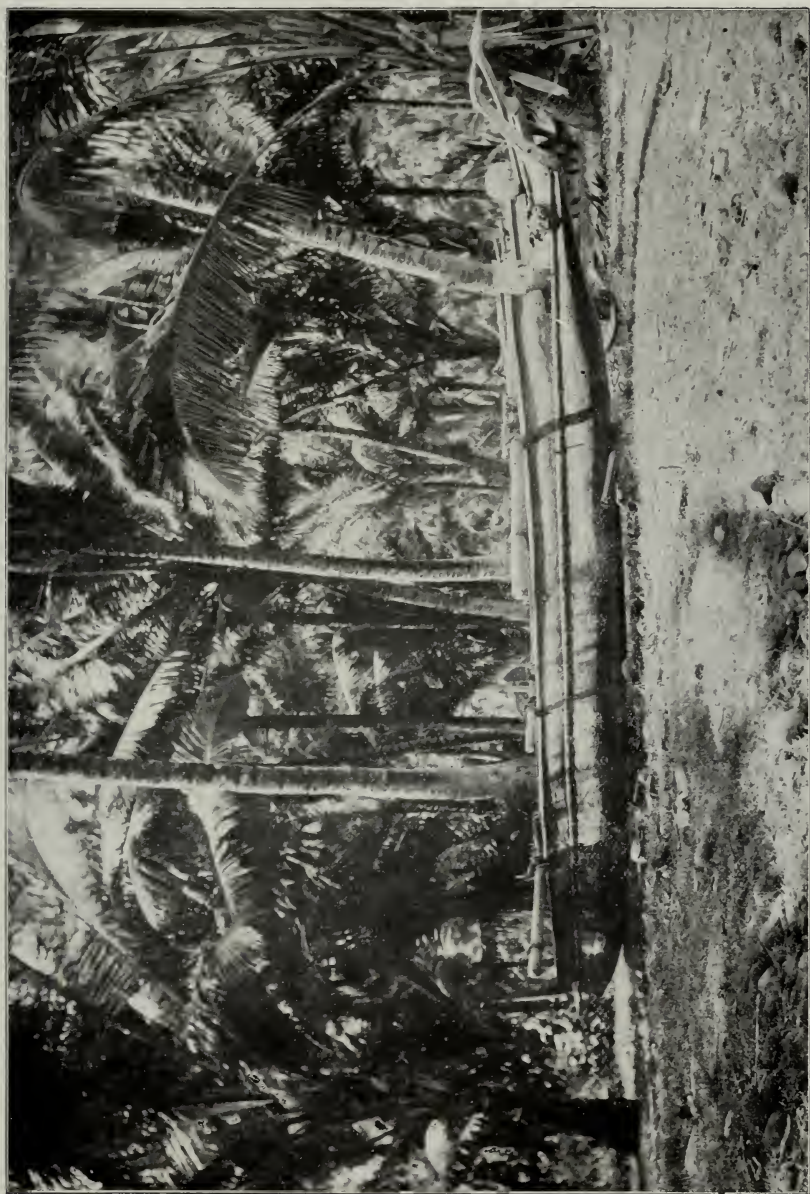
Well, I stayed about a month in Haka-Ui, in most comfortable quarters, enjoying a delightful, but by no means an idle, lotus-eater's life, which would excite the envy of the Eight Hours' Labour Day Poet, who has thus poetically phrased the darling ambition of an honest prosaic soul,

Eight hours' work, and eight hours' play,
Eight hours' sleep, and eight bob a day.

My evenings were mainly occupied in long talks with the old men, from whom I got some interesting information on Marquesan folklore, which with the rest is duly set down in the Appendix.

In the day there was always some pretty nook to explore. The valley, which is a tolerably broad one and of extraordinary fertility, runs a long way up into the hills. It is watered by a fair-sized brook, which in its upper reaches spreads out into little shallow pools. Further up still, right at the head of the valley, it pours out of two deep swirling wells fed from the basin of a magnificent waterfall that roars down over a grim wall of basalt, the valley thus shut in terminating in a gloomy funnel-shaped cleft of great and imposing depth. Noisy sea-birds nest in the crannies. Above and around the foaming welter wave great crisp masses of hart's tongue, adiantum and asplenium, wet with motes of drifting spray, lending many a touch of tenderest green to these black sullen walls of echoing rock. We devoted a whole day to visiting this imposing scene of Nature's handiwork, which has a grandeur of its own at least equal to the sister wonder, the great waterfall of the Faataua River in Tahiti.

Another curious recollection of Haka-Ui, is that of a ramble Rario took me one day, during which he showed me the relics of two large canoes of ancient model, lying in the shadow of the palm-groves a good way up the valley, where sturdy arms had hauled them, and left them to moulder in fairy bowers, with the music of singing-birds crooning over



ANCIENT MARQUESAN CANOE, HAKA-UI BAY.

their decaying timbers, to drown the murmur of their old enemy, the distant surge, fretting and chafing at the rocks below. Tradition declares them to have belonged to the first body of settlers who landed in the valley from the mystic regions over-sea, Ahia-tue, Take-hee-hee and Havaii, of which some grand old South Marquesan poet sings —

Aue mouna, mouna o Havaii,
Havaii tupu ai te àhi veavea.

“Hail! mighty mountains, mountains of Havaii!
Havaii where the red flaming fire shoots up.”

These ancient craft will plough the seas no more; like classic garden-gods they lie neglected; like the rude wood and stone hero-effigies of the men who steered them across trackless leagues of ocean, the forest is hiding them out of sight.

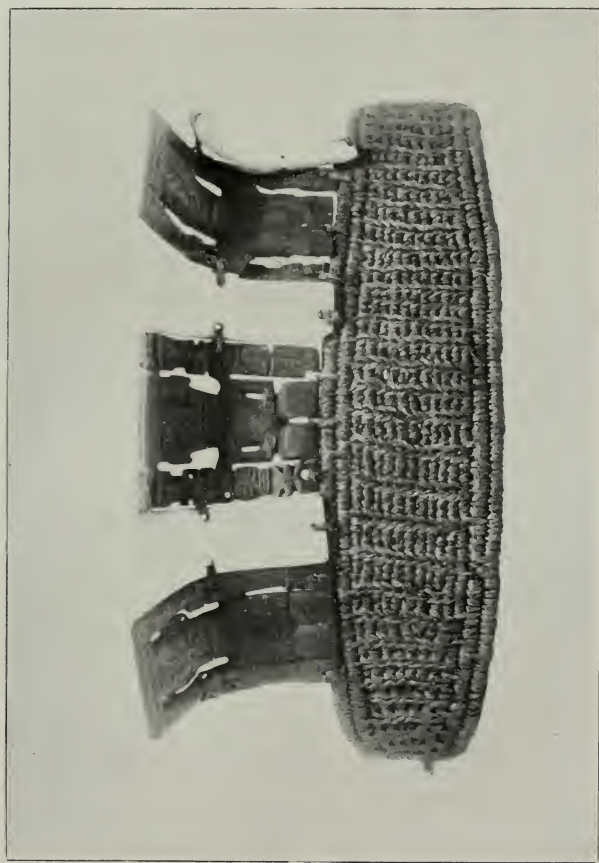
And there we left them in the shadow. New times have come. The white man's tame leviathans of iron and steel now bridge the great waterways with a surer domination than the *proas* and double-canoes of these sea-gypsies, these Phoenicians of the Pacific. And their works lie unmarked by the passer-by, unheeded as an old cotton-engine rusting in some Southern plantation-shed, which, its task once accomplished, is thrown aside for things of newer mould and model.

The last, and perhaps the most pleasing, memory of mine from Haka-Ui centres round a great feast given in my honour by command of Princess Sabine, who came over in person to grace the proceedings. By special permission of the French Resident, I presented the chiefs of the valley with a large demijohn of mild red wine and a small keg of good rum. Every-

thing passed off pleasantly, with everybody in the highest good-humour, and, after a sumptuous feast was over, the people, who had been rehearsing diligently for some days before, gave a spirited rendering of many of the old songs (*Uta*¹) and dances (*Haka*). This I think was partly due to the friendly feelings of the old men, who took the greatest interest in my work for the *Poi-Tuhuka-Niu-Tirari*, as they styled our Polynesian Society of New Zealand. Heartily do I now regret that I had neither photographer nor artist with me to delineate this and other interesting and beautiful "tableaux vivants" and "poses plastiques," which to this kindly indolent and pleasure-loving race take the place of our sterner legitimate drama. In this happy land nobody bothers himself with Social Problems, Labour Questions or Old Age Pensions. And yet these poor benighted natives have some pretty ideas on art and music, and some tolerably sound rudimentary notions of right and wrong, which only want some practical Oberlin to set them on a sure and firm foundation.

When the entertainment, which proved a long and varied one, was over, I rose and gave them a short farewell speech, in which I expressed my gratitude to those who had shown me so much kindness, and afforded me such useful help in my studies. Little did I think, as I sat down with the plaudits and cheers of my good-natured audience ringing in my ears, that already a benevolent Providence was at that very moment so purposing that, ere many days, I should have a really good opportunity of requiting the good offices of the people of Haka-Ui.

¹ Cf. Japanese *Uta*, a ballad.



"PAE" OR ORNAMENTAL FRONTLET OF CARVED TURTLE-SHELL.
(S. Marquesas.)

CHAPTER 15

VISIT OF H.M.S. "HYACINTH" TO TAIIOHAE—DEPARTURE FOR TAHITI BY THE "TROPIC BIRD"

My pleasant visit to Haka-Ui, like other things mundane, was now fast drawing to a close.

Time and tide, and their satellites, white-winged sea-swallows like the *Tropic Bird*, wait for no mortal man, and the speedy San Francisco mail-packet bearing that pretty name, was expected to arrive in two or three days at the roadstead of Taiohae.

Knowing well the inevitable delays in getting curios packed, and baggage safely stowed on board a strange vessel, and knowing even better than all this, the blunt bearing and masterful impatience of ancient sailing-masters in these latitudes so nigh the broiling equator, I determined to take my departure in good time, and like Pip in *Great Expectations* to give myself a liberal margin.

And indeed, as things turned out, it was fortunate that I did so.

So, after much leave-taking with the kind and simple-hearted people of the little settlement, our party, rammed, crammed and jammed into two whale-boats, pulled out of Haka-Ui bay for Taiohae amidst the loud "Kaoha's" of the native population lined up all together on the ocean beach.

Princess Sabine was in the larger, her nephew and I in the smaller and speedier boat.

All the way along to Taiohae, with the exception of two or three beaches opening out, deep valleys in their rear running up into the mountain ranges, stretch scarped, black, and formidable precipices frowning down haughtily upon the great ocean washing at their base. Here and there, as we passed close under their lee, we descried little moving specks, like glimpses of Alpine chamois, Rocky Mountain big-horn, or Corsican *mouflon*, stirring hither and thither amongst faintly discernible ridges seaming the grim, forbidding face of the horrible basaltic steeps hanging far above our heads in mid-air.

"*Menemene*" ("Goats,") laconically observed the young chief by my side. Then after a critical survey of the heights, "Two man, one dog go climb, catch him," he remarked. "You stop in boat one *afanaua* (half an hour), man go, catch him, come back."

And, sure enough, two men and one dog did actually disembark at the foot of the stern precipice and of a sure truth did indeed "go climb," as if they had the legs of a fly or lizard upon a house-wall, and in less than an hour, three of the unfortunate animals were overtaken, "bailed up" in the crannies of the cliff, and hurled down sixty feet or more sheer into the deep, were dragged, pitifully wailing, on board, and their legs securely fastened together with strips of *Parau*-bark, were thrust helpless into the bows and covered with a rough mat to keep the poor things from the fierce rays of the sun, now pouring down

with tremendous power out of the blinding blue.

By-and-bye the sharp eyes of the rowers, bending to their task anew, detected a distant smoke rising like a pillar upon the northern horizon.

"*Eihepe!*" "*Eihepe nui!*" "*Eihepe ipaipa!*" "*Eihepe manu ā.*" "A ship!" "A great ship!" "An enormous ship!" "A man-o'-war ship!" passed from lip to lip.

The column of black vapour came driving on apace, and clearer and clearer swam into view the giant outlines of the black iron leviathan, swallowing the blue sea-leagues spread out still as a mill-pond in that fiery noon.

A good mile ahead of us she passed, and was lost to view round the last headland that lay between us and the bay of Taiohae.

So we pulled in half an hour later, and there she lay anchored peacefully, with the good old Union Jack flying from her fore.

"Up to her gangway, lads!" cried I, "and we will speak her."

Under her stern we pulled, and up to the gangway where the crew were mustered at quarters. I stood up bareheaded in the stern-sheets and inquired of the sentinel on watch the name of the ship and her commander.

"H.M.S. *Hyacinth*, Captain May, from Valparaiso," he replied. I thanked him, and desired him to give my compliments to Captain May, and tell him that I was an Englishman just returning from a visit down the coast, and on the point of departure from Nuku-Hiva in a few days, and to

say that I would call on him in three hours' time when I had put my effects on shore, and made a fitting change of clothes.

When I went on board about sunset I met with one of the kindest and heartiest welcomes of my life. My own dear father—God bless him!—could not have received me better. I strove to set simply and earnestly before Captain May my affection for the island people, and my deep interest in their languages and legends, and in the tracing of their early ocean migrations, and my great desire to follow Stevenson's example, and render what services lay in my power to the natives, and those in authority over them, and to those who came to visit them, and look into their grievances.

I found the Captain a true and earnest Christian man, filled with a fine sense of duty, and, like the late Commander Goodenough, blessed with an excellent sympathy for native races. I told him of the well-meant, but spasmodic endeavours of the French officials to cope with the growing traffic in opium and strong liquors. I told him of certain cases of individual hardship, like that of Captain Hart, Stevenson's honest and kindly trader-friend, and the drunken native ruffian encouraged by private enemies to assault him, and force him into a quarrel to procure his arrest.

I told him of noble old Kekela, the Hawaiian pastor in Puamau, and of his rescue of Whalon, the American schooner's mate, from the hands of the savages. I told him of "Uncle Sam," Kekela's open-hearted eldest son, and his amiable family. I told him of poor solitary old Preedy, Kekela's neighbour, and

the cat-and-dog life he and the local gendarme were living together.

I told him of the generous and hospitable Keene brothers of Tahauku and Atuana, and of Hapuku, the Hawaiian missionary, and his tiny cure of souls in the same district. There was another Hawaiian teacher on the neighbouring island of Uapou, of whom we also spoke. His name was Kau-wea-aloha, the same good old pastor who met Stevenson at Taiohae, and who related to him the affecting story of Kekela's heroic rescue of the American mate, and of the recognition of this act of gallant charity by the gift of a gold watch, and a complimentary letter from President Lincoln, which, when at Puamau I had already enjoyed the privilege of seeing with my own eyes.

It is quite true what Stevenson observes in the record of his visit to the Marquesas, that the French priests upon whom lies the chief responsibility of religious work in these islands, regard, and long have regarded, these Hawaiian teachers askance, sometimes with chill aloofness of demeanour, sometimes by blunt and unkindly hints delivered through the civil authorities, which have made these good and honest native pastors feel that their proselytizing was regarded in the light of a liberty. I understood from Captain May that complaints had been received by the relations of these native teachers at Honolulu, that undue interference had been shown them in their work, and that various vexatious and unwarrantable restrictions had been thrown in their way, and that the main reason of the visit of the *Hyacinth* to these far-off islands was to set this matter right by temperate mediation.

As a sincere admirer of the noble endeavours of these French priests to rescue the Marquesan islanders from degradation, I here record my deep regret that anything in the nature of jealousy should be allowed to creep in between the bodies of Christian heroes, animated with such a noble spirit, fighting together side by side against such terrible odds in the great battle of Light with Darkness.

I most warmly concurred in the Captain's sentiments, having conceived a great respect and regard for Mr. Kekela, for his amiable family, and for his fellow-workers.

Next day Captain May went ashore and spoke plainly, firmly and masterfully on this subject, which friendly advice the good-natured French Resident took in very good part—others of the officials, I fancy, with a shade of umbrage.

Before I left I myself delivered my protest both to natives and their teachers, Catholic and Protestant alike, against the wretched *odium theologicum* that even in these far-off seas tends to mar the work of Christian men, who should be standing shoulder to shoulder together.

I spent a delightful Sunday on board the *Hyacinth*, and had much interesting conversation with officers and men. After the evening service the Captain delivered a right manful and noble sermon upon *Duty*, just like one of Amyas Leigh's or Sir Richard Grenville's addresses out of *Westward Ho!*¹ When I went soberly and thoughtfully ashore at a

¹ It concluded with the words of the immortal epitaph of the heroic defender of Lucknow: *Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty.*

rather late hour, I carried with me a letter to Princess Sabine, inviting her and her relations to come and visit the big ship on the following day at noon, and view the wonders of the white man's great floating city. I need not say how promptly and thankfully the kind invitation was accepted. Only dear old Queen Vaekehu, from shyness or modesty, preferred to stay on shore amongst her tiny round of religious duties with the good Priests and Sisters.

At the hour appointed we came off—all our little party in our best attire and in the very best of spirits. I introduced them all one by one to Captain May, and most cheerfully took upon myself the duty of interpreter and cicerone-in-chief, which I strove to fulfil with the utmost zeal and minuteness.

It was indeed a pleasure to translate their artless questions, couched in terms of great variety, their expressions of wonder and admiration at the marvels that met them on every hand, the decks hollystoned to an excellent whiteness, the shining brass fittings, the grim iron and steel instruments of devastation and death, grinning through each open port, the glittering stands of small arms, the twinkling bayonets, the maze of tapering spars and cordage overhead, the towering masts and funnels, the elaborate machinery, the bright uniforms, the exquisite neatness and order of all things alow and aloft, such as befits one of Her Majesty's great floating forts.

It was delightful to see the readiness of my little party to please and be pleased, and to mark the good Captain's pleasure in giving pleasure.

After the midday meal, which was a huge success, we showed them all over the ship, some of the guns,

both great and small, were pointed and fired, and after tea, at sunset, blue lights were burned, casting a weird enchantment over the scene. Then we took our guests into the state-room, where a goodly number of gifts were laid out, pretty dresses and bits of coloured calico for the women-folk, long knives and black pig-tail tobacco in plenty for the men and lads.

A few more speeches were delivered on either side, and duly rendered into English and Nuku-Hivan, and we pulled ashore.

Thus ended a wonderful and most exciting day. On the following morning, as the officers of the *Hyacinth* had accepted an invitation to visit one of the local chiefs the other side of the bay, I went on board, asked and promptly obtained permission to entertain a select body of blue-jackets to dinner ashore that evening at a little French restaurant, the proprietor of which had shown me some civility on my first visit to Taiohae.

So at sundown, ashore came Jack, with a petty officer or two, and a very interesting evening we spent together. The victuals were well up to the mark, the red wine was good, the cigars moderate, the coffee superb.

Enough yarns were spun to furnish a Rudyard Kipling with materials for a dozen magazine articles at least. Later on, a number of sea-songs, both sentimental and patriotic, were trolled forth with an extraordinary heartiness and volume of sound. This massive and concrete rendering of the works of Dibdin and other ocean bards, proceeded grandly onward and onward like a mighty march, to the very moderate appreciation, I fear, of the local gendar-

merie, sitting austereily silent on their palm-shaded verandahs along the sea-front, but I do confidently declare, to the inexpressible delight and gratification of a group of natives clustered outside, adding every now and then their shrill falsetto to the deep sonorous burden of each succeeding chorus. At last our Gallic host ran rusty, and rudely ordered us out. This churlish behaviour was reprov'd, and he was bidden to hold his peace, and not to interrupt the evening's harmony. Presently he grew very much excited indeed, and stood threatening us volubly with the terrors of a Contravention for *Tapage Nocturne*. At which we only laughed the more.

At last we thought it was cruel to tease the poor man any further, so I paid the reckoning, quite a moderate one, and saw my guests aboard at a decent hour, still in a very merry mood indeed, shaking their sides with laughter at the comic dénouement. I said farewell to Captain May, thanking him for all his kindness to me, and for his benevolent sympathy with the natives, and left with him several letters of introduction to Sam Kekela and his father at Puamau, and to several of the chiefs at Hiva-Oa, and early next morning the *Hyacinth* was steaming out of the bay, bound for the great Southern island, on the conclusion of her mission of peace and goodwill.

The next day but one, the long-expected *Tropic Bird* flitted in under a cloud of canvas.

After an affecting farewell with Queen Vaekehu and her people, and a friendly leave-taking with the French Resident and the now fully-reconciled officials, I conveyed my boxes and packages of assorted

curios and odds and ends of luggage on board, and, leaning over the bulwarks, as the beautiful craft glided from her moorings, all sail spread to the cool land-breeze sweeping down from the mountain highlands bathed in the sunset gold and amber of the dying day, I viewed the blue peaks of lofty Nukuhiva melt and melt into the soft evening haze.



POKER-WORK DESIGNS ON BAMBOO.
From Atuona, Hiva-Oa Island (S. Marquesas).

Appendix A

I. RAROTONGA : ITS PEOPLE AND ITS PRESENT CONDITION

THE people of the Cook or Hervey Group, which comprises the islands of Rarotonga, Aitutaki, Mangaia, Atiu, Mauke, and Miti-aro, together with nine lesser islets, form a connecting ethnic link between the polished Tahitian, and the ruder and more warlike New Zealander. All three races alike, and several others of the light-brown Ocean peoples, call themselves by the national name of Maori. Even the wild Marquesans style themselves Mao'i. The word is an adjective meaning *native, indigenous, aboriginal, autochthonous*. It is, undoubtedly, a Semitic word borrowed from the early Arab sea-rovers from Bassorah, who, as can be clearly shown from any intelligent study of the Ocean languages, formed more or less permanent settlements in Polynesia. The Arabic cognates of the word are—

Maulid : Nativity, birth, native land, birth-place ; and

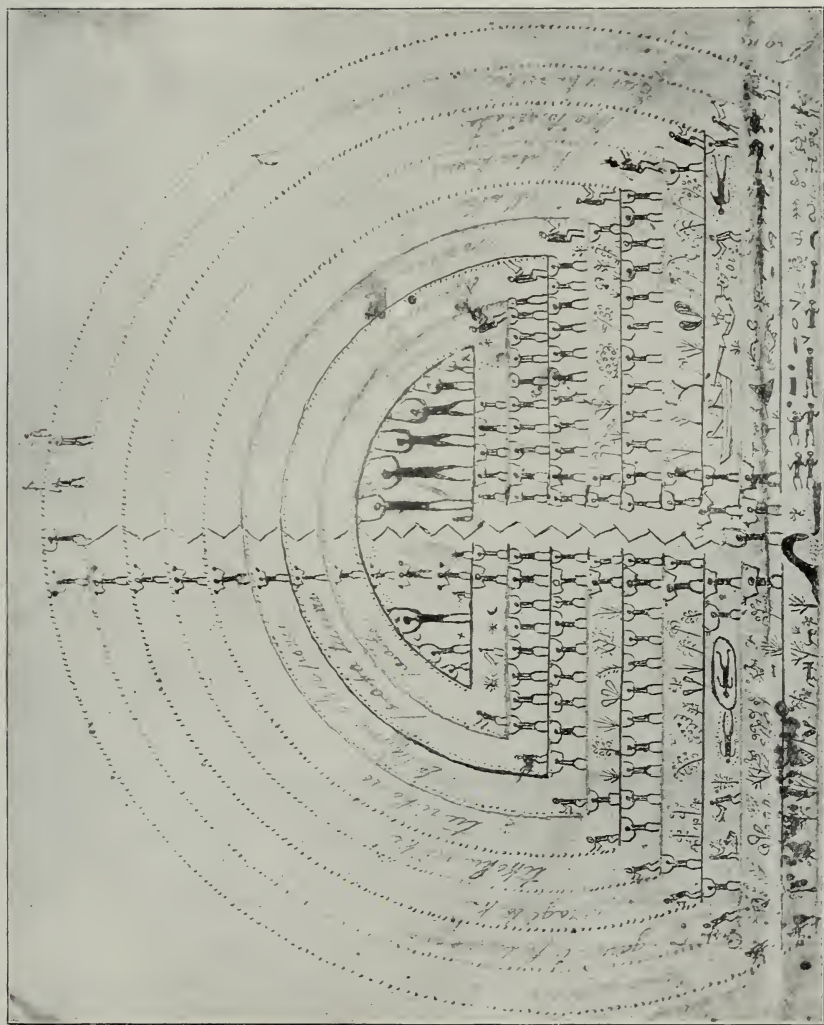
Ma-ulud : Born, generated, a son, birthday, nativity.

The history of the Christianizing, civilizing and progress of these Rarotongan Maori is the brightest chapter in the history of the South Seas. In 1823 the great and noble missionary, John Williams, found them a race of fierce warriors, sunk in dark and cruel superstitions—a mixture of Indian Siva-worship, apparently, with some Arab and Persian cultus of the Jinns and Peris—and addicted to civil wars and cannibal abominations. When he left them in 1834, there was not a house in Rarotonga where family-prayer was not observed morning and evening, and all over the group the

old evil customs had almost entirely disappeared under the influence of good sound Christian Church law. From 1851 to 1888 the Rev. W. Wyatt Gill continued the good work. In 1889 a British Protectorate was established over these islands, upon the invitation of the chiefs and people, and on October 8, 1900, Lord Ranfurly, the Governor of New Zealand, called at Rarotonga in H.M.S. *Mildura*, proclaimed British annexation to Queen Makea and her *Arikis* or nobles, and hoisted the Union Jack amidst great rejoicing. An Auckland newspaper gives eloquent witness of the present prosperity of this recent addition to the lands under the protection of the British flag.

"The Rarotongans are the most advanced of all the South Sea Islanders in European industrial civilization. They have become efficient artisans and mechanics; they build houses after the colonial type, also waggons and boats; they work extensive plantations and cotton gins. They cultivate largely oranges and limes; of the former they export vast quantities; from the limes, as they used to do in Tahiti, they express the juice and ship it in small barrels, some 2,000 gallons yearly being sent from the island. They also export cotton, coffee, dried bananas, arrowroot and copra. They thrive and are happy because free and unoppressed and at liberty to enjoy the fruits of their labour."

The Rarotongan Maoris, like their Samoan, Tongan and Fijian neighbours, are stalwart cricketers in their leisure moments. District cricket matches flourish exceedingly, to the very great benefit of all concerned, and have a most healthful influence in the wholesome rivalry they promote. They are not only industrious planters and builders and wood-carvers and cheerful, manly sportsmen, but very earnest supporters of their native church, both at home and in the foreign mission field. Over sixty of their evangelists have met their death whilst acting as missionaries to heathen tribes in New Guinea and the Melanesian Islands—a most noble record for a native church of less than 8,000 members, which seems to be destined to accomplish



A PIECE OF RAROTONGAN WOOD-CARVING

representing the tradition of the stealing of fire from the Sun (*Riti*) by Maui, the Polynesian Prometheus. It is probably a rude copy of an ancient hieroglyphical record, either Cushite, Babylonian or Egyptian. Possibly the original was a parchment.

some very notable work in the near future, if, as seems now very possible, the French Government can be prevailed upon to give these earnest native teachers a free hand to help their Hawaiian brothers in the rescue and civilization of the fast-perishing Marquesans, whose present lamentable condition is a fearful anxiety to thoughtful statesmen of the Land of the *Fleur-de-Lys*.

2. SOME ANTHROPOLOGICAL NOTES ON THE NATIVES OF TAHITI, THE PAUMOTUS AND THE MARQUESAS

The Tahitian men are generally fine stalwart fellows, some six feet in height, and even when they fail to reach this standard they are beautifully proportioned, and most of them might stand for sculptor's models. They are about the fairest complexioned of the Polynesian races, much more so, indeed, than their neighbours of Rarotonga, who—whilst the Tahitian presents somewhat of an Aryan type of feature, probably derived from some Java-Malay admixture—have retained a certain Persian or Arabian expression, coarsened a little by admixture with some rough and rude early non-Polynesian race stock. The Tahitian women, of whose charms some early voyagers have written so extravagantly, are pleasing rather than dazzlingly beautiful. The national disposition of both men and women alike is most kindly and amiable. They are most hospitable to strangers, and very fond of children, whether their own or other people's—it does not seem to matter much. From what I have seen of them, I should say that they appear to have a very good memory for a kindness shown, and a very happy and most laudable facility for dismissing the memory of a discourtesy, slight, or an injury done. And this, considering how much these simple folk have suffered from the white man in time past, I think is a very beautiful trait in their character. The Paumotans, of whom the wily Makatea voters and sober industrious Fakarava pearl divers are characteristic types, are a good deal darker in colour,

shorter and more wiry, and in character hard and prosaic, excellently practical in work and in business, and, as Stevenson very truly remarks, with a trace of something very much like religious asceticism in their nature, quite foreign to their indolent and pleasure-loving Tahitian cousins.

The King Pomare, about the time of the French Revolution, raised and supported a strong bodyguard of Paumotan islanders to strengthen his rule, and it became quite the fashionable thing in Tahiti to borrow words from the language of these Low Archipelago life-guards and royal-musketeers, as having something of a wild, impressive, barbaric ring, like a rolling Prussian adjective in the mouth of a dapper Parisian. For instance, the old word '*Ura*, for red, was dropped, and '*Ute*, the nearest a Tahitian could get to the Paumotan *Kute*, was substituted. It became no longer *comme il faut* to call the night *Po*. The Paumotan *Ruki* was called on to do duty in its place, and with the usual dislike of the Tahitian for "K," whether at the beginning or in the middle of a word, the new word was pronounced by the courtly jargonists and their imitators *Ru'i*. This is the extraordinary custom called *Te Pi*, or "sprinkling," which has made modern Tahitian into quite a strange new tongue. This, however, by the way. The Tahitian language has absorbed some Japanese words, probably from the crew of some shipwrecked junk. (Cf. *Pohe*, to die; Japanese *Bose*, Samoan *Pose* id.; *Ohure*, the hind-quarters, Japanese *Okure* id.] With their national tendency to luxury and a sort of culture, we may call the Tahitians the French or Greeks of the Pacific.

Leaving these queer, pawky Paumotan people, the Lowland Scotchmen of the Pacific, we come to the Marquesans, who, from the stern, wild mountainous configuration of their country, their wealth of striking tales full of gloomy horror and grandeur, their shy, shrinking, fiercely modest sense of honour and independence, may well be called Polynesian Highlanders. The men are great, tall, strapping carles, 5 feet 10 inches to 6 feet high, with faces tattooed

in gridiron pattern, blue on brown. Their complexion is a shade or two more towards yellow than the Tahitian olive. Crook, the missionary of Tahuata, calls them *tawny*. Herman Melville speaks of "a great yellow Marquesan." I should say that there was really a slight Japanese or Indo-Chinese mixture here, whether ancient or modern it is impossible to say. I noticed five Japanese words in their common speech, the first three of which are quite different to their equivalents in other Polynesian dialects.

Kakiu. Ancient. (Japanese *Kyu*, id.)

Tai. A generation. (Japanese *Dai*, id.)

Uta. A song, ballad. (Japanese *Uta*, id.)

Take. Depth. (Japanese *Take*, id.)

Paepae. A platform, pile of stones. (Japanese *Hae*, *Bae*, id.)

The Marquesan women are much smaller than the men, comely of feature, rather than positively lovely. But in figure they are delicately and beautifully moulded, like an old Greek model. Like their Tahitian brothers, the Marquesans are terribly afraid of the dark. Their fancy peoples the forest wilderness, the sites of old houses, and ancient high places, with murderous cannibal spectres, like vampires and ghouls, laying wait, like the wood-fiends and fen-fiends of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, to spring upon and wring the necks of the unwary. All the Eastern Polynesian men used to tattoo their bodies, especially round the loins, in patterns mostly taken from the coconut palm leaf. The Maoris of New Zealand tattoo their faces in spiral patterns, the Marquesans in three broad straight lines. The Marquesan women, like those of the Eastern Bedawin Arabs, tattoo their lips with a sort of gridiron pattern, in a tint like blue-black writing-ink.

Like the Tahitians, the Marquesans, hating to burn or bury the bodies of the notable dead, used to lay them to dry on scaffolding. The dried body, or mummy, was called in Tahitian *Tupapa'u*, in Rarotongan *Tupapaku*. The Parsees of Bombay have a like custom, exposing their dead to the open sky in their *Towers of Silence*.

It is interesting to note the different kinds of clothing in use in these three Eastern Polynesian groups of islands. In Tahiti, the dress of the men and women alike was a *Ti'puta*, or upper garment of grey, white or tinted native cloth, like a cape, with a hole left for the head to go through, resembling the *Poncho* or *Arauco* in Southern Chili. The lower garment, dropping from waist to mid-leg, considerably longer for women than for men, was called a *Pareu*, or *Pereue* (Sanskrit, *Pahrewa*, *Pahrawa*, clothes, garments).

On festivals, the women used to wear a sort of turban composed of some thirty feet of fine thin cables of human hair wound round and round their heads. This was called *Tamu* or *Tomu*. The Tahitian name for native cloth was *Ora'a* (Rarotongan *Oronga*). It was made of the beaten-out bark of the *Ao* or banyan tree, or of that of the paper-mulberry. The Marquesans called this cloth *Tapu*, and wore it either pure white, or tinted cream colour or bright yellow by a decoction of wild ginger root, or of the bark of the *Morinda* tree. The Samoans used to print their paper-mulberry cloth in beautiful patterns of black and white, by *Upeti*, or blocks. The Tahitians dyed and stained their cloth in pretty designs by hand alone, obtaining a splendid crimson dye from the yellowish berries of a tree called the *Mati*.

For ordinary work on the plantations, or out fishing in the lagoons, the Tahitians, Rarotongans and Marquesans alike wore a narrow waist band, or T-cloth of the Indian fig-tree or paper-mulberry bark, or else a more primitive covering still, of the long leaves of the *Dracaena*, strung so as to make a rough kilt. This they call *Maro* or *Ma'o*.

The Paumotan islanders, living on sun-scorched atolls, where the banyan and paper-mulberry were hardly ever seen, had to fall back on that good kind tree, the coconut palm, and like the Caroline islanders in the north, make shift with primitive kilts and plaited overalls made of the oven-baked and shell-slit filaments of the coconut palm leaf. This was universally the case in the remoter islets. Now and then, of course, Tahitian double canoes would run down



CHARACTERISTIC MARQUESAN PATTERN IN CARVING.

to places like Hao, Anaa or Makatea, and bring quantities of native cloth for barter. But as the enormous wealth of the Low Archipelago in pearl-shell became better and better known, more and more trading schooners, under half-caste or European captains, came down from Tahiti into these dangerous labyrinths, this maze of imperfectly charted coral reefs and rings, scattered over hundreds of leagues of ocean, bringing increasing cargoes of trade goods of every kind. The Paumotan islander, from Makatea to Mangareva, now has developed new tastes. The rarely-obtained luxuries of his forefathers have become his necessities. Sea-chests, coarse blue sailors' shirts and trousers, hammers and chisels, nails and long knives, all are well within his reach. And he works on at his pearl fisheries, well content, not always very eager to pay his debts, but in the main a thriving, hard-working, sober and industrious fellow.

In 1839 Commander Wilkes, of the U.S. exploring expedition, noticed a great difference between the rough rude people of Disappointment Island in the north-east, and in Raraku and Anaa nearer Tahiti, where native Protestant teachers had already introduced a very noticeable half-civilization. In those days the islands east of Hao were inclined to the murder of shipwrecked crews and to cannibalism. But now the old dark days have passed away.

It may interest artists to know that there is a pattern of leg and thigh tattooing in Anaa different from that of the other atolls. The design is very beautiful, and consists of faithfully rendered representations of sea-urchins and quaint zoophytes just like plates out of a naturalist's album.

3. TAHITIAN CANOES

When Europeans came to Tahiti, there were three sorts of vessels in use :—

(1) The *Va'a* or ordinary canoe of small size, called in other island dialects *Vaka* or *Waka*.

N.B.—In Java, a junk is called *Wangkang*. In Fiji, a canoe is *Wanga*, and in the Philippines *Banka*.

The root is the Sanskrit *Vah*, *Vak*, to convey, carry.

(2) The '*Arî'a* (Rarotongan *Karika*) or double canoe, each craft of the composite structure measuring some 60 or 70 feet in length, running up high in the stern, and lashed together like a Southern New Guinea *Laka-toi*, outrigger to outrigger, with a stout, broad platform held firm with myriads of strong cinnet-cord lashings, forming a substantial but yielding framework in between, on the top of which was built a primitive sort of deck-house, where the captain and his family lived. Not a single nail was used in these astonishing structures. Wooden pegs, and unnumbered thousands of coconut-fibre cord lashings, held everything in place, aloft and alow, tight and taut, ship-shape and Bristol fashion. To our modern engineers this model will recall that of the double steamer running between Calais and Dover.

(3) The *Pahi* or raft-boat, which somewhat resembled the *Balsa* of ancient Peru, and the catamarans of the Chatham Islands, also called *Pahi* by the natives, the construction of which allows the water to wash through the body of the vessel. Perhaps it has a closer likeness still to a Chinese junk, with its high latticed stern-work. Possibly some such wreck gave the natives the model, as tradition says was the case at Yap, in the Western Carolines. The Tahitian *Pahi* was often quite 80 feet in length, broad in the middle, very carefully and neatly planked over inside, forming a sort of rude bulkhead or inner casing and had a lofty carved stern rising up into one or two substantial posts, terminating in a quaint human form, in style recalling the grotesque figures on the Hydah totem-poles on Vancouver Island. Both the *Pahi* and the *Karika* were propelled by a huge '*I'e*, or mat-sail of pandanus-leaf, shaped like our shoulder-of-mutton sail. Their name for mast, *Tira* (Samoan *Tila*), recalls the Persian *Tir*, which means the very same thing. The big Polynesian ocean-going canoe, with its *Pora*, or deck-house, reminds one very much of the Bugis *Prahu* or sailing vessel described by the naturalist, Wallace, in which he went from



HEAD OF A MARQUESAN "KŪKŪ" OR WAR-CLUB.

Macassar to Arn. In North Celebes these vessels are called *Bolato*.

These two kinds of craft, already becoming fast obsolete in Captain Cook's time, were mostly built on the island of Borabora, or Porapora, near Raiatea, in the Leeward Group, over 100 miles away, so quite possibly the skill of its inhabitants in ship-building gave its name to this Polynesian Portsmouth: "The Land of the Big Deck House Canoes." A well-built *Pahi*, with a favourable wind, could sail 120 miles a day with ease.

In the early days of Polynesian nautical enterprise (about 1400 A.D. and earlier) they would make voyages of over a thousand miles at a time, taking the sun as their compass by day and the moon and stars by night, adapting the time of their sailings to the shifting of the trade wind, which they called *Fa'a-Rua*, in modern Tahitian *Ha'a-Piti*, "The wind that blows two ways," veering from north-east to south-west in its appointed season.

4. THE 'ARIOI OR STROLLING PLAYERS OF TAHITI

Both Captain Cook and Captain Wilson of *The Duff*, who followed him into these waters over a hundred years ago, alike bear witness to the existence of a society or guild in Tahiti, the rites of which recall the worst days of ancient Rome under her very worst Emperors. It was founded, so tradition says, by two princes of the olden time called *Oro-tetefa* and *Uru-tetefa*. It was divided up into carefully distinguished grades like a Freemasons' lodge. Only men and women of high and chiefly rank might belong to this grim fraternity. They lived lives of the most unbounded debauchery, the privileged favourites of King and Queen and Court, and would go for months and months together, from district to district, from island to island, from one end of the Society Group to the other, giving their *Hivas* or dramatic entertainments, pageants and tableaux of varying degrees

of grossness, similar to the more elaborate and polished productions of the early Javanese and Peruvian drama, which one cannot help fancying must all be pieces out of the same puzzle. From district to district, from island to island, these Strolling Players of the Brotherhood of Oro would go, eating up all the pigs and yams, and levying contributions at will on the common people, who dared not refuse them anything. Early voyagers and missionaries alike record with the deepest dismay and the justest abhorrence, the utterly abominable custom these 'Arioi had of murdering any child born to any woman of their fiendish company. I have, with some pains, discovered the origin of the name 'Arioi. It throws a lurid light on the character of some of the Asiatic explorers who must have visited this part of the Eastern Pacific prior to the Europeans.

In Maori, the word *Karioi* means debauched, profligate, good-for-nothing. In Marquesan, the equivalent is *Ka'ioi*. In Rarotongan, the adjective appears as *Kariei*. These are probably slightly worn-down forms of the Persian *Khara-bati*, which has precisely the same signification as the foregoing.

One is forced to the conclusion that the *Arabian Nights* stories of the voyages of Sindbad the Sailor were founded on a bed-rock of solid fact, and that Persian and Arab merchants, pirates and slave-traders, must have penetrated into these far-off waters, and brought their vile, effeminate luxury and shameful customs with them from Asia, of which transplanted iniquity, the parent soil half-forgotten, this word, like several others connected with revelry and vice, like a text in scarlet lettering, survives to this day like a plague-spot, leaving its grim witness on the soft island dialects.



CARVED ORNAMENT FOR MARQUESAN DANCING-STILTS.

5. THE VALLEYS OF THE MARQUESAS AND
THEIR CLANS

NORTHERN GROUP

NUKUHIVA

Valley or District.	Tribe or Clan.
Tai-o-Hae (scanty native population, some 60)	Ahunia Kikoe Pakiu Haavao Meau Hoata Oupa
Hakaui and Taioa (population about 150)	Tuuoho Namou-a-ii Kahee
Haapa (now almost entirely extinct) .	Kika Pokaa Naiki Tatai-i-vau Matahua Tekia Te-whi-tua
Aakapa (only number some 40 souls).	Ati-toka Po-iva Manu
Hakaehu	Pua Naiki

The above tribes are called Teii-nui-a-Haku. They use the *k* in their dialect. The tribes below, who occupy the rest of the island, are called Taipi-nui-a-Vaku, and use *ng* in their dialect instead of *k*. Cf. Taipi *Hanga*, a bay or deep inlet. Nuku-Hiva (all other districts), *Haka*, id. Hiva-Oa, *Hana*. Fatu-Hiva, *Hana*, id.

Taipi-Vai (now almost depopulated by Ei-ee

Valley or District.	Tribe or Clan.
small-pox. Mehevi's clan, mentioned in Herman Melville's <i>Typee</i>)	Ati-heuu Katuoho Po-iva Puhi-kua Manati
Houmi (about 60 people). United name of Houmi people, Te-Ava-Aki)	Ati-hi-au-ei Te-noho-kaavai Te-kahu-nou
Haatuatua (scanty population) . . .	Hae-eka Ati-kua Mavaepu
Anahu (10 or 12 surviving) . . .	Koniho
Hatiehu (wide valley of some 120 inhabitants, mostly living far inland)	Ati-kea Puhi-oho Ati-puku Tapatea Tuu-oho

UAUNA (Washington Island)

Vaipae (about 70 inhabitants). Also called Invisible Bay)	Naiki Vaetahi Tuhi-pipi
Hane	Titi-tea
Vainaonao (now extinct)	Ati-kao
Hokatu	Maku-oho
Hana-ei (migrated <i>en masse</i> to Hokatu) .	Noho-kea

UAPOU

Hakahau	Naiki
Hohoi	Tavaka
Kakatao	Te-ahi-pateo
Hakamaii	Ahu-tai
Hakahetau	Poau
Hakakuti	Tua-tai

Other valleys are Paaumua, Hikeu, Oneou, and Hakanahi.

EIAO, now uninhabited; it was formerly held by the Tuametaki clan. The sunken land of Toko-eva, now known as Clarke's Reef, once was a populous land.



ARMLET OF CARVED BAMBOO.

(S. Marquesas.)

SOUTHERN GROUP

HIVA-OA (or Dominica)

Valley or District.	Tribes or Clans,
Atuona	Naiki Papuaei Te-Aai
Hanaupe	Kua-i-te-oho
Hekeani	Ati-kea Tiaha Hatua
Puamau (well populated; about 450 inhabitants)	Pahatai and two others
Nahoe	Putio
Hanahi	Ati-pae
Hanapaoa	Etu-oho
Hanatikua	Tafati
Hana-iapa (seaward)	Uaivi
„ (inland)	Haai
Hanamenu	Piina
Taoa	Tiu

MOHO-TANI

now uninhabited; formerly held by the clan Moi-a-tiu.

TAHUATA

Vaitahu	Hema
Hapatone	Taiuoho
Hanateio	Ati-kua
Hanatetena	Kua-i-te-oho
Haaopu	Mioi
Motopu	Uavau

FATU-HIVA (Magdalena)

Hanavave	Eva-eva Moota
Hanateone	At-panu
Omoa	Anainoa
Hanamoohe	Taioa
Hanahoua	Kua-i-te-oho

Population of Marquesas Group some 4,300, of whom 60 are Government officials or French settlers and 60 other foreigners, with a few Chinese traders.

6. MARQUESAN TAPUS OR PROHIBITIONS

There were thirteen important ones relating to women, besides a host of minor ones.

(1) It was formerly forbidden to women to eat bonito, squid, *Popii* and *Kochi*.

(2) Women might not go in a canoe.

(3) Women might not climb on top of the platform of any sacred enclosure.

(4) Red and dark blue clothes were prohibited.

(5) Tobacco was not to be smoked inside the house.

(6) Mats were not to be carried on the head or in the hands, but to be dragged along the ground.

(7) Women might not eat bananas, fresh bread-fruit, or coconuts.

(8) Many sorts of fish were also *tapu* to women, also pigs of a brown colour, goats and fowls.

(9) The *Kuavena* fish was *tapu* to the fishermen; also the *Peata*, a sort of shark.

(10) Children might not carry one another pick-a-back.

(11) Human hair when cut off was not to be thrown on the ground, for fear of being trodden on, or of any evil-minded person securing it for the purpose of uttering a curse over it.

(12) Weeping was forbidden formerly under severe penalties. Compare the remarks of Mr. Murdstone the Austere, in *David Copperfield*, on the subject of firmness and woman's self-control. Strange how great minds all think alike.

(13) Women might not eat in company with men.

The above list refers to Nukuhiva; all *tapus* were abrogated when Te-moana married Vaekehu, upon which joyful occasion one of the French priests wrote a very cheery



SIDE-VIEW OF CARVED ORNAMENT OF MARQUESAN
DANCING-STILTS.

Marquesan ballad in the delightfully primitive Kalevala metre of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*.

IN SOUTH MARQUESAS

There was a class of old men called *Taua*,¹ who were forbidden to do any kind of work, because of some sacred character attaching to them.

Three *tapu* fishes were—

- (1) The *Moko*, a species of shark, was *tapu* in Hekeani.
- (2) The *Pukoko*, a small red fish, *tapu* in Uapou.
- (3) The *Heimanu*, or sting-ray, *tapu* in Taipi Valley as the emblem of the local spirit or *δαίμων*, Upe-Ouoho.

7. MARQUESAN PLANTS AND TREES

The following is the result of a few months' observation in the islands of Hiva-Oa and Tahuata in the Southern Marquesas, otherwise called Dominica and Santa Christina, and in the islands of Nukuhiva and Uauka in the Northern Group.

The difference in climate is noticeable between the Northern and Southern Group, the former hot and arid with a scanty rainfall; the latter hot and moist with a better supply of running water.

Ferns and mosses abound on the plateaus and on the mountain passes and clefts of the rock. Amongst the forest trees are the *Hutu* (*Barringtonia speciosa*), whose fruit in South-West Polynesia is used for stupefying fish; the *Maii*, the Samoan *Malili*, a tall hardwood tree with small lilac flowers and oblong edible fruit. The usual timber trees of the high basaltic islands of the Pacific are well represented here, as the following list will show.

LIST OF MARQUESAN TREES AND PLANTS

Tamanu. *Callophyllum inophyllum*.

Ihi. *Inocarpus edulis*. Native chestnut.

Ehi, Eehi. *Cocos nucifera*. Coco palm.

¹ In Rarotongan *Taura-atua*, a wizard. Samoan *Taula-aitu*, i.e. one who held spirits on a leash or string. *Taula*=*Taura*.

Mei. *Artocarpus*. Bread-fruit tree, of which there are thirty-three varieties.

In Tongan *Mei* is the bread-fruit. The Caroline Islands word is *Mai*. In the Marshall Islands it is *Mi* or *Mei*.

Mei-Kuukou.

„ Maoi.
 „ Autea.
 „ Koufau.
 „ Mohomoho.
 „ Vevee.
 „ Tapaa.
 „ Orihuu.
 „ Kuuvahane.
 „ Puahi.
 „ Pipi.
 „ Haapuau.
 „ Fafaua.
 „ Otai.
 „ Auena.
 „ Hetutu.
 „ Maie.

Mei-Pupupi.

„ Koka.
 „ Hinu.
 „ Takaha.
 „ Tona.
 „ Tataatoetoe.
 „ Ouape.
 „ Hoi.
 „ Piohe.
 „ Mapua.
 „ Uea.
 „ Movai.
 „ Tioe.
 „ Kakano-koe.
 „ Piti.
 „ Pitaetae.
 „ Teve.

Ehi. There are ten varieties of coco-nut palm. The general word for the tree in Polynesian is *Niu*, but on Futuna the *flowers* of the coconut-palm are called *Efi* or *Efiefi*.

Varieties,

Ehi-Panu.

„ Kuakua.
 „ Hatetea.
 „ Uhiau.
 „ Niu-manao.

Ehi-Auoi.

„ Kokotahi.
 „ Kata.
 „ Kivakiva.
 „ Kaha.

Fau { The hibiscus, of which there are four varieties. (In
Hau { Malayan *Baru*, *Waru*, id., in the Philippines
Bagu.)

Fau-tea

„ tua-panu
 „ kua

} Also *Fau-Fee*, the lace-bark tree, resembling a poplar in miniature.

To. The sugar cane, of which there are seven varieties.
(In Malay *Tobu*, *Tubbu*, id; in Fijian *Ndovu*.)

To-Oniho.	To-Uaua.
„ Tovae.	„ Kua.
„ Pau.	„ Maoi.
„ Vevemai.	

Huetu. The mountain plantain.

Ti. The cordyline (numerous varieties).

Pua-uhi. The yam (*Dioscorea*). (*Uhi*, Malayan *Ubi*, id.)

Five varieties.

Puauhi-Maoi.	Puauhi-Peai.
„ Kua.	„ Maio.
„ Taa.	

Meika }
Meia } The banana (*Musa*).

These are some of the numerous varieties of the
Marquesan banana.

Meia Maoi.

„ Onua.
„ Kina. The China banana.
„ Pime.
„ Paafatu.
„ Pemu
„ Tapaahi.
„ Niho-pifa. Literally Cattle-horn, a large variety.
Cf. Malay *Tandok-Sapi*, the ox-horn Banana.
„ Tataa-i-vao.
„ Pako.
„ Puko-kiva.

Ta'o. The taro (*Arum esculentum*).

Tao-Maoi, with whitish stalks.

„ Poke, large variety, purple stalks.
„ Nehu, with reddish-brown stalks.
„ Faafaa.
„ Kua, with light red stalks and red veinings.

Eva. A poison-tree (*Cerbera lactaria*).

Faa }
Haa } The pandanus or screw palm.

Varieties.

Haa-kua }
Haa-pua }
Haa-uouo }

Haa-hoka = The pineapple.

Kiekie. The *Freycinetia*—a miniature pandanus.

Hukou }
Kokou } A bush plant used for garlands.

Vei-pu-hau. A plant with sweet smelling leaves.

Pivao. A weed with greenish sweet-scented flowers.

LIST OF MARQUESAN TREES AND PLANTS

Vahane } (cf. Javanese *Wohan*, a palm).

Vahake } The fan palm; used extensively in thatching.

Puu-epu }
Ko-epu } A variety of wild mulberry.

Nihonihokioe. A weed with a minute yellow flower.

Literally "The Rat Tooth."

Oumoo.

Amatea.

Tutu.

Kaupe.

Tevai.

Inaina.

Kou-aiki.

Pua-momona.

Puu-manini.

Maii-pahu.

Inou.

Moto.

Kekeevaemoa.

Apaapa-koeo. The hart's tongue fern.

Puu-hamoa. The umbrella or parasol fern.

- Uu-fenua. A variety of *adiantum* or maidenhair fern.
 Aki-aki-vao. A variety of *adiantum*.
 Ena }
 Eka } The turmeric or native ginger.
 Kavapui. A variety of the same.
 Kava. The *Piper Methysticum*.
 Kavakava-atua. A wild variety of the same.
 Manamana-o-hina. A common fern found on the plateaus.
 Moopio.
 Papa-moko. A large variety of *polypodium* fern.
 Paahei. The tree fern ; applied also to any large fern.
 Niapa.
 Puakakaa.
 Pua. A large tree with sweet-scented white flowers ; a
 sort of Gardenia.
 Opini.
 Auona.
 Kaiki.
 Tataiahue.
 Pipio.
 Kohepumu.
 Paaotio.
 Imu-topea }
 Imu-omiha } Varieties of sea-weed.
 Pimata.
 Tukuu.
 Mou'u. A rush. (Maori *Mauku*.)
 Mutie. Grass, herbage.
 Ama. The candle nut tree (*Aleurites triloba*).
 Ape }
 Kape } The giant taro (*Arum costatum*). (In the Philip-
 pines *Gabe*, id.)
 Kouna. A handsome tree with red tasselled flowers and
 fleshy lobed leaves—found on Hiva-Oa plateau.
 Piapiau }
 Katea } Two shrubs common on the plateaus.
 Otio.
 Memau.

- Poepoe.
'Ata. The *Rata* of New Zealand (*Metrosideros*, sp.).
Tamu-nui.
Fena.
Taiu.
Navai.
Maha-tuhi.
Maha-poa.
Taanui.
Auhinu.
Pikohe.
Kokepu.
Auketaha.
Puàhi. The sandalwood. (Samoan 'Asi, id.)
Hemeie.
Pua-'maoi. A sort of gardenia.
Mootuaivi.
Moho.
Hona.
Paanao.
Naupata. A sort of cress.
Kou-aiki.
Puka-tea. A large soft-wood tree.
Auiki.
Kouta.
Kiki.
Papapa. A sort of convolvulus.
Paavatua.
Puu-komoa.
Enu.
Autahi.
Vaevai-punae.
Atea.
Pohue. A sort of convolvulus.
Keekee-i-nau.
Ikeike.
Mahi. The water-cress.



[Copied by permission at the Kew Gardens Botanical Library.]

THE "EUGENIA MALACCENSIS" OR "MALAY-APPLE."

The *Nono* of Tahiti, the *Kéhia* of the Marquesas, and the *Ohia* of Hawaii. The flowers are crimson, sometimes almost purple. The apple is deep pink in colour. Some varieties are pale white, with only a faint pink suffusion.

- Maii. A large handsome tree, round leaves, edible fruit.
- Tou. The bastard ebony—medicinal leaves. Wood used for making bowls. Small scarlet bell-shaped flowers. The *Kanawa* of the Gilbert Islands.
- Kenae } A tree with prickly boughs and bright scarlet
Netae } blossoms. (Samoan *Ngatae*, id.)
- Toa. The iron-wood or *Casuarina*.
- Mio. The rose-wood. (*Thespesia populnea*.) (Polynesian *Milo*, *Miro*.)
- Kokuu. A handsome tree with pinnate leaves. Firm white wood; berries used extensively for produce of an oil of superior quality.
- Kehia' } (*Eugenia malaccensis*.) A variety of rose-apple
Kehika } with very beautiful purple tasselled flowers and delicious fruit; leaves covered with curious little light-coloured lumps caused by some gall insect.
- Tikapa. A sweet-scented fern used for necklaces.
- Keoho. A thorny shrub with reddish-brown seed vessels.
- Peni. The annatto plant.
- Muna. A bush creeper.
- Purupuru }
Uruuru } The cotton plant.
- Maimai. The tobacco plant and its product.
- Makomako. A shrub with yellow odourless flowers and a leaf like sage.
- Paatoatoa. A peculiar weed with long filaments, which grows on old tree trunks.
- Vaianu. A weed with fleshy leaves which grows in bunches on stems of trees.
- Paaha.
- Kokou. A plant with leaves like those of tobacco-plant, producing a yellow sweet-scented fruit.
- Niou. A weed with yellowish strong-scented flowers.
- Neva. The capsicum or bird pepper.
- Hutu. The *Barringtonia*. A large handsome tree with

long broad leaves and beautiful crimson tasselled flowers. Fruit a narcotic poison; used to stupefy fish.

Kohe. The bamboo.

Kakaho. The reed-grass.

Taie. The umbrella tree. (Polynesian *Talie*, *Tarie*; Philippine Islands *Talisai*, id.)

Vi. The native apple; a tree of high growth with leaves like an ash-tree, and acid orange-coloured fruit. (*Spondias Dulcis*.)

Onaona. The nettle.

Hue-iki. The parasol fern.

N.B. Stages of the Coconut —

Koie. Early stage.

U'e. A drinking nut.

Kahukahu. A nut with kernel developed.

Ehi-ua. When very little water is left within.

Titio

Titipu } A sprouting nut. On Uapou *Uto*.

Tupu }

Fano }

Hako } An empty nut.

Puoo }

Pororo } A nut with kernel solid, fully developed, and fit for making copra.

Tikapa-kuee. A small delicate variety of hart's tongue fern (on Nukuhiva).

Puaika-vehinehae. Fungus (literally *Devil's ear*).

Kumaa } The sweet potato (cf. Polynesian *Kumara*,
'Umaa } *Umara*, id., and Peruvian *Kumara*, a potato).

Eita }

Teita } Weeds in general.

Hopa. Name of a common weed.

Tipoo } The citron or lime (cf. Tahitian *Taporo*; Samoan
Hitoo } *Tipolo*, id.).

Hoi. A bush plant with black berries.

Kouaii. The name of the Maii tree on Hiva-Oa.

Nahaohao. A sort of coarse grass.

Teve. An acrid root.

Pia. The arrowroot.

Tarepota. Wild mustard or China cabbage.

Vaovao. A tree with sweet-scented bluish flowers.

Vaipuhao. A plant with scented leaves.

8. MARQUESAN SHELLS, FERNS AND MOSSES

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
TECHNICAL EDUCATION BRANCH,
THE TECHNOLOGICAL MUSEUM, SYDNEY,

August 14, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—

The names of the shells from the Marquesas Islands are as follows:—

(1) *Navicella macrocephala* (Le Guillon) found in fresh water in the valley of Hatiheu, *Pipi Vai*.

(2) *Neritina brevispina* (Lamk), *ditto* (Covered with little blunt horns or spines. Found also on Kusaie in Eastern Carolines.)

(3) *Cerithium petrosum* (Wood), a sea shell.

(4) *Partula umbilicata* (Pease), a land shell from the Island of Raiatea.

Yours truly,

(Signed) J. H. MAIDEN,

Superintendent.

FERNS

Report from Royal Gardens, Kew.

Ferns from Hiva-Oa, Marquesas Islands, collected by F. W. Christian, Esq., March, 1899.

Gleichenia dichotoma, Hook.

Davallia tenuifolia, S.W.

Hymenophyllum dilatatum, S.W.

Lindsaya lobata, Poir.

Pteris scaberula, A. Rich.

„ *incisa*, Thunb.

Lomaria procera, Spreng.

Asplenium horridum, Kaulf.

„ *membranaceum*, Mett.(?)

„ *aristatum*, S.W.

MOSESSES.

Lycopodium cernuum, L.

Selaginella mensiesii, Spring.

9. NOTES ON (a) AREA AND POPULATION OF (1) TAHITI, (2) THE PAUMOTU OR LOW ARCHIPELAGO, AND (3) THE N. AND S. MARQUESAS. (b) CLIMATE AND PREVAILING WINDS OF THESE THREE GROUPS

(a) AREA AND POPULATION STATISTICS

(1) Tahiti, 104,215 hectares, or 260,530 acres.

Perimeter of island 191 kilometres, or about 113 miles.

Population.—9,300 natives and half-castes.

600 French officials, and settlers and garrison.

350 other Europeans.

200 Americans.

300 Chinese.

10,750

The principal town is Papeete. Population (native and European), 4,150.

Moorea. Native population about 1,600.

Of the 104,215 hectares in Tahiti, 489 (i.e., about 1,220 acres) are under cultivation, viz., 186 (about 465 acres) in vanilla, 133 (332 acres) in sugar-cane, 129 (322 acres) in cotton, and 41 (102 acres) in coffee.

In Moorea 169 hectares (about 420 acres) are in cotton, 18 (45 acres) in coffee, 5 (12½ acres) in vanilla. Total 192 (about 480 acres).

Three times in the year from the port of Bordeaux, sailing vessels belonging to the important trading firm of Tandonnet leave for Tahiti via the Cape of Good Hope



THE LATE QUEEN POMARE OF TAHITI.

or Cape Horn, taking three or four months on their journey. They load up with coal, timber, wines, provisions and cotton goods, etc., and bring back copra, vanilla and mother-of-pearl for the European markets.

(2) The Paumotu, Tuamotu, or Low Archipelago is about 250 leagues in length, and contains some eighty islands of low coralline formation, surrounded by fringing reefs of every possible shape between the broken circle, the oval and the horse-shoe form. In 1899, Agassiz in the U.S. *Albatross* (Commander Mower) visited Rairoa, Tikehau, Mataiwa, and Makatea, where he particularly notices the tertiary limestone formation, which in time past seems to have formed a sort of natural sea-wall on the northern side of these islands, of which now in most cases only traces remain. According to Agassiz, the island of Makatea, the westernmost of the Paumotu group, is composed of the very same elevated coralliferous limestone so characteristic of the petrology of the islands of Mango, Thithia, Kambara, and Vatu Vara in the Fiji Group.

It is a remarkable geological fact that the two extreme points in a group of such exceedingly low-lying islets as the Paumotus, viz., Makatea, an elevated island of tertiary limestone (nearly 200 feet high) on the west, and the Gambier Group, a bunch of basaltic islands of considerable height on the east, should offer such a striking contrast in formation to the islands lying between.

The population of the Paumotu or Tuamotu Group is some 4,000, some of whom are Catholics, some Protestants, and some of the Mormon persuasion.

Fakarava or Wittgenstein Island (200 inhabitants) is the centre of government.

Anaa (pop. 480), is the most thickly inhabited. The pearl-shell is poor. Copra mainly exported.

Rairoa or Rangiroa atoll is 75 kilometres in length, and is rich in pearl-shell of a fine quality.

Other islands on which pearl-shell is abundant and good are Kaukura, Hikueru, Makemo, and Hao.

In 1903 a terrible cyclone, accompanied by a great tidal wave, burst over the Paumotus, destroying hundreds of lives, causing grievous destruction to the buildings and houses and uprooting a great part of the coconut palms, from the effects of which the islands are only just recovering. At the eastern extremity of the Paumotus lies the Gambier Group, comprising four inhabited and six uninhabited islands of volcanic formation. The names of the former are Mangareva, Taravai, Hakamaru and Aukena. They are under a separate administration.

The population is about 580. Principal port Rikitea (on Mangareva). Mangareva was the scene of the labours of that great Christian hero, the Catholic Bishop Axierri, for the love of whom, the congregation of the principal church, by their united labour, adorned it with a magnificent altar wholly composed of mother-of-pearl—a wonderful monument of native taste, skilled workmanship, and devoted gratitude.

(3) The Marquesas Islands.

Area some 12,500 square kilometres.

Nuku-Hiva 32 k. long, 19 k. broad, 100 k. in circuit.

Hiva-Oa, 39 k. from east to west, 19 k. from north to south.

Highest peaks *Mouna-'Oa* (Hiva-Oa), about 3,780 feet

A hill on Uapou „ 3,570 „

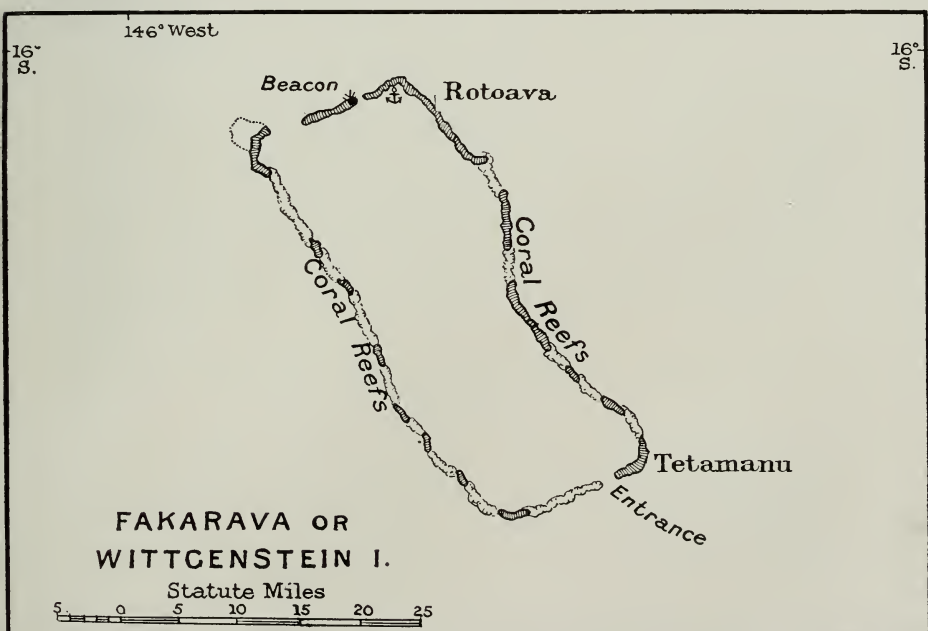
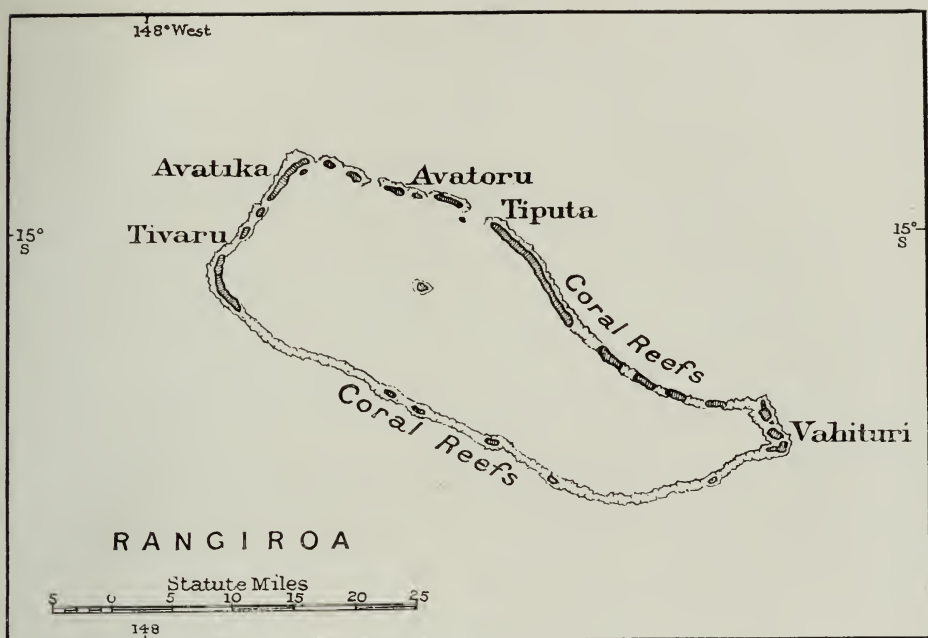
A hill on Nuku-Hiva „ 3,534 „

Four years ago the population was about 4,300, of which 60 are French officials and settlers, and 60 other Europeans and a few Chinese traders. There are about 600 nominally Protestant natives in the Marquesas, under the care of three Hawaiian native teachers, two on Hiva-Oa and one upon Uapou.

(b) METEOROLOGICAL DATA

Climate and Prevailing Winds in Tahiti.

Period of Hot and Moist Season.—January to the end of April, characterized by calms and frequent heavy rains.



RANGIROA AND FAKARAVA.

(Fakarava Lagoon is an excellent place for careening a vessel for repairs.)

This is the time of the NNE. and NNW. monsoon or trade-wind.

Highest reading of Thermometer 33° (Centigrade).

Period of Cool and Dry Season.—May to October.

From May to August the SE. trade-wind blows. The Tahitians call the trades the *Haa-Piti*, the Rarotongans, the *Aka-Rua*, i.e., The wind that blows both ways, from its veering from NW. to SE., according to the season.

From September to December the prevailing quarter of the wind is due east.

Lowest reading of thermometer at this season 15° (Centigrade).

Climate of Paumotus. Much the same as in Tahiti, only rather dryer and hotter. Prevailing winds and their seasons almost identical.

Climate and Prevailing Winds in the Marquesas

October to April.—Hot, occasional rains.

Period of ENE. trade-wind.

April to October.—Very dry.

Period of ESE. trade-wind.

N.B.—The highest reading of the thermometer, as in Tahiti is recorded as 33° Centigrade, and the lowest as 23° Centigrade, or eight degrees higher mean temperature than on Tahiti, which is to be explained by the facts (1) that the Marquesas Islands lie about 850 miles nearer to the line; (2) that the rainy season in the Marquesas, especially in the northern islands, has been growing very scanty of late years, and many of the water springs are drying up.

10. TRADE-NOTES ON TAHITIAN IMPORTS AND EXPORTS

According to the report of Consul Simons for the year 1906, notwithstanding some commercial depression from the late disastrous cyclone in the Paumotus, the aggregate trade of the Society Islands shows an increase of £23,024 over that of the preceding year.

The total imports into Tahiti in 1896 amounted to £109,851.

The United States heads the list with goods to the value of £52,963, mainly bread stuffs, cotton and woollen goods, groceries and provisions, ironmongery and hardware.

Great Britain and her colonies sent £34,985 worth of goods, of which nearly a third was the consignment of groceries and provisions from New Zealand.

Imports from France and her colonies amounted to £15,072; and Germany sent goods to the value of £1,836.

There is a brisk demand for British muslins and the Manchester goods known as *barfts*, lengths of printed cotton, used for making the Tahitian *Parau*, loin-cloth or native kilt.

EXPORTS

The exports of Tahiti for the year 1906 amounted to the value of £147,233, principally consisting of copra, mother-of-pearl shells, and vanilla.

The proportional values are—

Copra	.	.	.	6,015 tons	.	.	£84,209
Pearl-shell.	.	.	.	386	„	.	26,243
Vanilla	.	.	.	135½	„	.	21,659

£121,111

A small quantity of baled cotton, 24 tons, was shipped to the United Kingdom, value £1,052.

Other items were beche-de-mer, or trepang, to value of £2,122.

Entire coconuts (to San Francisco), value £3,747.

Oranges (to New Zealand), £1,118.

Fungus (mainly from Marquesas and Raiatea), £864.

The demand in Europe for the commoner quality of pearl-shell has fallen, and caused much anxiety in Tahiti amongst the business firms; but the prospects of vanilla are good, and also for copra, as the coconut palms are beginning to recover from the recent tornado.

The figures of Tahitian commerce for the year 1907 are—

Exports	£145,598
Imports	£133,272

According to Count Jouffroy D'Abbans, the Consul-General for France at Liverpool, several American citizens of late years have been taking up land in Tahiti, which should sooner or later improve the prospects of the cotton lands and vanilla patches. The example of Mr. White over in Moorea, shows very clearly what may be done, even on a small scale, by such energetic settlers starting on a small capital.

II. SUPPLEMENT TO TRADE NOTES

In the brief account furnished to the last Paris Exhibition of products of the French colonies in Oceania, a French writer deeply deplores the decadence of the cotton industry in the Marquesas, and the growing death-rate amongst the natives which so much alarmed R. L. Stevenson in 1888. I here beg leave to emphasize his remarks.

Future reformers amongst those whom France sends to rule in those distant islands, remembering the heavy responsibility of their position, should endeavour, with might and main, to rouse these poor islanders from their apathy, born of opium, strong drink, and vicious practices, which has so terribly unfitted them for honest hard work or sustained exertion of any sort, and should use their utmost endeavour, with a kind firmness, to face, to fight against, and to put down the evils which threaten the scanty remnant of the population yet surviving, and should take their stand on the side of right, armed with the sanction of the State with ampler powers of discretion to encourage honest labour and innocent recreation. This work, I do confidently affirm, could be readily accomplished by settling a certain number of native pastors from Hawaii and Rarotonga in the out-lying settlements and valleys, where they would be able to use their influence best in bringing the natives under a wise, mild and firm Church law. These teachers might

be permitted to bring a fixed number of their relations with them, who might be also encouraged to intermarry with the people of the land. This would impart fresh vigour to the worn-out and effete national life, now tottering to its downfall. This would add a wholesome stiffening to the Marquesan race-stock, and in about half a generation we should see the appalling death-rate decrease, and the birth-rate moving steadily up to the normal. We should see the wise and good regulations of missionary Church law, which amongst these Hawaiians and Rarotongans has operated so effectually to combat like social evils, and consequent race-degeneration, in these more favoured islands. This experiment calls most urgently for a speedy trial, unless, to speak plainly and bluntly, our good French neighbours wish to see the fertile valleys of a very promising ocean colony lapse into a horrible howling wilderness.

Appendix B

I. INTRODUCTORY REMARKS TO COMPARATIVE TABLE

Following the example of Wallace in his Appendix to *The Malay Archipelago*, I have endeavoured, upon the same lines laid down in my large comparative table of 450 words in the Micronesian dialects, now in the archives of the Polynesian Society of New Zealand, to put on record a less pretentious tabulation of the dialects of Eastern Polynesia, showing the intrusion into their area of at least three civilized races from Asia by way of the Malay Archipelago and Micronesia in the north, and by way of Madagascar and New Zealand in the S.W. I have included the languages of Samoa and the Gilbert or Line Islands, which are not in the Eastern Polynesian division, because I thought that the comparison of the key-words would be instructive to scholars, notwithstanding their frequent divergencies, because they clearly show the traces of the influence of Malay immigration within comparatively recent times by way of the Caroline and the Marshall Islands. The Samoan, the westernmost of these dialects, presents a certain relationship with the languages of Java and the Philippines, especially in its chiefly and courtly language, which present an attractive field of investigation to the first Dutch and German philologist, who, with the rich materials lying ready to his hand, deems it worth while to enter further into this particular line of inquiry. The languages of Nuku-Oro, to the south of the Mortlocks, and of Ongtong, Java, further eastward, marks plainly the halting-places of this considerable, and quite recent Molucca-Malay exodus.

To make this comparative table of key-words still weightier evidence upon the history of these recent and modern migrations from Asia into the South Sea islands, I confidently look forward to the addition by some leisured explorer and philologist of corresponding words from the dialects of Rurutu and Rimatira, Tupuai and Raivava'e in the Austral Group, which will form a valuable connecting link between the Tahitian and Rarotongan, also of words from the languages spoken upon Rapa-Iti, or Rapa the Less, a small island studded with ancient hill forts and relics of a former civilization, which also lies under the French administration, and from the dialect of Rapa-Nui or Easter Island, the fragments of which still surviving, appear to be akin to the Mangarevan.

A vocabulary of the language of Mangareva, the principal island of the Gambier Group, the scene of the labours of that great Christian hero, the French Catholic Bishop Axiérri, lying as it does at the eastern extremity of the Paumotu or Low Archipelago, has been presented by the good Bishop, its author, to the Polynesian Society of New Zealand, and indeed is a unique and priceless document, forming a connecting link, as it does, between the languages of Tahiti and the Marquesas.

The speech of the natives inhabiting the eighty islets of the Paumotus, the Tuamotus or Low Archipelago, which lies in between Tahiti and the Marquesas, appears to have been crossed by that of immigrants of the Sundanese-Java stock from some castaway galley, and to contain certain Melanesian and possibly Canarese or South Indian elements. The grammar is Maori-Polynesian, the numerals a graft of Sunda-Javanese upon a primitive non-Polynesian stock, to which many of the words of objects of nature and things in common use also appear to belong. The Marquesan has suffered terrible phonetic decay, dropping the *r* and *l* sound almost entirely, sometimes the *k* sound as well, which may be taken as a proof of the decadence of people and language together, owing to long ocean isolation. Part

of the population evidently came from the Hawaiian Islands, as the language clearly shows. They have also, like the Hawaiian Islanders, preserved many ancient traditions, amidst the wreck of the national character amongst their most unhappy surroundings, with most astonishing clearness and elaborateness of detail. The power of memory shown by the old *Kahunas* or *Tuhunas*, the depositories of these stores of ancient legend, is indeed truly amazing.

KEY WORDS

English	<i>God</i>
Rarotonga	'Atua
Samoa	'Atua
Tahiti	'Atua
Mangareva	'Atua
Paumotu or Tuamotu . .	'Atua
Marquesas	'Atua, 'Etua
Gilbert, Kingsmill or Line Is.	'Atua

Cf. Sanskrit and Hindustani, *Sattwa*, *Satva*, the principle of goodness, purity or truth, vigour, power, essence; Javanese, *Sattwa*, the supposed incarnation of a spiritual power in the form of an animal or plant; Sulu Archipelago, *Satua*, id.

English	<i>Man</i>	<i>Woman</i>
Rarotonga	Tangata, Tane	Vaine
Samoa	Tangata, Tane	Fafine
Tahiti	Ta'ata, Tane .	Vahine; Ufa (=female)
Mangareva	Tangata . . .	Vehine, Veine, Ahine, Aine
Paumotu or Tuamotu Ar.	Tangata, Kaifa	Morire, Ufa (=female) Vahine (=a wife)
Marquesas	Enata, Enana, Vahana, Ahana	Vehine (cf. Sanskrit <i>Bahin</i> , a sister)
Gilbert, Kingsmill or Line Is.	A'omata, Man, Mane	Aine

Notes

Man.

Tangata, Tane, Enata, Enana. Cf. Sanskrit, *Jan*, a man, mankind ; *Janana*, a family, race ; *Janaka*, a father ; *Janata*, mankind ; *Janit*, born.

Gilbert Islands. *Man, Mane.* Cf. Sanskrit, *Manus, Manush, Manukh*, a man : Caroline Islands dialects, *Man, Men*, a man, person : Philippine and Indo-Chinese dialects, *Min*, a man, person ; *Man, Mon*, a man, person : Japanese, *Mono*, a person.

Gilbert Islands.

A'omata (for *Aromata, Armata*). Cf. Ponape, *Aramach*, a man, mankind ; Marshall Islands, *Armich, Armij*, id. Mortlock Islands, *Aramas*, id. Cf. Sanskrit, *Barahma, Brahma*, life, existence : Peruvian, *Huarma, Warma*, a man, boy ; *Huarmi, Warmi*, a woman.

Woman.

Vahine, Fafine, Vaine. Cf. Sanskrit, *Bahin*, a sister ; *Bani, Banu*, a wife : Irish and Gaelic, *Ban*, a woman.

TABLE OF NATIVE RELATIONSHIPS

	<i>Father</i>	<i>Mother</i>
Rarotonga .	Metua-tane	Metua-vaine (<i>Tinana</i> , of animals only)
Samoa . .	Papa, Tamā (Matua, a parent)	Tinā
Tahiti . .	Metua -tane, Tama, Pa	Metua-vahine
Mangareva .	Metua	Kui
Paumotu. .	Makua-tane, Makui, Kui (an ancestor)	Makua-hine
Marquesas .	Motua-tane, Tama	Motua-vehine
Gilbert Is. .	Tamā	Tinana

Cf. Malay, *Martuah*, *Mertuah*, *Mentuah*, a father-in-law ; cf. Sanskrit, *Matul*.

With *Tamā* cf. Micronesian dialects *Tam*, *Sam*, father, and Hindustani *Janma*, father.

N.B.—*Kui* is the old primitive South Sea word.

Tina, an ancient word also connected with American dialects *Zina*, *Sina*, *Sinash*, and *China*, a woman, female.

Matua-vaine is probably from the modern Malay.

Rarotonga . Ngati, the tribal or clan prefix (also a national prefix). Cf. *Ngati-Iuda*, the Jews ; *Ngati-Parani*, the French ; *Ngati-Tinito*, the Chinese.

Samoa . . . Āti, Sā, a family prefix.

Tahiti . . . Ati, Nati.

Mangareva . Ati.

Paumotu . . Ngati.

Marquesas . Ati (cf. Ati-Panu, the dark-skinned people ;
 . Ati-Kua, the red people).

Gilbert Is. . Nati, a son : descendant.

Cf. Melanesian dialects, *Nat*, a son ; Hindustani, *Nat*, *Nati*, a grandson ; Latin, *Natus*, a son.

In Maori *Ngati* is the common tribal prefix.

In Malagasy *Ati* is a class or family prefix.

With Samoan, *Sā*, the family prefix (*Sā-le-moa*, the family of the fowl ; *Sā-Mulianga*, the family of Mulianga,—cf. Sanskrit *Sag*, family relationship).

NATURAL OBJECTS

	<i>Land</i>	<i>Sea, Salt Water</i>
Rarotonga .	Enea	Ta'i, Miti, Moána (the ocean)
Samoa . . .	Fanua	Tai, Vasa, Sami, Moána (the ocean)
Tahiti . . .	Fenua	Miti, Moána (the ocean)
Mangareva .	'Enea	Tai
Paumotu . .	Henua	Tahi
Marquesas .	Henua, Fenua	Tai, Moána (the ocean)
Gilbert Is. .	Aba, Tano	Tari

Cf. Malay, *Benua*, *Banua* ; Sanskrit, *Bhen*, the earth, land.

With Gilbert Is., *Tano*, cf. Malay and Javanese, *Tanah*, land ; Inca (Peru), *Sanyu*, clay.

With *T'ai*, cf. Caroline Is. *Tat*, *Set*, *Chet* ; Fiji *Tathi* ; Motu *Tadi*, the sea ; Malay dialects, *Tasi*, *Sassi*, the sea ; Arauco, *Chadi*, salt ; cf. Malay, *Tasik*, a lake.

With Samoan *Sami* cf. Sanskrit *Samu*, *Samudra*, *Samundar*, the ocean.

With Tahitian and Rarotongan *Miti*, cf. Malay *Medi*, the sea. *Medi-laut*, sea gipsies ; Amboyna (Moluccas), *Mit*, *Met*, the sea. Rarotongan, *Miti*, salt (n.).

	<i>Water</i>	<i>Fire</i>
Rarotonga .	Vai	A'i
Samoa . .	Vai	Afi
Tahiti . .	Vai (ancient), Pape(modern)	Ahi
Mangareva .	Vai	Ahi
Paumotu .	Komo	Neki, Korure, Rotika
Marquesas .	Vai	Ahi
Gilbert Is. .	Ran	A'i

With Vai cf. Malay, *Ayer*, *Wayr*, water. Cf. Sanskrit, *Vari*, id. ; Polynesian dialects, *Vari*, *Vali*, liquid, moisture, mud.

With *Ran* cf. Samoan *Lanu*, a lake ; Philippine, Malay, *Danum*, water ; Yap (W. Carolines), *Ran*, water ; Marianne Islands, *Hanum*, id. ; Malagasy and N. Celebes, *Rano*, water ; Malay, *Dano*, *Danau*, a lake.

Cf. Malay, *Api*, id. ; Hindustani, *Ag*, id. ; Old Sanskrit, *Akhi*, *Agni*, id.

With Paumotu, *Neki*, cf. Japanese, *Nekki*, caloric ; Ay-mara (Peru), *Nak*, fire, heat, flame ; Asiatic root, *Gnik*.

CANOE

Rarotonga . . Vaka, Karika (a double canoe).
Samoa . . . Va'a, Tulula (a boat), Ali'a (a double canoe).

Tahiti. . .	Va'a.
Mangareva . .	Vaka.
Paumotu . . .	'Aveke, Vaka.
Marquesas . .	Vaka (N.), Va'a (S.).
Gilbert Is. . .	Waka

With *Vaka*, *Waka* (root *Vak*, *Wak*, to carry (Latin *Veho*, *Vectis*, a raft, English, *Waggon*, *Wain*, id.; Sanskrit, *Vahak*, a bearer, carrier, *Vahan*, a waggon, carriage, boat, cf. Maori, *Waka*, a canoe; Fiji, *Wangga*, id.; Malay, *Wangkang*, a junk; Moluccas, *Waga*, a vessel; Waigiu, *Waag*, a pirate craft; Philippine Islands, *Banka*, a canoe.

With Paumotu, *Aveke*, cf. Sanskrit, *Veg*, swift, speedy.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY

<i>Oven</i> (for cooking food by steam)	<i>Cooking (g.t.)</i> (by roasting, boiling)
Rarotonga . . . Umu	Tunu
Samoa Umu	Tunu
Tahiti Umu	Tunu
Mangareva . . . Umu	Tunu
Paumotu Umu	Tunu
Marquesas . . . Umu	Tunu
Gilbert Is. . . . Um	Tinima

Cf. Motu (British New Guinea), *Amu*, an oven; Ponape (E. Caroline Is.), *Um*, an oven; Arabic, *Hāmmam*, a vapour bath; *Humum*, Turkish bath; *Hum*, heat, vapour.

Cf. Arabic, *Tannur*, an oven; Welsh, *Tan*, fire; Irish, *Tin*, *Tina*, fire; Malagasy, *Tono*, to roast; Kandayan, *Tinu*, to burn; Malay, *Tunu*, to burn; Bali, *Tanu*, to burn.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS

<i>Dog</i>	<i>Cat</i>
Rarotonga . . Kuri, Puaka- aoa (Aoa= to bark)	Piki-'are
Samoa 'Uli, Maile	Pusi, Ngau, Ngeli, Ngose
Tahiti 'Uri	Pii-fare

	<i>Dog</i>	<i>Cat</i>
Mangareva .	Kuri	Piki-'are
Paumotu .	Kuri, Naike,	Piki-a-fare
	Ngaïke	
Marquesas .	Nuhe (S.),	Potu
	Moho (on	
	Fatu-hiva),	
	Moho-kio	
	(S.E. Hiva-	
	Oa), Peto(N)	
Gilbert Is.	Kiri, Kamea	Katama —
	<i>Kuri</i> , cf. Sanskrit, <i>Kukri</i> , a dog ; Persian, <i>Gurg</i> , a wolf.	With Samoan, <i>Ngeli</i> , a cat, cf. Tongan and Fijian, <i>Ngeli</i> , a cat ; Marshall Is., <i>Geru</i> , a cat ; quadruped. Kusaie, <i>Ngalingel</i> , an animal's cry.
	N.B. a curious old Malay word. Central Carolines, <i>Kolak</i> , <i>Kulak</i> , a dog ; Marianne Is., <i>Galago</i> , a dog ; Malagasy, <i>'Alika</i> , a dog ; Peruvian, <i>'Alko</i> , a dog.	
	<i>Aoa</i> , cf. Malagasy, <i>Amboa</i> , a dog.	

	<i>Pig</i>	<i>The Domestic Fowl</i>
Rarotonga .	Puaka	Mo'a
Samoa . .	Pua'a, Alo'u	Mo'a
	(chief's language)	
Tahiti . .	Pua'a	Mo'a
Mangareva .	Puaka	Mo'a
Paumotu .	Puaka	Mo'a
Marquesas .	Puaka	Mo'a
Gilbert Is. .	Beki	Mo'a

Cf. Thibetan *Phuag*, a pig ; New Hebrides, *Bokas*, a pig ; Old Devonshire, *Bak*, a pig.

Samoa *Alo'u* means originally filth, corruption. Then *the unclean animal*. Cf. Arabic *Alud*, *Alod*, filth.

Cf. Malay, *Morga*, a domestic animal or bird ; Sanskrit, *Mriga*, id. ; Persian, *Murgh*, a fowl ; German New Guinea, *Muka*, a fowl ; Maori, *Mo'a*, the great Dinornis.

	<i>The Sheep</i>	<i>The Goat</i>
Rarotonga .	Mamoe	Puaka-nio
Samoa . .	Mamoe, (Mamoe-po'a, a ram)	'Oti, 'Oti-po'a, a he-goat
Tahiti . .	Mamoe	Pua'a niho
Mangareva .	Mamoe	—
Paumotu .	Mamoe	Puaka niho
Marquesas .	Hipi, Mamoe	Keukeu, Menemene
Gilbert Is. .	Mamoe	Nrennren

With Marquesan *Menemene*, a goat, cf. Javanese *Mendeng*, a goat; Hindustani, *Menmen*, bleating.

All these words are derived from the Tahitian. In the times of the early missionaries, about 1830, the Tahitians, when asked to give a name to the sheep, and being showed prints of the animal, recollected an ancient word denoting *quadrupeds* or *domestic animals*. In Tahiti, the largest and most fertile of the South Sea Islands, with abundance of pasturage for live stock, sheep and cattle might have easily been introduced by Arab trading vessels about the eleventh century A.D. The word appears to be the Arabic *Mamāwesh*, pl. of *Mawesh*, a herd or drove of oxen, a flock of sheep; *Mawashi*=quadrupeds, especially domestic beasts such as cows, buffaloes, sheep and goats.

Cf. Arabic, *Malik*, a king; pl. *Mamalik*, kingdoms.

N.B.—Samoan *Po'a*, the male of animals, is the Hindustani *Bok*, *Boka*, a ram, he-goat; English, *Buck*, the male of animals.

ANIMALS AND INSECTS

	<i>Rat</i>	<i>Fly</i>	<i>Mosquito</i>
Rarotonga	Kiore	Rango	Namu
Samoa . .	Isumu, 'Imoa, 'Iole	Lango	Namu
Tahiti. .	'Imoa, 'Iore	Ra'o	Namu, Ramu, Naonao
Mangareva	Kiore	Takaure	Namu, Nao
Paumotu .	Kiore, Kimoa	Rango	Namu
Marquesas	Kio'e	Tikau'e, Tiaue	Nonokia, Vae- oa, Naonao, Nono
Gilbert Is.	Kimoa	Nang	Nam

With *Isumu* cf. Nuku-Oro, Isimu ; Japanese, *Nezumi*, *Idzum*, a rat ; Aino, *Erum*, a rat.

Kimoo is from old Polynesian root *Kam*, *Kim*=agile, nimble, thievish.

Rango. Cf. Malay Celebes and *Nyamok*, id.; Mi-Sea - Gipsies, cronesian root, *Lango*, a fly. *Nam*, devouring. With *Tikaure*, Arabic *Namus*, a *Tikaue*, cf. mosquito. Easter Islands, *Takaure*, a fly.

	<i>Lizard</i>
Rarotonga .	Moko
Samoa . .	Mo'o, Pili
Tahiti . .	Mo'o
Mangareva .	Moko
Paumotu .	Moko
Marquesas .	Moko
Gilbert Is. .	Tukunei

Cf. Hawaiian, *Moko*, (a) any sort of lizard, (b) a dragon, water monster ; German New Guinea, *Woko*, *Wog*, an alligator ; Hindustani, *Magur*, *Muger*, an alligator, the crocodile of the Ganges.

With Samoan *Pili*, cf. Malagasy *Pili*, a tree-snake.

	<i>Snake</i>
Samoa . .	Ngata
Tongan . .	Ngata
Fijian. . .	Ngata

N.B.—The snakes in Samoa are harmless ; in Fiji there are some very venomous. There are no snakes in Tahiti or any Eastern Polynesian islands at all. In Tahiti the snake is called *Naheta*, from the Hebrew *Nahash*. The word was introduced by the early missionaries in 1830. Doubtless the Samoan word, which is a native name and very ancient, is cognate with the Semitic.

N.B.—In Maori tradition and, indeed, in all Polynesian legends, lizards are mentioned with loathing and horror, and the name *Mo'o*, *Moko*, is used to denote land or water monsters, showing clearly the ancestral recollections of the great man-eating lizards they had left behind them in the rivers and estuaries of their far-off motherland in Southern Asia.

FRESH-WATER CREATURES

	<i>Eel</i>	<i>Fresh-water Prawn</i>
Rarotonga .	Tuna	Koura-vai
Samoa . .	Tuna	'Ula-vai
Tahiti . .	Tuna	'Oura-pape

Eel

Mangareva .	Tuna
Paumotu .	Tuna, Koiru
Marquesas .	Koe'o, Tuna
Gilbert Is. .	—

Cf. Malay and Javanese, *Donang*, *Tonang*, a sea-eel; Malagasy, *Tona*, (a) a serpent, (b) a fresh-water eel; Kusaie (E. Carolines), *Ton*, an eel; Ruk (Central Carolines), *Tol*, id.; Arabic, *Tannun*, a monster, serpent; Hebrew, *Tannin*, id.; Sanskrit root, *Tan*, long.

Fresh water Prawn

Ura-vai, Koura-vai
Koura-komo
Kou'a, Kou'a-vai
Ur

Cf. Malay, *Udang*, a prawn; Ponape, *Urana*, a prawn; Malagasy, *Orana*, the fresh-water crayfish; Mortlocks, *Ur*, a lobster; Hindustani, *Gura*, reddish or pale pink.

Fresh-water Shell-fish

Tahitian	<i>Pipi-pape</i>
Paumotu	<i>Pipi-komo</i>
Other dialects	<i>Pipi-vai</i>

Cf. Malay and Sanskrit, *Siput*, *Sip*, a shell.

FISHES AND MARINE CREATURES

Fish

Rarotonga .	Ika
Samoa . .	I'a, Masimasi (the dolphin)
Tahiti . .	I'a
Mangareva .	Ika
Paumotu .	Ika
Marquesas .	Ika
Gilbert Is. .	Ik

(1) With *Ika* cf. Malay, *Ikan*, id.; Caroline Islands, *Ik*, id.; perhaps Sanskrit, *Jika*, food.

(2) With Samoan *Masimasi* cf. Hindustani, *Machhi*, *Machli*, fish; Australian, *Madji*, *Mud-gee*, fish.

Whale

To'ora, Paraoa
Tafola, I'a-manu
Tohora
Tohora
Tohora
Tohoa, Pa'aoa
Kua

With *Tafola* cf. Tagal (Philippines), *Dambuhala*, *Dambwala*, id.

With *Paraoa* cf. Maori, *Paraoa*, the sperm whale; Hawaiian, *Palaoa*, id.; Latin, *Bellua*, a great beast, monster; *Balæna*, a whale; Greek, *Phalaina* (for *Phalavna*), a whale; Russian, *Baluga*, *Beluga*, the sturgeon

Shark

Rarotonga . . .	Mango, Parata (the white shark)
Samoa	Mango, Polata, Tanifa (the tiger shark)
Tahiti	Ma'o
Mangareva. . .	Mango
Paumotu . . .	Mango
Marquesas . . .	Mano, Mako, Moko, Pe'ata
Gilbert Is. . . .	Bakoa, Tanabai (to seize with violence)

Mako. Cf. Ponape, *Pako*, a shark ; Hindustani, *Bag*, a tiger.
Magür, an alligator ; root *Bhakh*, devouring.

Tanifa. Cf. Ponape, *Tanapai*, the tiger shark ; Javanese and Hindustani, *Danawa*, a demon.

Parata. Cf. Sanskrit, *Prat*, *Pret*, a demon.

*Crabs (sp. sp. var.)**Crab (general term) Land-Crab, Robber-Crab*

Rarotonga . . .	Papaka, Kuku	Tupa
Samoa	Pa'a	Tupa
Tahiti	Pa'a-pa'a	Tupa
Mangareva . . .	Papaka	Tupa
Paumotu . . .	Papaka	Tupa
Marquesas . . .	Kukuma	Tupa
Gilbert Is. . . .	Kuku, Kuma-kuma	Kukua. Ais

Cf. Arabic, *Khukhum*, a crab ;
Humhum, a crab.

Cf. Maori, *Kuku*, to nip,
 pinch.

With root *Pak* cf. Polynesian
 root, *Paka*, crisp, crackly ;
 Sanskrit, *Pakk*, id.

Cf. Javanese, *Tumpui*, a
 land-crab ; Ponape, *Ump*, id.

Cf. also West Indian islands,
Dum-ba, *Dubba*, *Duppa*, the
 land-crab.

*Crabs (sp. sp. var.)**Swimming Crab.*

Rarotonga	—
Samoa	Alimango
Tahiti	—
Mangareva.	—



THE ROBBER-CRAB OF THE PAUMOTUS ("BIRGUS LATRO").

A variety of land-crab that goes abroad by night, climbs the palm-trees, and with its huge and powerful claws nips off the coco-nuts from the mother-cluster, and descending, tears off their husks, breaks the shell, and devours the creamy kernel.

Swimming Crab

Paumotu	—
Marquesas	—
Gilbert Is.. . . .	—

Cf. Marianne Island, *Alimasag*, the *Cancrejo pintado* or blue-spotted crab; *Atmangao*, *Admangao*, *Adimangao*, the swimming crab; Tagal (S. Philippines), *Alimang*, the swimming crab; Panay (S. Philippines), *Alimango*, id.; Ponape (E. Carolines), *Alimang*, id.

The word is evidently the Philippine verbal-form *Lamang*, *Lang*, to swim (with infixed *m*); verbal root, *Langoi*, swimming; verbal infix, *Lumangoi*, to swim; cf. *Lakbo*, exit; verbal infix, *Lumakbo*, to go out.

Surely the name of this curious creature retained in such distant places as Ponape and Samoa, is proof positive of the visit of *Barangai* or large ocean-going galleys of the civilized Philippine islanders sailing through the San Bernadino Strait, passing through Micronesia, and penetrating into the Western Pacific area.

Turtle

Rarotonga .	'Onu
Samoa . .	Laumei, Volu, Fonu (the old word)
Tahiti . .	Honu
Mangareva .	Honu
Paumotu .	Honu
Marquesas .	Hono, Honu, Fonu
Gilbert Is. .	On, Won (the green turtle), Tabaki (the hawksbill turtle)

Conger-Eel

Koiro
Ilo, a worm
Oiro
Koero, Koeru
Koiru
Koe'o

Cf. Caroline Islands, *Won*, *Wol*, *Wel*, the green turtle; Javanese, *Penyu*, a turtle; root, *Pon*, *Pen*, roundness, fulness.

With *Tabaki* cf. Ponape *Chapak*, the hawksbill turtle.

Root *Vil*, to twist, writhe. *Ko* is the Polynesian class-prefix.

Cf. Arauco (S. Chili), *Villu*, a snake.

Sea-Eel

Rarotonga .	Pu'i, Tu-ua
Samoa . .	Pusi, To'e
Tahitian .	Puhi
Mangareva .	Puhi
Paumotu .	Puhi
Marquesas .	Puhi
Gilbert Is. .	Rabono

Cf. Malay, *Putih*, white, grey; Mysol, *Bus*, id.

Sea-Urchin

Kina
'Ina, Vana
'Ina, Vana
Kina, Vana
Kina
Kina
Nika-bungabunga

Cf. Fijian, *Nggina*, id.; Sanskrit, *Sinh*, a hedgehog.

With *Vana* cf. Maori *Wana*, a spine; Malagasy, *Vanavana*, keen; Sanskrit, *Ban*, *Van*, an arrow.

Giant Clam (Tridacna)

Rarotonga .	Paua
Samoa . .	Faisua, Fasua
Tahiti . .	Pahua, Paua
Mangareva .	Paua
Paumotu .	Paua
Marquesas .	Pahua
Gilbert Is. .	Batua

Cf. Ponape (E. Carolines), *Pachu*, *Pacho*, id. Sanskrit, *Pat*; (a) shutting, closing; (b) a door, folding door.

Octopus, Cuttle-fish.

'Eke, Ngu
Fe'e, Ngu-fe'e
Fe'e
Heke, 'Eke
Veki
Heke
Kika

Cf. Hindustani, *Bhek*, *Ghek*, a toad, frog; the root, *loathsome*, *disgusting*: Tongan, *Feke*, the cat-fish; Maori, *Wheke*, the octopus; *Ngu*, the lesser octopus, the squid.

Oyster

Rarotonga . .	Tio
Samoa . . .	Tio
Tahiti . . .	Tio
Mangareva . .	Tio
Paumotu . .	Tio
Marquesas . .	Tio, Uhi
Gilbert Is. . .	Katura

Cf. Malay, *Tiram*; Arabic, *Durr*, a pearl; *Diram*, *Dirham*, money, specie.

Pearl Shell

Pai
Tifa
Pai
Pai
Pai
Pai
—

Cf. Kusaie (E. Carolines), *Fai*, id.; Hindustani, *Pais*, money, specie.

N.B.—These two words for *oyster* and *pearl-shell* were probably introduced into the Pacific by Arab-Malay and Hindu-Malay pearl-fishers, who, voyaging from Madagascar to the great pearling-beds off the Western Australia coast, found their way into the Polynesian area by the S.W. passage. The same thing probably happened in the north, where fishermen from Celebes and other islands of the Indian Archipelago worked their way past Papua.

	<i>Sea-weed</i>	<i>Beche-de-mer (Holothuria)</i>
Rarotonga .	Rimu	Rori
Samoa . .	Limu	Loli
Tahitian .	Rimu (also a sponge)	Rori
Mangareva .	Rimu	Rori
Paumotu .	Rimu	Rori
Marquesas .	'Imu	'O'i, Koki
Gilbert Is. .	Nimu (sea- weed), Onga- n-tari (a sponge)	Rodi

Cf. Ponape, *Lim*, a sponge ; Malay, *Lumu*, seaweed ; *Limut*, a sponge ; Timor, *Lumuto*, seaweed.

Cf. Tahitian, *Rari*, moist, clammy ; Samoan, *Lali*, slime ; Sanskrit root and Semitic, *Rar*, *Ror*, *Rir*, moist.

BIRDS

	<i>A Bird</i>	<i>The Grey Dove</i>
Rarotonga . .	Manu	Rupe
Samoa . . .	Manu	Lupe
Tahiti . . .	Manu	Rupe
Mangareva . .	Manu	Rupe, Kuku-oro-rangi
Paumotu . . .	Manu	Rupe
Marquesas . .	Manu	'Upe
Gilbert Is. . .	Man	Rupe

Cf. Javanese and many other Indonesian dialects. *Manuk*, *Manok*, *Manu*, (a) a bird, (b) the domestic fowl ; Sanskrit, *Manukh*, *Manush*, a living creature.

Cf. Sanskrit, *Rupa*, beauty, elegance ; Samoan, *Lupelupe*, lovely ; Peruvian, *Urpi* (for *Rupi*), a dove.

	<i>The Green Dove</i>	<i>The Native Owl</i>
Rarotonga .	Kukupā	Ruru, Koukou
Samoa . .	Manu-tangi, Manu-mā, Tu	Lulu
Tahiti . .	'U'upa	Ruru
Mangareva .	Kuku	Ruru
Paumotu .	'O'o	—
Marquesas .	Kuku, 'U'u, Kukupā	Koukou, 'Ou'ou
Gilbert Is. .	Turu-kon, Taube	—

Cf. Hindustani, *Kuku*, *Ghugu*, the ring-dove; Malay, *Kukur*, a dove.

Cf. Maori, *Ruru*, *Koukou*, the native owl.

Cf. Malagasy, *Voron-dolo*, the owl, lit. "the ghost bird"; Persian, *Lulu*, a bogey, hob-goblin; Hindustani, *Dodo*, a goblin.

Similarly in Malay the owl is called *Burong-Hantu*, the ghost-bird, from *Hantu*, a ghost or evil spirit.

	<i>The Blue Heron</i>	<i>The White Heron</i>
Rarotonga . .	Matuku	Kotuku
Samoa . . .	Matu'u	'Otu'u
Tahiti . . .	Matu'u	'Otu'u
Mangareva . .	Matuku	Kotuku
Paumotu . .	Matuku	Kotuku
Marquesas . .	Matuku	Kotuku
Gilbert Is. . .	—	—

Cf. *Yap* (W. Carolines), *Chuchuku*, the blue heron; root, *Chuk*, *Tuk*, from the cry of the bird.

	<i>Kingfisher</i>	<i>Tropic Bird (Phaethon)</i>
Rarotonga .	Kauā	Tevaki
Samoa . .	Tiota'la	Tava'e
Tahiti . .	Ruri, 'Otare	Tava'e



THE TROPIC BIRD.

The male bird has two long red tail-feathers, much used in making up into native head-dresses. It lives largely on cuttle-fish.

	<i>Kingfisher</i>	<i>Tropic Bird (Phaethon)</i>
Mangareva .	—	Tavake
Paumotu .	—	Tavake
Marquesas .	Pahi	Tavake, Tava'e
Gilbert Is. .	—	Cheuak, Chewak

Ruri: cf. Japanese, *Ruro*, the kingfisher; Peruvian, *Ruri*, *Luli*, a humming-bird, colibri.

With Tahitian 'Otare, a kingfisher, cf. Maori, *Kotare*, id.; Ponape, *Kotar*, id.; Sikka (Flores), *Kujar*, id.

Samoan *Tiotala* is probably for Javanese *Dew-chara*, the herald or messenger of Heaven.

N.B.—Both in Ponape and East Polynesia this lovely little bird is looked upon as a heaven-sent messenger to lead people out of danger and the ambushes of hidden foes—a beautiful and innocent belief.

Cf. Ponape (E. Carolines), *Cheaok*, *Chaok*, *Chik*, id.

Cf. Hindustani *Devak*, sacred, lovely.

N.B.—The tropic bird is seen on the new issue of Rarotongan stamps.

	<i>The Frigate Bird</i>	<i>The Blackbird</i>
Rarotonga . .	Kota'a	Komako
Samoa . . .	'Atafu	Ma'oma'o
Tahiti . . .	'Otáha	'Oma'oma'o
Mangareva . .	Kotáha	Komako
Paumotu . .	Kotáha	—
Marquesas . .	Kotáha	Koma'o, Oma'o
Gilbert Is. . .	—	—

Cf. Fijian, *Kandavu*, id.; Uleai (Central Carolines), *Gataf*, id.; Hindustani and Sanskrit, *Gandharb*, *Gandharv*, an angel, celestial minstrel; Inca (Peru), *Kontor*, *Kuntur*, the condor of the Andes, also a sacred bird.

In Fiji *Kandavu* is the title of a great *Ratu* or prince.

Cf. Maori, *Komako*, *Korimako*, the bell-bird.

The Sandpiper

Rarotonga .	Kivi
Samoa . .	Tuli
Tahiti . .	Turi
Mangareva .	—
Paumotu .	Kiriri
Marquesas .	Tu'i, Kivi
Gilbert Is. .	Kuru, Kiriri

The Parrakeet

Kaka
Senga, Vilu
'A'a, Vini
—
—
Kaka
—

Cf. Maori, *Kivi*, the apteryx;
Japanese, *Kibi*, a quail.

Cf. Maori, *Kaka*, a parrot;
Kaka-riki, a parrakeet; Malay,
Kakah, a parrot; *Kaka-tuah*,
a cockatoo, i.e. the grand-
father parrot.

The Seagull

Rarotonga	Tara
Samoa	Ngongo
Tahitian	Pira'e, Iitae
	Rutu-ninamu
Mangareva	Kotai
Paumotu	Tara
Marquesas	Ta'a
Gilbert Is. . . .	Eitai

*Swamp-hen**Shrike**Land-rail*

Rarotonga .	Pukeko	—	Veka (a messenger)
Samoa . .	—	Moso	Ve'a
Tahiti . .	—	Moho	Ve'a (the rail, a mes- senger)
Mangareva .	—	Moho	—
Paumotu .	—	—	—
Marquesas .	—	Moho	—
Gilbert Is. .	—	—	—

Cf. Maori, *Pukeko*, id.;
Hawaiian, *Pueo*, the owl;
Javanese, *Bekeko*, a bird.

Cf. Maori, *Weka*,
id.; Sanskrit, *Veg*,
swift.



From Butler's "Birds of New Zealand."

THE "ENDYNAMIS TAITENSIS" OR "LONG-TAILED CUCKOO."

[By permission of Dr. Sharpe, of the South Kensington Museum.

The *Areva* of Tahiti, called by the Maoris of New Zealand by the name of *Kohope-roa* or *Long-tail*, and by the people of Ponape, in the Eastern Carolines, as *Li-kope-rai*. The annual migrations of this beautiful bird, from Japan southwards to New Zealand, probably were carefully observed by early Malay navigators, and helped them to discover the higher basaltic islands on which there were lakes and rivers, where these great flocks of birds would naturally settle for awhile to break their vast journey.

The Long-tailed Cuckoo
(*Endynamis Taitensis*)

Rarotonga .	Koekoe
Samoa . .	Aleva
Tahiti . .	Arewareva, Areva, Hope-roa (?)
Mangareva .	—
Paumotu .	—
Marquesas .	Koekoe
Gilbert Is. .	—

With *Koekoe* cf. Maori, *Koekoea*, id.; Sanskrit, *Koel*, a cuckoo.

With *Arewareva* cf. Tahitian, *Refā*, printing-marks in cloth or chintz; *Refarefa*, speckled, speckledy.

This word describes excellently the plumage of this beautiful bird, the breast of which very much resembles that of our thrushes.

N.B.—The other Maori name for the bird is *Kohope-roa*, or the Long-tail. In Ponape (E. Carolines) they call her by the same name, *Li-kope-rai*, i.e. Madam Long-tail.

The Wild Duck

Mokara, Parera, Torea (the albatross)
Toloa
Toroa, Torea (sea birds)
Toroa, Torea (sea birds)
Toroa (an albatross)
To'ea (a sea bird)
—

With *Parera* cf. Maori, *Parera*, the wild duck.

With *Torea*, *Toloa*, cf. Hawaiian *Koloa*, *Kolea*, a duck; Tongan, *Toloa*, a duck; Maori, *Toroa*, the albatross; *Torea*, the oyster-catcher.

Both the cuckoo and the wild duck in their periodical migrations from north to south and back again, doubtless proved invaluable pilots to the Javanese galleys, Malay proas, Japanese junks and Arab merchant brigs, guiding them to the high basaltic islands where rivers and fresh-water lakes abounded, avoiding the dry and waterless atoll islands of the parched equator.

PLANTS AND FOOD-STUFFS.

	<i>Banana (Musa)</i>	<i>Bread-fruit (Arto carpus)</i>
Rarotonga .	Meika, Uti	Kuru
Samoa . .	Fa'i, Soa'a (the plantain), Futi	Ulu
Tahiti . .	Mei'a, Fei (the plantain)	Uru, Mai-ore
Mangareva .	Meika, Huatu	Kuru, Mei
Paumotu .	Meika	Kuru
Marquesas .	Meika, Huti, Huetu (the plantain)	Mei
Gilbert Is. .	Ut (?)	Mai
Cf. Malay dialects, <i>Phuti</i> , <i>Huti</i> ; Fiji, <i>Vundi</i> , id.; Malagasy, <i>Onts</i> , id.; Caroline Islands, 'Ut, 'Us, id.		Cf. Tongan, <i>Mei</i> , bread-fruit; Ponape (E. Carolines), <i>Mai</i> , id.; Central Carolines, <i>Mai</i> , <i>Mei</i> , <i>Mwai</i> , id.; Marshall Islands, <i>Ma</i> , <i>Mi</i> , id.
With <i>Meika</i> cf. Hawaiian, <i>Maika</i> , the banana, as if from a form <i>Maiz-ka</i> or <i>Maiz-ak</i> ; cf. Arabic <i>Mauz</i> , the banana.		With forms in <i>Kuru</i> , <i>Uru</i> , cf. Sikayana, <i>Kuru</i> , id.; Arabic, <i>Kur</i> , round, spherical, i.e. the round fruit.
With Samoan <i>Soa'a</i> cf. Fiji, <i>Soanga</i> ; Philippine Islands, <i>Sawing</i> , <i>Saing</i> , id.		

Coco-nut Palm (Cocos nucifera)

Rarotonga . .	Nu, 'Akari (copra, and the oil expressed from it)
Samoa . . .	Niu
Tahiti . . .	Niu, Ha'ari; cf. Easter I., <i>Hakari</i> , id.
Mangareva .	Nikau, Niu
Paumotu . .	Hakari, Niu
Marquesas .	Ehi, Eehi
Gilbert Is. .	Ni

With *Niu* cf. Caroline Islands, *Ni*, id.; Philippine Islands, *Niyog*, id.; Malay, *Niyor*, id., for *Niriyor*; Sanskrit, *Nariyar*, id.; Canarese (S. Indian), *Niro*, water.

Primary meaning of *Nariyar* is the tree that yields *water* or *drink*.

With *Hakari* (root, *Kari*) cf. Hindustani, *Gari*, the kernel of the coco-nut ; Greek, *Karuon*, a nut.

<i>Sweet Potato</i> (<i>Ipomea</i> <i>dulcis convolvulus</i> <i>batata</i>)	<i>Taro</i> (<i>Colocasia</i>), <i>The Edible</i> <i>Arum Lily</i>
Rarotonga . Kumara	Taro
Samoa . . . Umala	Talo, Via
Tahiti . . . Umara	Taro
Mangareva . Kumara	Taro
Paumotu or	
Tuamotu Ar. Kumara	Taro
Marquesas . Kuma'a, 'Uma'a	Ta'o

Gilbert, Kings-
mill or Line Is.

Babai, Papai

Cf. Sanskrit, *Kumal*, *Kumad*, the edible lotus ; Philippines, *Kamote*, the sweet potato ; Mexican, *Camotli*, id. ; Peruvian (Inca dialect), *Kumara*, the white potato. Ruk (Central Carolines), *Kamal*, the sweet potato.

Cf. Javanese, *Talas*, the arum ; Malay, *Taruk*, green shoots ; Persian *Tar*, green, verdant ; or Malay root, *Talog*, *Talor*, oval, bulbous.

With Samoan *Via* cf. Philippine Islands, *Biga*, id. ; Malay, *Birah*, id.

According to Maori traditions the *Kumara* was introduced into the Pacific area about 1330 A.D. This was doubtless the work of Javanese navigators, who seem to have introduced the plant into Peru and to have founded the Inca dynasty about this period. This word helps us to fix an important piece of chronology. There were thirteen Inca princes from the foundation of the dynasty up to the Spanish conquest under Pizarro. There were about twenty generations from the present period up to the time of *Kupe* and *Turi*, who introduced the *Kumara* into New Zealand.

COLOUR NAMES

White

Rarotonga . .	Teatea, 'Ina'ina
Samoa . . .	Pa'epa'e, Sinasina
Tahiti . . .	Teatea, Hina
Mangareva . .	Teatea, Hina
Paumotu . .	Ko-hinahina, Rakorako, Kurokuro
Marquesas . .	Maita (S.), Pu-teatea, Hinahina ; Tavatava (N.), Tave-'i'i (N.)
Gilbert Is. . .	Ma-'ina'ina

(1) With *Sina*, *Hina*, cf. Aryan and Semitic root, *Sin*, bright, shining ; Anglo-Saxon, *Scin*, to shine.

(2) With *Tavatava*, *Teatea*, cf. Sanskrit, *Dhaval*, *Dhawal*, white, bright ; and *Dev*, *Dew*, a heavenly being.

(3) The Samoan *Pa'epa'e* is for *Pakepake*. Cf. Hindustani, *Pak*, white ; Chinese, *Pak*, white ; Marianne or Ladrone Islands, *'Apaka*, white.

(4) With Paumotan, *Kurokuro*, cf. Celebes (three dialects), *Kuloh*, white.

(5) With Marquesan, *Maita*, cf. three dialects of North Celebes, *Mabida*, white.

The root is *Vit*, *Wit*. Cf. Anglo-Saxon, *Hvita*, white.

*Black**Red*

Rarotonga .	Kerekere, Uriuri, Pan- gopango	Kurakura, Kutekute, Eko- eko
Samoa . . .	Uliuli	Mumu, 'Ula'ula, Melomelo, Meamea
Tahiti . . .	Uriuri	'Ute'ute (modern), 'Ura'ura (ancient), Mehani (on Raiatea)
Mangareva .	Kerekere, Uriuri, Pan- gupangu	Kurakura, Etoeto

Black

Paumotu .	Kerekere, Uriuri
Marquesas .	Pu-ke'eke'e (N.), Paku, Uiui, Panu (S.), Papanu
Gilbert Is. .	Roro

(1) With *Kerekere* cf. Sanskrit, *Kel*, *Kala*, black; Turkish, *Kara*, id.; Japanese, *Kuroi*, id.; Arauco (S. Chili), *Kari*, id.

(2) With *Uriuri*, *Uhiuli*, cf. Sikayana, *Uri*, black; Philippine Islands, *Ulig*, *Oring*, *Uling*, charcoal.

(3) With *Panu*, *Pangu*, cf. Hawaiian, *Pano*, black; Japanese, *Ban*, the night, dark; Inca dialect (Peru), *Yana*, black.

Red

Kutekute, Kurakura	Kua'- ku'a (S.), Veaka, Veakiki (N.), Kiki, Pu-kiki
'Ura-'ura	

(1) With *Kurakura* cf. Hindustani, *Gura*, pale red, pink.

(2) With *Kutekute* cf. Japanese, *Gute*, *Getih*, blood; Canton Chinese, *Hut*, *Git*, blood; Japanese, *Ketsu*, blood.

(3) With *Melomelo*, *Meamea*, cf. Malay, *Merah*, red.

(4) With Tahitian, *Mehani*, red, cf. Amblaw Island (S.W. Bouru), *Mehani*, red.

Yellow

Rarotonga . .	Rengarenga
Samoa . . .	Samasama, Lengalenga, Pulapula (Lenga, The Ginger plant)
Tahiti . . .	Re'are'a, Urea
Mangareva. .	Rengarenga, Kura, Kurarengarenga, Renga-kura
Paumotu . .	Rengarenga
Marquesas . .	'Ena'ena (S.), 'Eka'eka, Engaenga (Taipi), Taiki, Pu-tokatoka (N.)
Gilbert Is.. .	Meamea

(1) With *Renga*, *Lenga*, cf. Caroline Islands dialects, *Reng*, *Leng*, the ginger, turmeric; Persian, *Rang*, colour, dye, cosmetic, paint; cf. Greek root, *Reg*, *Rez*, to dye.

(2) With *Pulapula* cf. Tagal (Philippine Is.), *Ma-pula*, red, yellow; Hindustani, *Pila*, yellow.

(3) With Samoan, *Samasama*, cf. Philippine Islands, *Sampaga*, the yellow flower of the jasmine or of the cananga; Persian, *Zambak*, the jasmine or jonquil flower; Indian, *Champak*, a fragrant yellow flower.

	Blue	Green
Marotonga .	Auika, Uriuri, Tumata- rangi	Kerekere (<i>g.t.</i>), Mata. Cf. Toka-matie, greenstone, jade; Matie (affixed)
Samoa . .	Lanu-moana	Usiusi, Mata
Tahiti . .	Ninamu	Mata, Ninamu, Rau-ti-mata
Mangareva .	Uriuri	Ritorito, Mata, Rau-ti-mata
Paumotu .	Ninamu	Mata
Marquesas .	Moho, Ui	Mata, 'Ou-ti-tee
Gilbert Is. .	Karawa-ka- rawa (Kara- wa, the sky)	Mawawa

With *Ninamu*, which also means in Tahitian brown, light-grey or green, cf. Malay, *Nilam*, (a) the sapphire, (b) blue.

Cf. Malay, *Mantah*, green; also *Hidjao*, *Idjao*, id.

With Gilbert Islands, *Karawakarawa*, cf. Mortlock Islands, 'Araw-'araw, blue; Lamotrek, *Garaw*, blue.

2. THE WHEEL, BALL AND CIRCLE IN E. POLYNESIA

There is an interesting passage in Professor J. Macmillan Brown's lately published book, *Maori and Polynesian*, c. xiii, paragraph 19, which the student would do well to read side by side with these notes.

If, as so many have confidently affirmed, and others no less strenuously have doubted, the Polynesian people in part at least are descended from a southern Asiatic stock, we should expect them to retain in their languages some traces of ancient words for *wheel* or *circle*, showing that they had not wholly lost the traditions of the wheeled traffic familiar to their forefathers from Java, from Southern India, and from the shore of the Persian Gulf.

Let us remember first that, even in Java, by far the most civilized of all the islands of the Indian Archipelago, wheel traffic appears, for the most part, in the ancient days, to have been applied almost solely to the conveying of kings and great chiefs from place to place. Also, be it remembered that when a body of these early immigrants of a superior race came upon an island like Tahiti or say Savaii, where there would be plenty of level ground by the sea for the use of chariots and carts, that there would be no draught cattle there, and that even if they had brought a few beasts with them from Bassora, or Gujerat, or Telinga, or from whatever seaport of a civilized state they first sailed—these would probably soon have to be killed either to feed the natives or support the ships' company.

I think also that these immigrants, whilst their slender stock of tools lasted, would have their hands quite full in building houses and probably in erecting stockades. Later on, perhaps, when things became more settled, on idle days a few spasmodic endeavours might be made by some of the handicraftsmen of the little colony to reproduce something of the nature of a rude wheel, for easing the task of conveying stones and timber from place to place. Hence the Asiatic name, or rather names, for *wheel*, (for there must have been many immigrations of different types of people from Asia,) would be preserved, though the use of the thing might have long passed out of the range of practical mechanics.

To begin with, then, we will follow the list of the colour-names in Eastern Polynesian dialects, with a tabular presentment of their words for *round*, *globular*, *spherical*, in which we shall come upon a group of very interesting roots, plainly of Asiatic origin.

ROUND (*a*)

Rarotonga . . Taka-puna, Punupunu, Konikoni ; Porotata, Poro-titi, a wheel. (*a*) Koro, a circular enclosure.
Taka, Takalviriviri, to revolve ; Pei, a ball.

Samoa . . .	La-potopoto : (a) Li'o, a circle ; Si'o, to surround ; Ta'a-vili, (a) a wheel, (b) to revolve ; Ta'a-vale, to roll ; Ta'ai, a hoop ; Pona, a knot, joint, lump ; Vili, to whirl, revolve.
Tahiti . . .	Po'o-ta'a, Po-ta'a, Po'o-tee, Poro, Mene-mene. (a) Pere-titi, Pere-o'o, a wheel.
Mangareva . .	Poripori, Pori. (a) Potaka, a wheel ; Potakataka, revolution ; Takai, a circle ; Takotake, to go round.
Paumotu . . .	Po'o-taka, Po-taka ; Poro-taka, Poro-tata, (a) a wheel, (b) round. Po'o-teke, Pori, Menemene. (a) Popo, Po'opo'o, a globe ; Pi-taka, a ring ; circle of islands.
Marquesas . .	Apoipoi, Kapoipoi. (a) Popo, a ball ; Poi, a round mass.
Gilbert Is.. .	Ma-ronron (a) round. Ano, a ball.

(1) With Gilbert Islands, *Ma-ronron*, cf. Annameese, *Tron*, round.

(2) With Rarotongan, *Konikoni*, cf. Burmese, *Khung*, round ; Telegu (S. India), *Gunda*, a circle.

(3) The roots *Po*, *Po'o*, and *Poi* are for the fuller root *Poro*, *Pori*, *Pol*, *Bol* ; cf. *Por*, *Bor*, Macassar. *Bodi*, round ; Malagasy, *Bori-bori*, id.

The Tahitian word *Pere-o'o* is for *Pere-koko*. Cf. Ponape, *Pir*, circular motion ; *Pirakok*, to revolve. Cf. Sanskrit, *Pher*, *Phir*, revolution.

(4) With Rarotongan *Punupunu*, and Samoan *Pona*, cf. Ponape (E. Carolines), *Ponopon*, round ; Hindustani, *Bont*, *Bunt*, round ; Malagasy, *Bonabona*, *Vonavona*, id.

(5) With the root *Taka*, revolution, cf. Sanskrit, *Chak*, *Chakkar*, a wheel, circle, revolution ; and Ponape, *Chakechake*, a loop.

(6) With the root *Koro*, a circle, cf. Maori, *Koro*, a circle. Cf. Hindustani, *Gol*, round.

Lastly, the name of the *bread-fruit* ; *Uru*, *Kuru*, is cognate with the Arabic, *Kur*, round, spherical ; *Kura*, a globe, sphere.

(7) Roots *Vili*, *Viri*, cf. Sanskrit, *Gher*, *Gil* ; Malay, *Giling*, *Giring*, a wheel.

On the interesting question of the Caucasian or Aryan

element in the Ocean races, Professor A. H. Keane, the great philologist, writes—

I was the first to show, some thirty years ago, that the tall brown Polynesian race were all closely related in physical and mental types, speech, traditions and oral literature, and that they were of Caucasian stock, having migrated eastwards in remote prehistoric times. These views, first advanced in a paper read at the Sheffield meeting of the British Association in 1879, and reprinted in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute* for February, 1880, I have since developed in various other writings, such as *Ethnology and Man, Past and Present* (Cambridge University Press, 1900 and 1901), *The Indo-Chinese and Oceanic Races* (*Nature*, December, 1880, and January, 1881), *Philology and Ethnology of the Inter-Oceanic Races* (Stanford Series, "The World's Peoples," 1908).

Yours very faithfully,

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Professor Keane is a veteran member of the Polynesian Society of New Zealand, and, although I myself would be inclined to assign a comparatively modern date to the Caucasian element in the Ocean languages, I am pleased to find such an eminent authority remarking on the existence of so many roots Indo-Aryan and Indo-Chinese, in the Ocean tongues, towards which the key-words in this comparative table have contributed such abundantly overwhelming evidence.

3. CONCLUDING REMARKS TO COMPARATIVE TABLES

If the elaborate and careful examination of multitudes of related words in these Eastern Polynesian languages has any historical value, surely the candid inquirer and scholar, who brings to this study even a mere tithe of the attention which he bestows year after year upon the Greek and the Latin, the Hindustani and the Hebrew, cannot escape from the conclusion that languages, when properly

analysed, cannot lie, any more than the wing of a beetle or butterfly or the leg of a house-fly can give misleading results under the lens of the microscope.

It is surely mischievous to throw away as useless the new facts laboriously collected in the South Seas by missionaries, traders and explorers, who have spent years and years in picking them up, classifying them side by side, and presenting them to tell their own tale in black and white. Therefore, in laying these facts before scientists and philologists in defence of the *Aryan* heresy, first set on foot by Fornander and Tregear, I entreat their closer consideration of this deep and interesting question—the crossing of the early races inhabiting the Pacific Islands by at least two civilized races from Asia; (a) Immigrants from Java and the Philippine Islands, by way of Micronesia; (b) immigrants from the Persian Gulf in Arab *ghurabs* or merchant vessels, with mingled Arab and Persian crews, tempted by the pearling beds of Western Australia to seek fresh centres for their fisheries, to sail further and further into unknown waters, forcing the S.W. passage hundreds of years before stout old Abel Tasman and his Dutchmen. A curious instance of the crossing of Western Polynesia by sea-rovers of the Malagasy race is seen in the Samoan language, where a curious word is used to express *toughness of meat*, which does not occur further eastward in this sense: *Fefena*, *Fenafena* (Tongan *Fefeka*). It is the Malagasy word *Hena*, beef, meat; and conveys a most feeling reproach against the poor condition in which a few wretched half-starved bullocks must have reached Samoa in one of the larger ships from Madagascar after the long sea-voyage past Western Australia and Cape Leeuwin. There are many other Malagasy words in Samoa, not found further to the eastward. A few of these are—

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|---|------------------------|
| (S) <i>Fono</i> | } | a parliament, to speak |
| (M) <i>Hono</i> | | |
| (S) <i>Fangono</i> | } | A legend, fable. |
| (M) <i>Hangono, Angono, Angano</i> | | |

(S) <i>Mafai</i>	} To be able.
(M) <i>Mahai</i>	
(S) <i>Sengisengi</i>	} Shy, timid.
(M) <i>Hengihengi</i>	

It was not by accident or coincidence that our English language is starred and dotted all over with Norman-French, Danish, Norse and Anglo-Saxon words. Neither is it by coincidence or accident, that, sometimes in serried groups, sometimes in sixes and sevens, sometimes in rare and curious words, the heritage of a caste of fishermen, of a noble family, of a priestly sect fast perishing, of a forgotten people in some little sea-girt isle, we find words from the dialects of the Philippines and the Moluccas, Javanese and Straits Settlement Malay, heaps and heaps of words straight out of the speech of the Sea-Gipsies, terms of law, of government, of judicial procedure, of barter, of fabrics and foreign products and concepts from a higher civilization, sealed with the sign-manual of the Arab, the Persian, and the Sanskrit-speaking immigrant of pure Hindu blood, writ so clear that a little child of any of these races would recognize and read them clearly. Some of the most striking of these I here offer the reader, that he may judge for himself.

To what end then, perhaps he may ask, tends all this vast mass of literature, this Gargantuan feast of Reason, this legion-like host of facts and figures, which travellers and men of science after their wanderings in the far-off corners of the earth, have been piling up in such bewildering proportions these many years past, to swell the libraries, and private book-shelves of that omnivorous and good-natured giant, the British Public. To what end all these laborious chronicles of the doings, thoughts and sayings, the ballads, traditions and tribal lays of Primitive Man, who like the poor, seem always fated to be with us? Yes, fellow-citizens of England, Primitive Man, poor fellow, thank God, is always likely to be with us, to teach us humility, may be

for one thing, and to recall to us the times when Caesar and his Romans found us in a like state of nature, resplendent in woad, running wild in woods as ever noble savage ran ; to bring us back to the time when saintly Augustine landed on the Saxon shore like another John Williams upon Rarotonga, like him to train teachers and evangelists to fight in a wider, nobler field the great world battle of Light against Darkness.

It may teach us to turn our ear to the exceeding bitter cry of our poor brethren calling out of their awful isolation from their oceanic Macedon, "Come over and help us."

It may quicken into activity many a noble stirring thought of heroism and duty amongst us of England and France, Germany and Holland, and the United States of America, to whom God has given great possessions amongst these people of the Malay and the Maori stock, and of which He will one day surely demand account, bidding us shoulder manfully the White Man's Burden, and join the great triumphal march of Progress, each day opening upon new horizons, new fields of labour, golden for harvest, ready for the reaper's sickle, the Cross of Christ and Christian Law and Knowledge going before, the ransomed nations following after.

To do this, to work and think as Kingsley and Lord Shaftesbury, Rajah Brooke and General Gordon, Wilberforce and General Booth, thought, and planned, and laboured, this is truly to think imperially. This work—not barren military glory, and the hoarding and dissipating of wealth to gratify fleeting dreams of pleasure and ambition—should be the ideal of all true, ardent and heroic hearts, passing through the wilderness of this world on their way to the Land of the Leal.

N.B.—The volume very fitly closes with a recent letter of appeal, written by the author on behalf of the Marquesan Islanders, to Mr. Fallières, the President of France, together with the President's reply, through M. Cambon, the French Ambassador in London.

The translation of a cordial letter sent to the author under date August 24, 1894, whilst in the Marquesas, by the French Bishop of Uranopolis, is also given.

TRANSLATION OF BISHOP MARTIN'S LETTER

THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS, OCEANIA,

August 24, 1894.

SIR,—Pray excuse me for having kept so long with me your valuable philological manuscript. My occupations, and the lack of sufficient acquaintance with the Semitic languages, several of which seem to be familiar to you, do not permit me to give a very deep attention to that branch of study.

But it is not necessary to have a profound insight into that line of research, to be struck by these two things—

(1) The intimate connexion of the Ocean tongues with one another.

(2) The apparent derivation these languages show from the Hebrew in particular, and also from other Semitic tongues.

May you be enabled to continue and develop this line of work, which cannot but lead you to conclusions of the greatest interest for Religion, History and Science.

Pray receive, my dear sir, my encouragement, and the expression of my sincere regard and esteem.

R. J. MARTIN,

Bishop of Uranopolis, Vicar Apostolic.

COPY OF LETTER OF AUTHOR TO M. FALLIÈRES,

PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

DEAR MONSIEUR FALLIÈRES,—

As a friend and fellow-worker with Mr. E. Tregear, of the Polynesian Society of New Zealand, whom the French Academy have lately honoured, with whom I have laboured

many years collecting the folk-lore, and studying the languages of the South Seas, I am writing you a very earnest appeal on behalf of the Marquesan islanders and on behalf of the native teachers of the Protestant Church of Hawaii, who are accomplishing such good work amongst them. I refer to Kekela of Puamau, Kau-wea-aloha of Uapou, and Hapuku of Atuona, on Hiva-Oa. At this season of *L'Entente Cordiale* between our nations, a British citizen and explorer who has freely given the best years of his life to the study of Polynesian peoples, may perhaps be accorded permission to offer a word or two of well-meant suggestion with sincere esteem to the ruler of a sister-Power, based on facts of his own personal observation.

May I, without any suspicion of selfish motives or vain glory, or of any desire for ungracious criticism, state the case on behalf of these poor islanders for your thoughtful consideration, and show, as clearly as I can, the pressing and urgent necessity for the enactment of some stringent laws against the selling of strong drink and the traffic in opium in the Marquesas Group, and of the desirability of giving the native teachers of the Protestant Churches of Hawaii and Rarotonga *a very much stronger hand in dealing with the social evil*, and in establishing a sound, wholesome Church Law amongst this poor people, who of all the South Sea islanders are the nearest to extinction, owing to wholesale prostitution and the unspeakable evils that always follow it. I refer more particularly to the sapping of the manhood and womanhood of the race, to the appalling growth of the death-rate, and the equally fearful and ominous fall of the birth-rate, by which, as you will see by referring to statistics, the nation in about forty years has decreased from 50,000 to a bare 4,000.

Then again, we must needs regard with dismay the recent decline in the copra and cotton industry, once so promising.

For miles and miles in the Marquesas one may ride up hill, down dale and over lonely plateaus, and everywhere see the remains of *paepae*, or great old stone platforms

marking the sites of flourishing settlements of a people that have passed away—whither?

How shall we make this wilderness to blossom again like the rose, so that the face of the land once more may be covered with prosperous plantations?

Dear M. Le Président, give me your kind attention a little longer, and I will tell you how. I propose an experiment that in different times the Greeks, Romans and Carthaginians, and in more recent days the great feudal lords of Burgundy, Brittany, Gascony and Aquitaine have put into practice with brilliant success.

Do you remember the old feudal saying, *Nous travasons*, "we decant," that is to say, *We pour from a full vessel into an empty one*, i.e., *from a populous district into a depopulated one*.

Applying, then, this great simple political maxim of true wisdom and statesmanship, I boldly suggest, into the nearly empty vessel of the Marquesan colony let France pour or decant South Sea islanders of a more vigorous type, to give fresh life and energy to the feeble and moribund Marquesan race-stock. Settle small colonies of Rarotongan, Hawaiian, Tahitian, Paumotu, and Austral Island settlers, by twenties and thirties and forties, under their headmen and native teachers, offering them settlement under favourable conditions, and giving the native pastors fuller powers to establish the good, sound, wholesome discipline of the Church Law, which you will see from a study of the recent history of Samoa and Rarotonga has done so much for the good of these fine islanders. And I think that it would be well, that, instead of permitting them to spend their holidays and off-days from labour in *koinas* or *koikas*, gatherings rife in reckless feasting and debauchery, which of late years have been going from worse to worse, it would be well to encourage these indolent Marquesans in some form of manly athletic sports and exercises, such as cricket, boxing, wrestling, running, sailing-races and canoe-racing, and the like, which in Samoa and Rarotonga have been introduced into the

native life with very happy results. Only let these experiments be made as speedily as possible, to give this remnant of a dying race one more last chance. Ten years hence it will probably be too late.

Saddest of all words: *Too late*.

F. W. CHRISTIAN.

Brentford, Middlesex, England.

May 29, 1907.

PRESIDENT FALLIERE'S REPLY, THROUGH
M. CAMBON, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR

AMBASSADE DE FRANCE,

À LONDRES,

Juin 25, 1908.

MONSIEUR,

Vous avez adressé à M. le Président de la République, à la date du 29 Mai dernier, une lettre par laquelle vous attirez son attention sur la situation des Indigènes des Iles Marquises et de la Polynésie Française.

Je suis chargé par M. Fallières de vous en remercier et de vous faire savoir qu'il a pris bonne note de vos remarques.

Recevez, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération la plus distinguée.

L'Ambassadeur de France,

PAUL CAMBON.

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